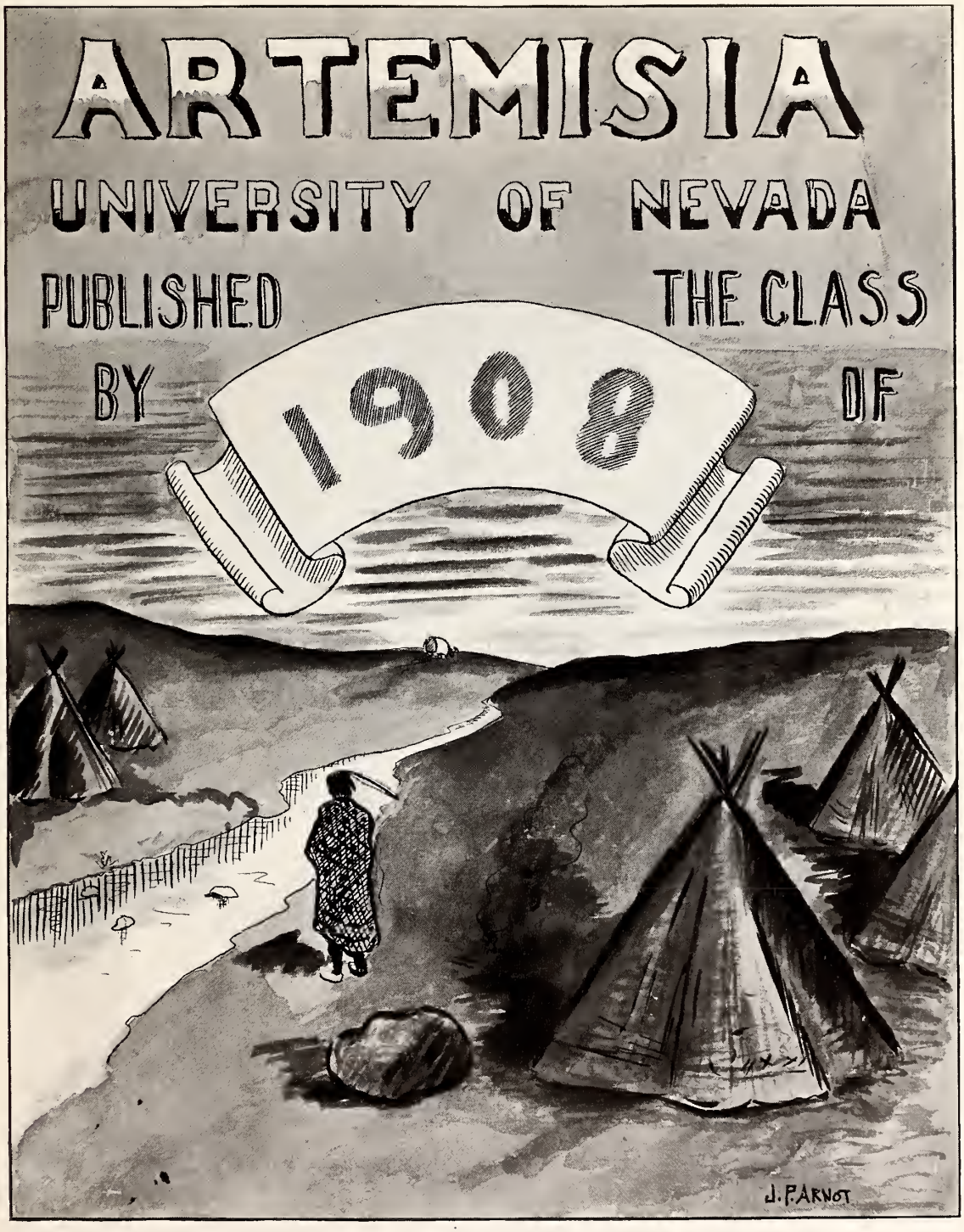
ARTEMISIA - 1908

DEPARTMENT OF JOURNALISM
UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA
RENO, NEVADA

PRINTED AND BOUND BY
NEVADA PRESS COMPANY
CARSON CITY, NEVADA






ARTEMISIA
UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA
PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF
1908
J. P. ARNOT


THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA
1869

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DEDICATION

To Nathaniel Estes Wilson, whose influence as a professor has very materially helped in placing the University of Nevada on its present high standard, and in whom the students have ever relied, this book is respectfully dedicated.

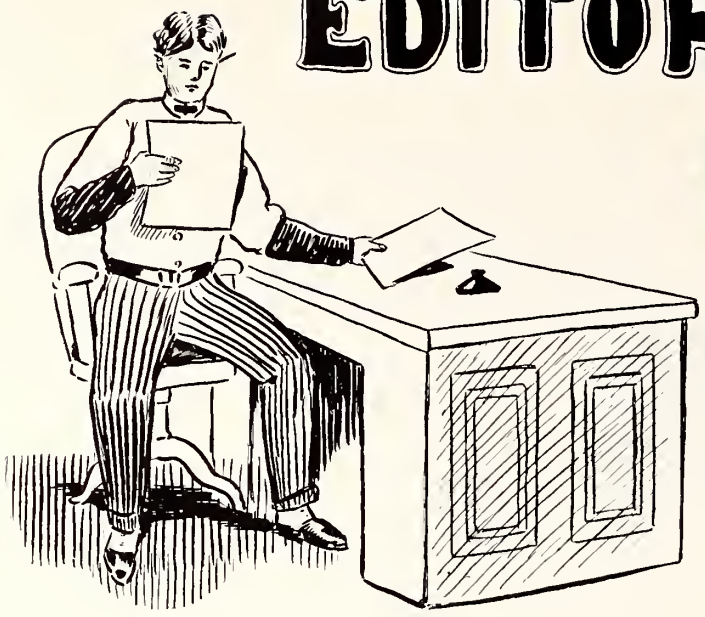




To the friends of the University, alumni, faculty and students, the staff presents the eighth edition of the Artemisia. It will be noticed that the work of publishing this annual has been transferred from the Senior Class to the Junior. Such a change has long been felt necessary, for the reason that students in their Senior year are burdened with too many responsibilities to either do credit to the publication or to their studies. The staff has spared no efforts to make the book possess a marked originality, and with this aim in view, the work has been conducted even since last September.

The staff has to thank several members of the faculty, who contributed articles, and also those students who sent in stories, poems and joshes. We believe that with their help we have been able to present a book worthy to be submitted to the judgment of the people interested in our University.

EDITORIAL STAFF



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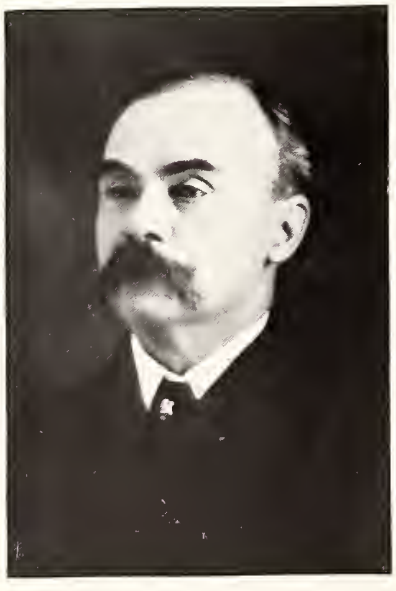
Assistant, HUGH GALLAGHER.



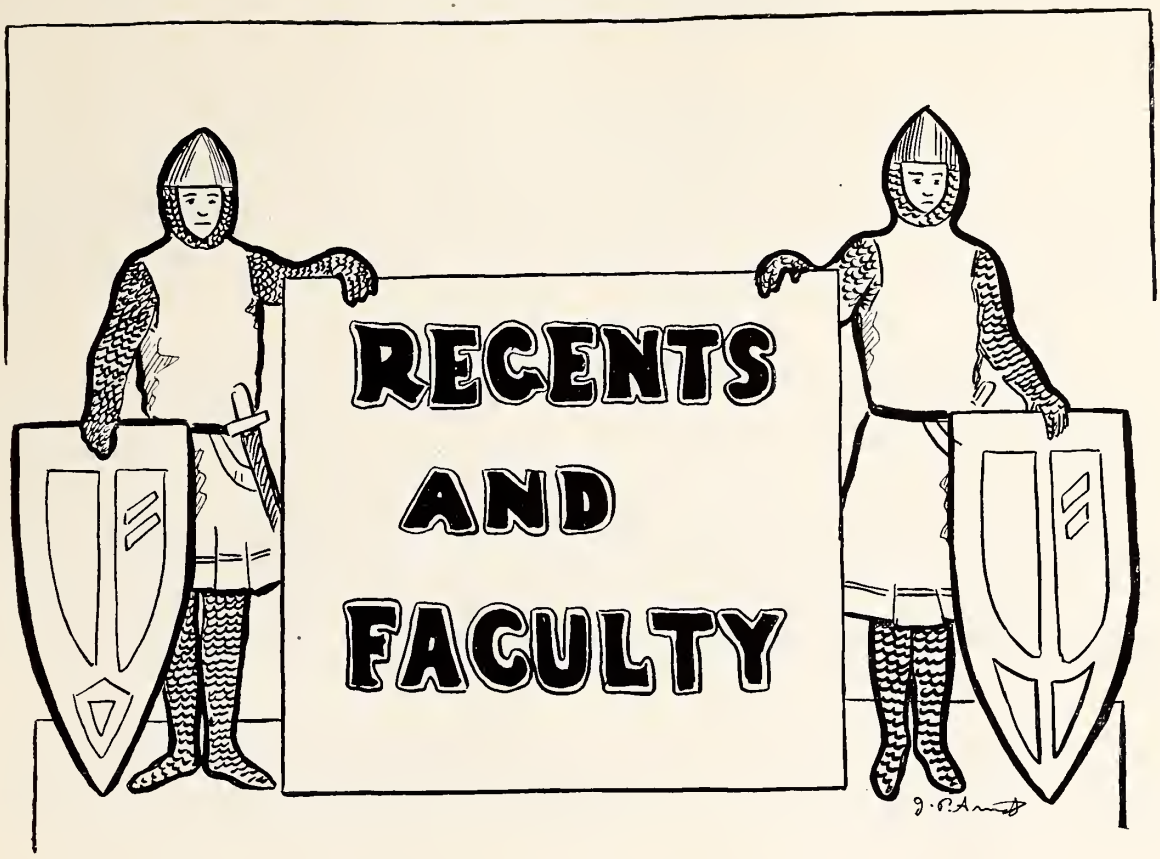
THE UNIVERSITY REGENTS











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MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

JOSEPH EDWARD STUBBS, President of the University; Professor Economics and Greek. B. A., The Ohio Wesleyan University, 1873; M. A., 1876; Honorary D. D., German Wallace College, 1890; instructor Greek and Latin, The Ohio Wesleyan University, 1872-1875; superintendent of schools, Ashland, Ohio; president Baldwin University, Ohio, 1886-1894; president Ohio College Association, 1891-1892; president Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations, 1899-1900.

ROBERT LEWERS, Dean of the Faculty, Registrar, Professor of Political Economy, Law and Principal of the Commercial School.

HENRY THURTELL, Professor of Mathematics and Mechanics. B. S., Michigan Agricultural College, 1888; instructor in Michigan Agricultural College, 1888-1890; graduate student in Mathematics, Michigan College; graduate student of Mathmematics, University of Chicago, 1895; professor of Mathematics and Mechanics, University of Nevada, 1897; dean of the Faculty, 1900-1905; now absent on leave, occupying the position of State Engineer.

JAMES EDWARD CHURCH, Professor of the Latin Language and Literature. B. A., University of Michigan, 1892; Ph. D., The University of Munich, 1901; member of American Philological Association, 1901.

RICHARD BROWN, Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds.

LAURA DE LAGUNA, Associate Professor of the Modern Languages. B. A., Leland Stanford University, 1894; student Romance Languages, Rome, Paris and New York; instructor in Modern Languages, University of Nevada, 1899-1901; assistant professor Modern Languages, 1899-1901; associate professor Modern Languages, 1901.

PETER FRANDSEN, Professor of Biology. B. A., University of Nevada, 1895; A. B., Harvard University, 1898; A. M., 1899; assistant in Zoology, Harvard University and Radcliffe College, 1899-1900; assistant professor of Zoology and Bacteriology, University of Nevada, 1900-1902; professor of Biology, 1906.

JAMES RICHARD JOHNSON, Acting Professor of Mathematics and Mechanics. B. M. E., Kentucky State College, 1893; instructor in Mechanical Engineering and Mathematics, Kentucky State College, 1893-1900; professor of Mathematics and Mechanics, Nevada State University, 1905.

JEANNE ELIZABETH WIER, Associate Professor of History. Iowa State Normal School, 1893; assistant principal High School, Heppner, Oregon, 1893-1895; student Leland University, 1896; B. A. (History), Leland Stanford Junior University, 1901; associate professor of History, University of Nevada, 1901.

JAMES GRAVES SCRUGHAM, Professor of Mechanical Engineering. B. M. E., Kentucky State College, 1900; graduate student of Michigan, summer 1901; director of Manual Training High School, Highland Park, Chicago; instructor in Mechanical Engineering, Kentucky State College, Summer School, 1903; associate professor of Mechanical Engineering, University of Nevada, 1905.

RALPH SMITH MINOR, Professor of Physics. A. B., Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., 1898; A. M., 1901; University of Goettingen, 1898-1899; Ph. D., Goettingen, 1902; Science Teacher, Little Falls, New York, 1902-1903; instructor in Physics, University of California, 1903-1906; associate professor of Physics, University of Nevada, 1906; professor of Physics, 1907; received grant of $150 from Runiford Fund of American Academy of Arts and Sciences for research with ultra-violet light.

GEORGE B. YOUNG, Professor of Mining and Metallurgy. B. S., University of California, 1899.

PATRICK BEVERAGE KENNEDY, Professor of Botany and Horticulture; B. S. A., University of Toronto, 1894; Ph. D., Cornell, 1899.

MAXEWELL ADAMS, Professor of Chemistry. B. S., University of Chicago; graduate of Stanford University; with Diamond Match Company, Virginia; professor of Chemistry, University of Nevada, 1906.

SAMUEL BRADFORD DOTEN, Assistant Professor in Mathematics and Entomology. B. A., Nevada State University, 1898.

KATE BARDENWERPER, Instructor in Domestic Science and Arts. Armour Institute of Technology, 1900.

ROMANZO ADAMS, Professor of Education and Sociology. Ph. B., University of Michigan, 1897; Ph. M., University of Michigan, 1898; graduate student, University of Chicago, 1900-1902; fellow in Sociology, Chicago, 1901-1902; professor of Education and Sociology, University of Nevada, 1902.

GORDON H. TRUE, Professor of Agriculture and Animal Husbandry. B. S., University of Wisconsin, 1894.

WILLIAM TANGIER SMITH, Instructor in Minerology and Geology. Leading Geologist in U. S. G. S., California; instructor in Los Gatos High School; professor of Mineralogy and Geology, University of Nevada, 1906.

SAMUEL S. SEWARD, Acting Professor of the English Language. A. B., Columbia College, 1896; A. M., Columbia University, 1897; assistant in Literature, Columbia University, 1897-1899; student Oxford University, 1899-1900; instructor in English, Leland Stanford University, 1900-1904; assistant professor of English, 1904-1907; acting professor of English, University of Nevada, 1907; member Philological Association of the Pacific Coast.

KATHERINE LEWERS, Instructor in Freehand Drawing. Student, St. George's Art School, Glasgow, 1893-1894; supervisor of Drawing and Penmanship, Reno Public Schools, 1894-1897; student with Howard Helmick, Washington, D. C., 1897-1899; received prize scholarship, New York School of Design, 1900; graduate, New York School of Applied Design, 1902; instructor in Freehand Drawing, University of Nevada, 1905.

ROBERT MAURO BRAMBILLA, Professor of Military Tactics. B. S., Agriculture, University of Nevada, 1897; commissioned Second Lieutenant of Infantry, July, 1898; served in Philippine Islands with 23d Infantry; promoted First Lieutenant, 1899; served two years with 14th Infantry in Philippines and China, 1899-1900; Battalion Adjutant, 14th Infantry, 1899-1900; graduate Infantry and cavalry School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, 1904; with 14th Infantry in Samar, 1905; Captain 27th Infantry, 1905; professor of Military Tactics, University of Nevada, 1905.

KATHERINE RIEGELHUTH, Instructor in German. B. A., University of Nevada, 1897; instructor in German, University High School, 1905.

H. H. HOWE, Principal of University High School. Principal of Carson High School.

ALICE L. LAYTON, Instructor of Vocal Music. Graduate of Boston Conservatory of Music, 1871; supervisor of Music, Virginia City Public Schools, 1878-1881; supervisor of Music, Reno Public Schools, 1904; instructor of Music, University of Nevada, 1894.

ETHEL LOUISE MARZEN, Instructor in Latin. B. A., University of Nevada, 1906.

ALICE E. ARMSTRONG, University Librarian.

ALICE H. MAXWELL, Assistant Librarian.

THE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS

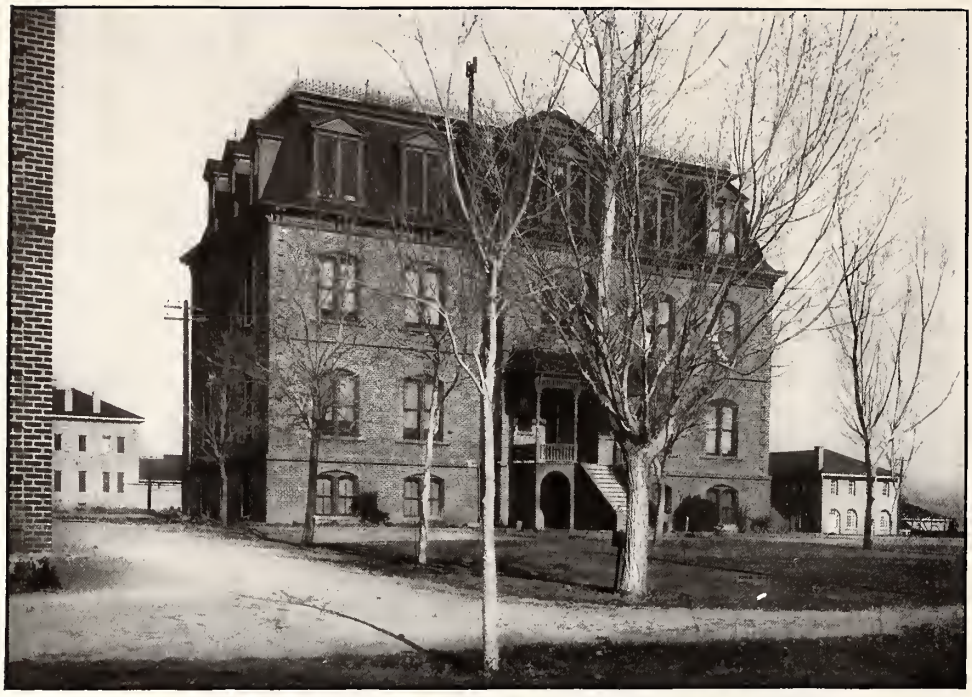
Whatever a college may be made up of, whoever constitute the faculty and students, whatever merits or demerits it may possess, the 'varsity campus in a large measure evidences. If a college is progressive, the campus bears with it a certain air of progress. If the students take a pride in the University, it is clearly shown in the way the campus is kept up. If a school is rapidly growing, the campus unmistakably asserts the fact. It is the campus that always first appeals to the visitor, and generally after a close observation, he is able to make a good estimate as to the excellence of the institution. In addition, a campus generally carries a history with it, telling of the progress of the past and of the part taken by the students in the building up of the college. In fact, a campus may be said to be an annal of the past and a manifestation of the present.

Our campus is no exception to the rule, and we can take a just pride in the fact that it is an annal of progress in the past, and shows the present stage of the 'varsity's life to be one of unusual activity. Those who have visited our hill have admired the place for its location, for the general plan of arrangement of the buildings with regard to sightliness and convenience, and for the air of marked progress that it bears. Also, have the spots of beauty on the campus received due admiration. Judgment, favorable to the school, has been passed, and we feel that our campus helps greatly to assert our character.

The campus is fitly located on a plateau overlooking the town of Reno to the south, in such prominence that the buildings can be plainly discerned miles away. The hill is peculiarly adapted for a university campus, as we shall see later. There has been in the past, however, some difference of opinion as to the location, but at the present time the opinion seems to be general that the University occupies the best site in the State. It was thought at one time that the University was situated too near to the attractive town of Reno, and that the students were too apt to be lured away from their studies. But it now seems to be the opinion that this condition is more desirable than those that would arise from locating the University in a secluded spot where the students would seldom have the opportunity to come in touch with the outside world. Also, the University, situated as it is in a town which is the natural center of the State, attracts more students. There was also at one time an impression that the 'varsity would be better situated on the heights on the south side of the Truckee, but in that case certain natural advantages of ground, such as our athletic ampitheatre, would be lacking. Taking the question in all its phases, there is but little doubt that our location is the best one possible either in Reno or in Nevada.



The campus is approached by a broad public drive at the head of which stand the 'varsity gates, donations of the earlier classes. Passing up the driveway, the beautiful lawn first comes into prominence. The space that it occupies was, at a time not far back, conspicuous only for the number of stones and the sage brush, with which it was covered. Just back of the lawn on the very crest of the hill are situated the three principal buildings of the University. They are tastefully and substantially constructed, though they are hardly adequate to warrant accommodation for the number of students that the growing prosperity of the State will eventually send in. However, this fact has been foreseen, and the number of buildings is to be materially increased within a short time. But the buildings, as they are, serve the students well. Their



inadequacy to the future is simply an evidence of the wonderful growth of this institution. The associations that the student puts with these buildings are too numerous to mention. They have been the scenes of many of the activities of college life. They were built at a time when higher education was practically unknown in this State Since then, the steady flow of the Nevada youth into these halls of learning has warranted the growth of the college to its present state of triumph. Our college is yet, however, far too new to be regarding these first buildings in a venerable light, and yet the time is not far distant when larger buildings will have to be built to satisfy the functions which they are now performing.

The arrangement of the buildings seems to be in remarkable harmony as regards convenience and appearance, which in some schools is not the case. All the best sites have been taken up or have been picked out for the new buildings. Morrill Hall, Stewart Hall and the Experiment Station, being the oldest buildings, occupy the choice locations, and from the city of Reno they afford the most imposing sight. Morrill Hall is the main building, it containing the President's Office, the Library, the History and Commercial classrooms. Stewart Hall contains the English, Languages and Mathematical classrooms. The Experiment Station, located on the western brow of the hill, is occupied by the Zoological and Botany Laboratories. Entering into the quadrangle we now see on the eastern side of the campus the old Mining Building, the Mechanical Shop and the Mackay Mining building now under construction. The Gymnasium, the scene of many an athletic contest and many a social happening, is located at the northeast corner of the campus. Lincoln Hall, the men's dormitory, occupies the other north end corner, and between the Hall and the Gymnasium is the University Hospital. All these buildings are comparatively new. Manzanita Hall, the dormitory of the coeds, marks the southwest corner, the University Dining Hall being situated between the two dormitories. The Chemistry Building occupies a position about the center of the campus.

One acquainted with the buildings and their uses will thus see that they are arranged in both a sightly and convenient manner. The dormitories are both in close touch with the classrooms and dining hall. The natural advantages of the grounds for practical use and also for sightliness make the location of the University a very desirable one, indeed. The Natural Ampitheatre in the rear of the Gymnasium serves in excellent capacity as a football field, track and



baseball field. Not only does the 'varsity have these natural conveniences, but also does it have several spots of beauty.

Nearly every university campus has something about it in the way of beauty; some little spot that embellishes the whole. Our campus is no exception to this rule. The University pond is the spot of particular beauty that adorns our grounds. It gives the campus an individuality that remains ever in the recollection of the oldest student. On a warm, clear day, a day so characteristic of a Nevada Springtime, this little body of water sparkles like a gem and reflects the objects in its vicinity as clearly as the most remote mountain lake. It gives the campus on these days a calm, restful appearance, and together with the green trees and willows on its banks, presents a scene that would appeal at once to the poet. Surrounded as it is with things that would tend to lessen its inspiring powers, it yet retains a suggestion of the clear lakes of the Sierras. Within a few short years the dam of this pond will in all probability be placed about a hundred yards further south, and the little lake thus formed will have canoes floated upon its bosom, offering a tempting retreat for ardent lovers or nature loving souls. The pond is almost too small now to admit of rowing upon its waters, although at times small boys from the town launch their skiffs upon it. Although the pond is chiefly noted for its beauty, it is made use of at times. In Winter the students skate upon it, and upon some occasions it has served the purpose of a swimming pool. Once or twice in the history of the University the pond has been the scene of class dummy rushes. That is to say, dummies have been placed upon rafts in the middle of the pond, and the members of the class thus insulted had to swim out and remove it, and having been hampered in their efforts by the members of the other class a struggle ensued in which all the contestants were more or less drenched. The pond, as calm and beautiful as it is, has a history rather different from those of other such bodies not situated near a campus. But these occasions are scarce, and as a rule the pond is spared these wild sea fights.



In the Springtime, the whole campus is a spot of beauty. The green trees, lawns and the pond all form such a contrast to the sage-brush covered hills in the distance, that their beauty is far more noticeable than if they were surrounded by a green country. In fact, many places where the trees are more abundant and the lawns larger do not show up to such advantage as our campus, for reason, no doubt, that there is less of a contrast between these places and their surroundings than that of the green university campus, in Spring, in contrast to the hills of sage brush surrounding it. It is at this time of the year that people with their cameras and kodaks visit this campus to take advantage of the opportunity Nature has given them to obtain beautiful pictures. Of late years the students and faculty have come to be deeply appreciative of the beauty of the campus, and every year more trees are planted, and work is performed to improve the looks of it in general. The campus can yet be made more attractive, and the University is aware of this fact, and is every year doing something in the way of improvement.

The new buildings as they will be added to the University will take away the barren look of that part of the campus upon which there are no trees or lawns, and the additions of concrete walks will not only do away with the difficulties of Nevada mud, but also give the place a modern appearance. To obtain an ideal campus, architectural taste must play a great part, and the buildings as they are constructed should conform to the general plan of arrangement at the present time, and not be located on sites that would not add to the looks of the campus. Up to this time there has been no danger of this, and probably there never will be. As time goes on and the University doubles its size, certain hindrances to the campus will have to be eradicated. The Orr ditch which now flows about the crest of the hill will probably be tunneled under the campus, and the leveling of the brow of the hill and the forming of advantageous sites will be possible. This may sound fit to tell to our children's children, but sooner or later this will have to be done.

It is plain to see that we are soon to have an ideal University campus. Partly is this possible on account of the many natural advantages that the hill possesses, but chiefly will it be accomplished through the pride of the students for their Alma Mater. The marvelous progress of the University in the past fifteen years is proof enough that the people of the State desire an educational institution of the highest standard, and that in the near future their aim is to be realized. But in the development of the University, the campus has not been forgotten, and if we can judge by the past it will be more and more beautified. As the number of buildings increase, the problem of finding good locations for them will grow more difficult, and to make possible their construction on good sites, several material changes will have to be made in different parts of the campus. There is little doubt,





however, that this will be foreseen in time and preparation made for it. As for the question as to the best location of the University, it has long been settled that it now occupies the best possible one in the State. As has been stated the ground has advantages both in the way of beauty and practical use that make it peculiarly adapted to a university campus. These spots can be so improved as to serve the University double the amount they do now. It seems justifiable enough to make these predictions after seeing the progress that has been made in the past, and what the University is today, and what it has been, the campus helps to illustrate. Therefore, when we make a study of the University we also should study the campus, and should statistics and observations disagree, take it for granted that the campus tells the truth and is an unmistakable witness.

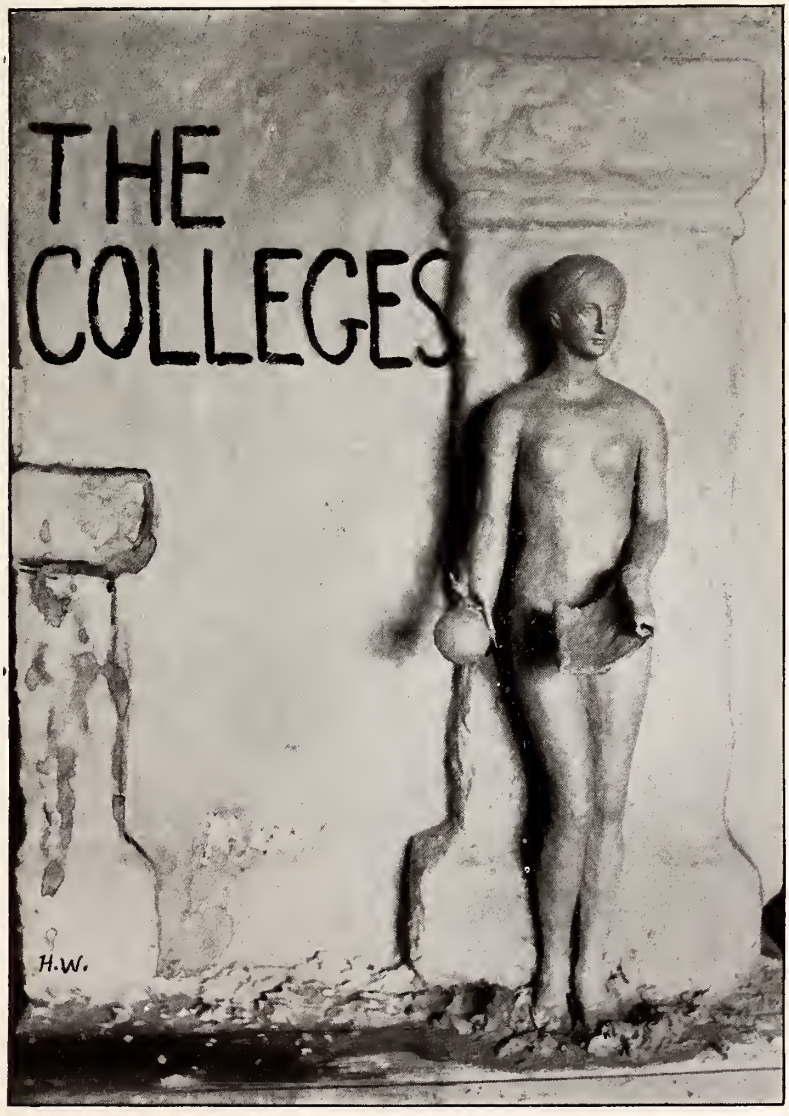
The scenes of the campus are ever vivid in the memories of the graduates, and it is to them that the University looks for support when any question arises in the State as to it. The attitude of the Alumni is to materially shape the public opinion in the State, in channels favoring its improvement. The population of this State is each year gaining more graduates from our College, and their influence in the State will be brought to bear. The pride that an old student takes in his Alma Mater will ever impell him to work for it. Each commencement the members of the Alumni Association meet at the University and look upon the old scenes and the changes that have been made. Also at this time they discuss their plans for the improvement of the University and recommend them. Our Alumni are more and more becoming to be a power in the State.

When leaving College, the members of the graduating class, before receiving their diplomas, visit, some perhaps for the last time, the halls and campus. They go out to be scattered over the wide world, and though their associations with one another and with the University are a thing of the past, yet one of their greatest pleasures, when far away, is to sit alone and meditate upon their college days, and picture the college campus serving in its several capacities as a loitering place, as a battleground for the classes, as the meeting place of the students, and a thousand and one things. The classes pass out one by one, and the old campus remains and beckons to the youth of the State to enter the halls of learning. Year by year the campus approaches nearer the ideal. The new students begin their four eventful years, and soon come to realize their duty to the University, while the old students no longer within its gates work with the people and bring their influence into play for it. It is the old University Hill that arouses the patriotism of both graduate and undergraduate alike. No Alumnus could have any recollection of his college career if he failed to recall the campus. The happenings in which he participated while in college were mostly enacted upon the campus. Every football game, every baseball game and every other athletic contest that occurred took place on the campus, and with one he associates the other. Our campus, with its many points of interest, has a history like other campuses, and volumes might be used in relating everything that ever happened upon it. It is not for us, however, to here tell of these events, but rather to show the things about the campus that appeal to anybody visiting the University, whether graduates or strangers.








THE
COLLEGES
H.W.

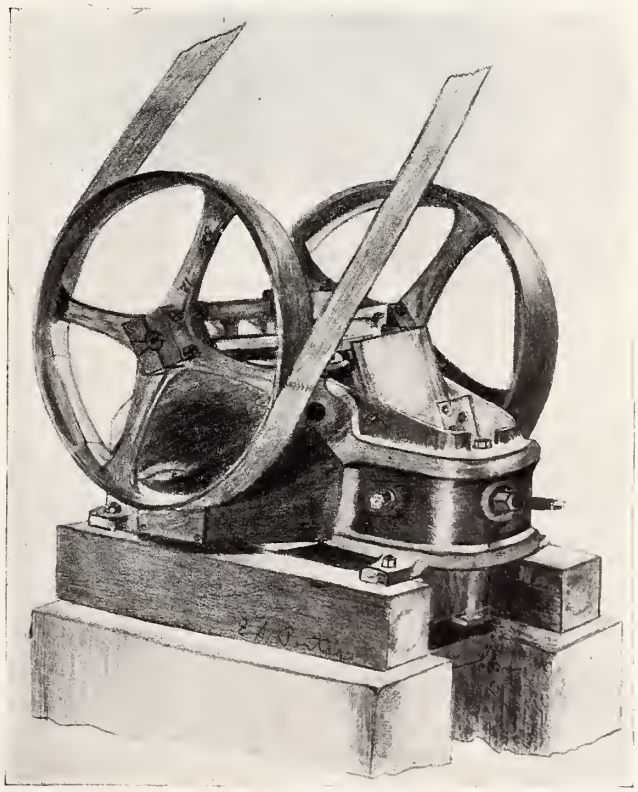
THE SCHOOL OF MINES



THE MACKAY MINING BUILDING

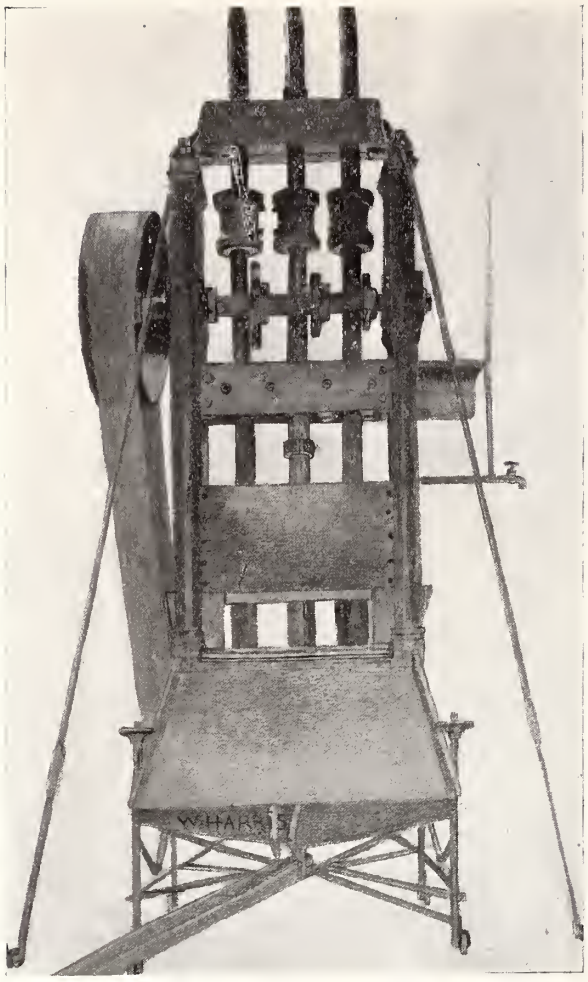
Mining is the moving industry of the State of Nevada. The mineral resources of Nevada have been and will for many years be its most characteristic and most well known natural asset. Every town, every community, has its nearby mining district or prospecting ground. Every person within the confines of the State is interested in mining and likes to hear and talk about new developments, the "latest strikes" or the "big producer," and on the street or train one does not have to listen long before hearing of porphyry, talc, assay values, changes in stocks, and the often quaint names of the claims or mines that the speakers are interested in.

It is therefore but natural that when higher education was first planned in Nevada, instruction along lines connected with the mining industry was insisted on. So Article XI, Section 4 of the State Constitution reads: "The Legislature shall provide for the establishment of a State University, which shall embrace departments for agriculture, mechanic arts and mining," etc.



As is well known, the University was at the beginning established at Elko, but it maintained while there only a preparatory school, as there were at that time no schools in the State that prepared the young people for college grade work. But even then, in 1882, a department of mining, metallurgy and assaying was established, and during its first year had nine students enrolled. Two years later, however, the enrollment fell to nothing, and work was discontinued.

When the University was moved to Reno and instruction of college grade was first provided for, an elaborate course in mining and allied branches was outlined and announced, although no special instructor had yet been appointed. It showed at least the intention of the institution and the hearty interest of the president in the cause of mining education. But it was two years before a stu-



dent entered on the work of this department. It was 1891 before the four college classes were represented in the School of Mines, there being at that time one senior, two juniors, five sophomores and seven freshmen. The first class to graduate consisted of this one senior, Albert M. Lewers, who took his degree in 1892.

At the outset the equipment was meagre and the quarters crowded. A mining building was first completed in 1891, but even then the room was found insufficient, and various expedients were tried to satisfy the demands of the work in assaying, metallurgy and mineralogy. A small sheetiron building was erected for a mill on the other side of the campus, and later an assaying laboratory was fitted up in the rear of the mechanical shop.

In 1905 the Legislature made an appropriation for an addition to the Mining Building, and this has now been completed. It has provided the necessary room, is convenient and well lighted. The furnace room is equipped with coal, coke and oil-burning, muffle furnaces, oil-fired crucible furnace and a coke melting furnace—fourteen in all. The parting room is furnished with gas-heated hot plates, hood and bullion rolls, the weighing room with seven assay balances. The metallurgical laboratory is equipped with a stamp battery, amalgamation plates, two types of concentrators, a jig, classifiers, rock breaker and crushing rolls, separator, sampler, belt elevators, and a one-ton cyanide plant—the motor power being electricity. The mining equipment consists of an Ingersoll-Sergeant drill and air compressor, with a complete tool sharpening kit and set of drills. Abundant room and apparatus is also provided in the department for chemical assaying and ore testing.

The latest triumph in the Mining Department, the Mackay Mining Building, is now under course of construction. The cost of the building, together with the Mackay statue that will be placed before it, will amount to $100,000. The addition of this magnificent building to the University will mark an era in the history of the School of Mines. As soon as the building is finished, the University can boast of being by far the best equipped mining school in the West.

The other departments whose development and proper equipment are essential to a good education in Mining Engineering have been steadily improved. The Chemistry Department has had since 1901 a building of its own, with commodious laboratories and being amply supplied. The Physics Department has steadily developed, although its laboratory space is still insufficient for the demand. The Civil Engineering Department is well provided with surveying instruments, and offers the students considerable field for practice in topographic, railroad and mine surveying.

In the early days geology and mineralogy were taught by different men as addenda to their already crowded main lines of work, but since 1900, the two subjects have been consolidated and the department so formed has been housed in the same building with the department of mining and metallurgy. The time of the students given to these subjects has been materially increased, and the work has been made more complete and practical by the introduction of more

laboratory hours in the study of rocks and minerals and also in the introduction of a regular field course, in which the classes make trips a day or more at a time into the mountains near Reno, and get practice in the recognition and tracing of formations in the field.



A most valuable feature of the mining course, introduced some four or five years ago, is the yearly excursion of the graduating class to some prominent mining camp to study at first hand the methods of mining and milling, under the guidance of the professor of mining and metallurgy, and the various formations, veins and other structures under the direction of the Professor of Geology and Mineralogy. The boys always appreciate these trips greatly, and rightly so, for they open their eyes to things only imperfectly understood from their studies, and put their theoretical knowledge into a living form. These trips have heretofore been made to Virginia City for two weeks' practice in mine surveying, but there has been recently inaugurated a new plan which has greatly increased the scope of these trips. At the end of the Junior year the students go to Virginia City to practice surveying under the direction of the Professor of Civil Engineering, and near the end of their last year they visit Tonopah and Goldfield to study specially the mining and milling methods, together with the rock formations and ore deposits. Thus they get the opportunity to study two of Nevada's most noted mining regions, each in a different stage of development and instructive in its own way.

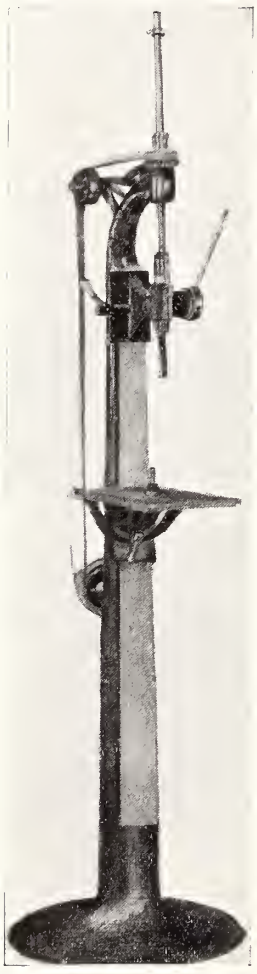
The School of Mines is young, but it already has reason to be proud of its graduates. Many now scattered from their home towns to the uttermost parts of the earth, have done and are doing praiseworthy work, and have attained to positions of trust and responsibility and from the improvements that have so recently taken place on the campus their number will be tripled in the course of a very short space of time.



SCHOOL OF MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

The number of students enrolled in the School of Mechanical Engineering is little less than that of the School of Mines. The growing industries of the State demand that a good course in Mechanical Engineering be given in the principal educational institution of the State. Not until quite recently, however, has the Mechanical Department come into possession of equipment that would warrant a first-class practical study. These facilities are now no longer lacking, and therefore the course is a great deal better than ever before. In the early years of the college an old carpenter shop served the purpose of a place of instruction for those students who desired to take mechanical courses. The course itself at that time can hardly be called a mechanical course. It was more of a school where carpentry was taught. As the University grew, this department grew, and year after year more machinery was acquired, and finally the mechanical shop was built for the sole purpose of being from thenceforth devoted to the Mechanical Department. Since then the course has made rapid progress until today it is considered as good as any in the West.

The Mechanical Building is two stories in height. The lower floor is occupied by the machine shop, and the wood shop is located in the upper story. The machine shop is furnished with a tool room lathe, screw cutting lathes, a polishing lathe, a sharper, a universal milling machine, a universal cutter grinder, bench vises, wet and dry emery wheels, alternating and direct current dynamos, a machine room equipped with small machine tools and experimental apparatus. The blacksmith shop contains forges and the necessary tools. The wood shop is fitted up with a jig saw, a band saw, a universal wood working machine, wood lathes and a universal trimmer. Benches with lockers are also provided.



In the Freshman year of the course, the subjects studied are about the same as for the other engineering courses. Shop work is given the first semester year, and in case the student progresses rapidly, work in the machine shop is begun. In the Sophomore year electricity and magnetism is taken up—the subjects included in this being frictional electricity, current electricity, electrostatics, electro magnetics, measurements of currents, inductance, dynamos, motors, transformers, electro chemistry, telegraphy, telephony. Work in the machine and blacksmith shop also begins. In addition to this are the mathematical subjects.

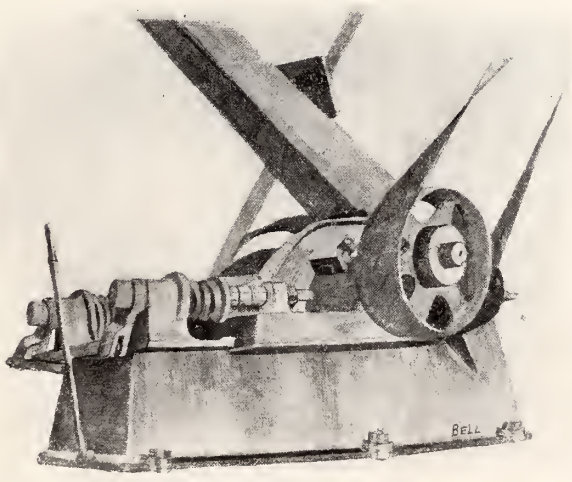
In the first semester of the Junior year, Kinematics is taken up. The mathematical demonstrations are first studied from the text book, and then practical problems are given for the student to solve on the drawing board.

The theory of Steam Boilers is given in the second semester. Various types of commercial steam boilers are designed, and the methods of riveting and staying are studied. At the completion of the text book, the student is required to design a boiler or a battery of boilers, with the necessary fittings. In the machine design a study is made of the laws of velocity, force, and strength of materials to the design of machinery. Practical work is done on the drawing board to strengthen the text book work. During the Junior year inspection visits are made to the different establishments of machinists in the near vicinity. The large growth of the mechanical industries in the State, and especially in Reno, make these visits convenient as well as instructive.

In the Senior year, more of the elective work is introduced. Compressed air applications, power plants, valve gearing, gas engines, engineering laboratory practice, alternating currents, etc., are a few of the subjects taken up. The thesis work of the last semester puts to practice all the studies that have been touched upon. The work consists of designing some new sort of machine, and to do this considerable original investigation must be accomplished. The subjects for these theses are assigned by the head of the department, and the drawings and illustrations accompanying them are kept on file to be used as references.

It will thus be seen that the University has a very complete course in mechanical engineering, and that the Mechanical Department has the equipment necessary for the conducting of a good course. The demand is increasing, however, and the shop will need more machinery and tools in the near future. The course is a particularly good one, and should satisfy the needs of any student for a thorough education in that subject.

The professor in charge of this department is now advertising the course in the different high schools of the State, and this action will no doubt increase the number of registered students in this branch. It was but recently that the equipment and room given to this department was increased so that a great many more students could be accommodated. As soon as the new mining building is erected, the shops of the mining students will be moved, and the entire mechanical building be devoted only to the use of students registered in that course. There is no reason why at the beginning of school next Fall, there should not be twice the number of students pursuing their study in the Mechanical Department.



THE SCHOOL OF GENERAL SCIENCE

Two general aims are kept in view in any college course of study: 1. Preparation for some life work. 2. General culture and development of mental power. The Engineering and other technical and professional schools emphasize the first aim; the College of Arts and Science the second.

The ancient and so-called dead languages, Latin and Greek, have long and deservedly held a high place among the subjects which are valuable for the mental discipline and culture they afford. These languages are characteristic features of the Liberal Arts course. While the study of language and literature has a distinct purpose of its own, it is now a well-accepted belief that the study of the pure sciences has an equal disciplinary and cultural value. By the pure sciences is meant those concerned with the general scientific principle rather than their practical application. Thus general chemistry and mathematics are pure sciences, while industrial chemistry, assaying or surveying are examples of applied science. Many students desiring a general education, or a broad foundation for subsequent professional pursuits have neither the aptitude nor the liking for the study of Latin or Greek. It was to meet the needs of such students and in recognition of the foregoing educational principles that the School of General Science was established in our University in the year 1899.

Instead of the three years of Latin required for entrance to the School of Liberal Arts, two years of German or French, and one year of some elective subject is accepted for entrance to the School of General Science. In both schools the work of the first two years is prescribed. A year's work in chemistry and another year of some elective science is required in the general science course in place of the two years of Latin prescribed for students in the School of Liberal Arts. The course for the last two years is wholly elective, subject only to the rule that two-thirds of the work, or sixty units, must represent some co-ordinated aim. At the beginning of his Junior year the student selects some department in which he wishes to do the most of his work as a major. One of the requirements for graduation is the presentation of a thesis in the major subject which, to be acceptable, must show a certain amount of originality and advanced study. In addition to a major, the student may select one or more departments as minors, the only limitation being that they must bear some definite relation to the major subject. The choice of major subjects in the School of General Science is necessarily limited to the departments of pure science. The remaining twenty units required for graduation may be freely elected from any of the courses offered in the College of Arts and Science.

This system, it is believed, avoids the possible danger of frittering away of time and energy by electing work haphazardly with the result that nothing definite is accomplished in anything; and yet it allows a sufficient freedom of choice, so that the student may discover his capacities and obtain the broadening knowledge and training afforded by a number of different subjects.

What course shall I take is one of the first questions confronting a new student. Sometimes the question is not answered wisely, with the result that the student finds himself in the wrong place, and obliged subsequently to change his course. The General Science course is designed to meet the needs of the following classes of students:

1. Those with a lack of preparation in Latin, or distaste for it, who have a liking for the study of such subjects as chemistry, physics, mathematics, geology, botany, zoology, etc., and desire a general all round education.

2. Those who desire to lay a broad foundation for the subsequent study of medicine or the allied professions. Some of the best professional schools now require a college degree, or a preliminary training equivalent to what such a degree represents, for instance: By properly planning his course the student may be able, upon graduation from the School of General Science, to shorten the time required to finish his professional studies by a year or more.

3. Those who are planning to become teachers of scientific subjects in High Schools or Colleges. With the development of our State the High Schools will increase in number, and there will be a correspondingly increased demand for specially trained teachers.

4. Those who are looking forward to a life work of investigation in some scientific line, either as experiment station workers or in the field of pure scientific research.

Through the efforts of Mr. Carnegie and others, several laboratories have recently been founded, whose objects are the advancement of scientific knowledge without any direct reference to its immediate practical results. These organizations will undoubtedly become more numerous in the near future, and will give the opportunity to those with the taste and ability for such work to devote themselves to it unhampered by financial needs.

Of the nine graduates from the School of General Science, three are now teachers, two have entered the mining profession, one is an electrician, one is engaged in business, one is a lawyer, and one is a student pursuing work for the Masters Degree in the University of California. Besides these, a number of others have left school before graduation to take up the study of medicine or other professions. From this it is evident that the school appeals to a number of different interests.

SCHOOL OF LIBERAL ARTS

Although the University of Nevada is primarily a school of mines, yet the people of the State long ago demanded that a branch of Liberal Arts be installed. The majority of the students attending the University follow engineering courses, but there are always those who, not desiring to take these courses, nor yet the sciences, and not having a good opportunity to attend a college elsewhere, desire to take the course in Liberal Arts at this school, and it is for these students that the course is especially designed. It also has another purpose, and that is to promote the increase of teachers in our State in lines of education that are broader than the Normal School. Although the number of students now taking the course is small, yet the branches of study in it are to be especially desired.

The School of Liberal Arts, being as it is in this college, where the majority of students follow engineering courses, has several disadvantages not to be found in other colleges. The number of Liberal Arts students being small, the literary societies are few in number and small in enrollment. Debating can only be conducted on a small scale on account of there being little desire among the engineering students to cultivate their brains by entering a tryout, and the others being so few in number that discouragement causes them to take up a debate half-heartedly. Other societies and clubs that tend to broaden the Liberal Arts student do not exist here. Journalism, however, is strong in the front here, and is eagerly entered into by the students.

The subjects themselves, taught in the Liberal Arts course, are up to the standard of those taught in other universities. The courses in English and French are to be mentioned especially on account of their excellence, due chiefly to the professors in charge. Therefore, although this course has its disadvantages, it has also its marked advantages.

SCHOOL OF CIVIL ENGINEERING

Nevada offers a very wide field to a civil engineer, and therefore several years ago the demand came for a school to be instituted in this University which would make a specialty of this subject. Although the number of students taking this course has never been large, yet the students taking the other engineering subjects nearly all register in certain branches which this school embraces, namely field surveying. In other words, the course goes hand in hand with the mining and mechanical courses. The Freshman year of this course is the same as for that of mining and mechanical engineering, and not until the Sophomore year is there any specializing. In the Sophomore year strength of materials, materials for construction, methods of testing strength and quality, highways and pavements, etc., are taken up. In the Junior year come the theory of surveying, construction, use and adjustment of instruments, field practice and office work, etc. The subjects structural design, theory of railroad surveying, simple, compound and reversed curves, switch work, cross section work, dam construction, etc., occur in the Senior year.

The quarters of the Civil Engineering are at present fitted out in the basement of Stewart Hall. Here is found abundant space for the drawing room, lecture room, charts, instruments, etc. The 'varsity campus serves the purpose for a surveying field, and is admirably adapted to this use. Abundant opportunity is also offered to study railroad surveying in all its phases. The department is at the present time completely equipped, and the course is considered one of the best in the University.

Like the other branches in the College of Applied Science, the State is demanding more civil engineers than can be turned out. For this reason the Nevada man would do well to attend this University and register in this course. It has the advantages possessed by the same courses in other colleges. The country surrouuding the University is adaptable to all phases of surface surveying, and underground surveying can be studied to advantage in the mines at Virginia City. The value of these practical trips is indeed great, and not every school has such various and ready facilities for detailed study in this course. The city of Reno possesses several structures which afford no bad subject for the study of the civil engineering student. The course is in every way an excellent one.

EVENTS OF A YEAR



EVENTS OF A YEAR

The events that should be particularly mentioned this year are chiefly athletic in nature. The defeat of the University of California in football at our hands is perhaps the one event of the year that has wrought up the excitement of the students to a high pitch. The victory was not entirely unexpected, however, for Nevada, playing the Rugby game, had fewer odds against her than in the old game. Baseball has also been entered into with a great deal of enthusiasm, and a lot of good material has been developed.

In the intellectual line there is little to indicate that life exists in the clubs and societies. Debating seems to have been flooded under with a deluge of indifference, for the time being, we trust. One or two of the literary clubs still progress, but on the whole interest seems to have been extinguished.

The Student Record, the 'varsity paper, conducted by the Independent Association, has, however, been from time to time brought into prominence on account of some of the views it seemed fit to express. In many cases it has started questions which have been taken up by the papers of this State and other States. It has caused the Legislature to start a movement towards reform in the University, and in several other ways has done good.

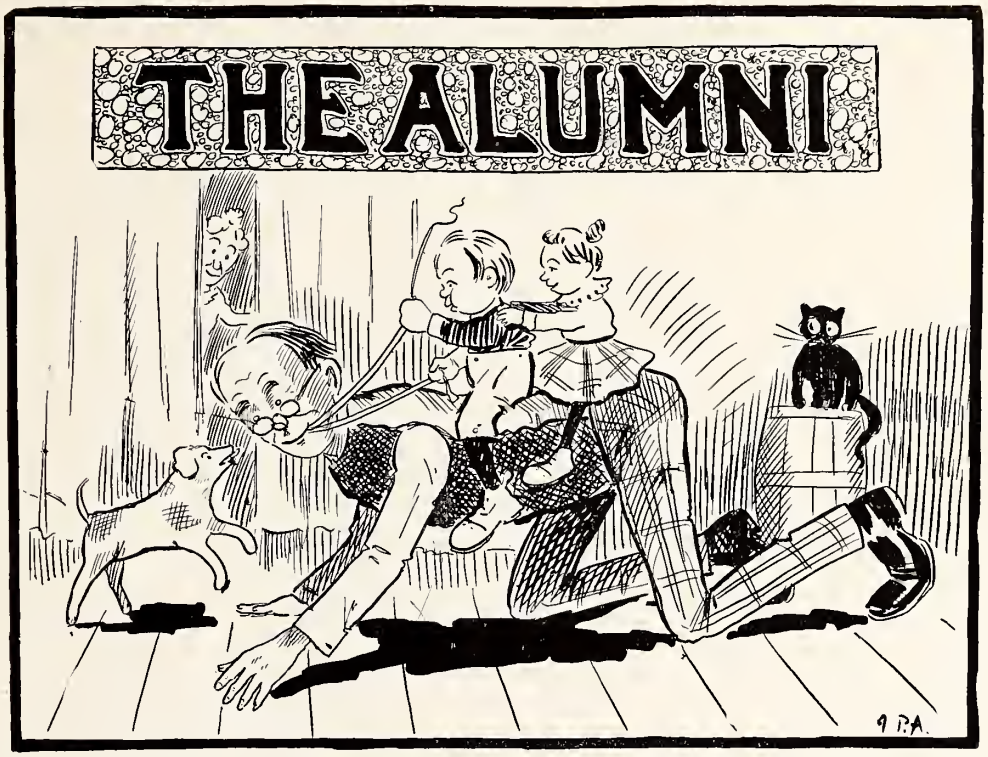
The military activities have been conducted on their usual high standard, and the battalion this year presents a more formidable front than that of last year.

Nothing has been lacking in the social world, and the Social Club boasts of having an unusually large membership. The class dances have all eclipsed the efforts of former classes.

Strange to say, there have been no class brawls this year, and the campus, as a rule, has been sublimely quiet. The students seem to be too studiously inclined to yield to the temptation of creating a hum.

Several events have occurred that have helped the University in its march of progress. The Mackay Mining Building donation has enabled the University to now offer a course in Mining Engineering that will be the equal, if not the superior, of courses offered in other colleges. Several individuals who have desired to have their names withheld, have also made donations. The University Library Fund has also been increased by such donations.

Several improvements have also been made in the Mechanical Department, and the excellence in that course is coming to be more and more pronounced. The State Legislature has also made donations to be used in the improvement of the campus. Although the happenings this year have been few, yet the majority of them have been of such a nature as to help this college along.



OFFICERS OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

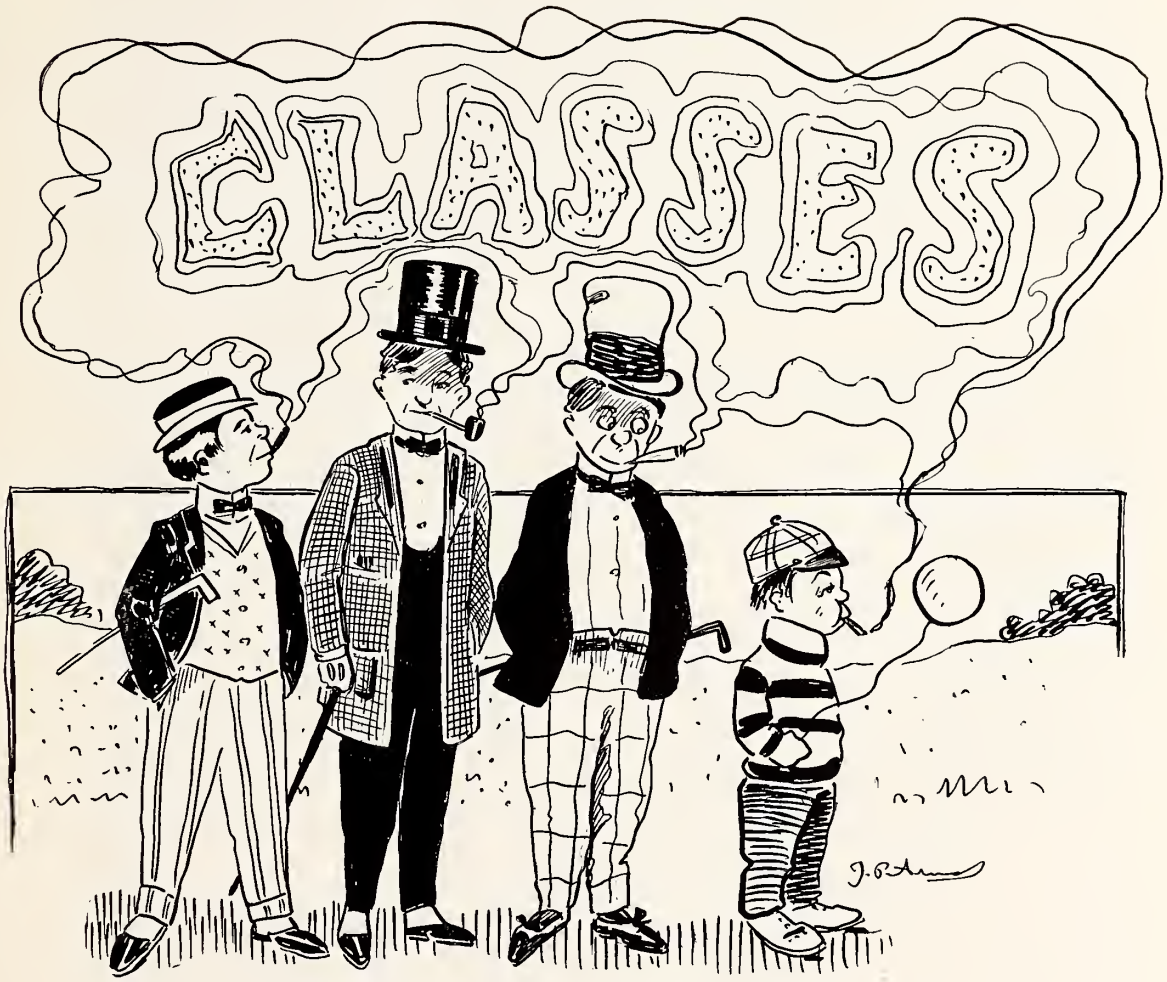
President, J. M. L. Henry, '96.

Vice-President, Captain Robert Brambilla, '97.

Secretary and Treasurer, Louise Blum (Blaney), '95.

Executive Committee, C. R. Lewers, '93; Mrs. J. M. Fulton, '95.

Every year at commencement time the members of the Alumni Association meet at the University and visit their Alma Mater, recalling old-time reminiscences and spending their few short hours together in informal gatherings and banquets. The Alumni banquet is the chief one of these functions, and on this occasion the old officers retire and new ones are elected. It was a noticeable fact that at the last banquet many of the members had just returned from the remote corners of the globe, and interesting, indeed, were some of the accounts given of experiences encountered. The numbers of the Alumni have so swelled in the past few years that it would require more space than is at our disposal to mention them.


CLASSES

SENIOR CLASS YELL

Rigger Boom, Zigger Booh,
Zip, Bang, Wow.
Naughty Seven, Naughty Seven,
Rah, Rah, Row.


SENIORS



FRED B. STEWART
(Chis chere)
Verdi, Nevada.

"A good fellow and a true lover."

Mines: T. H. P. O.; Class President; Class Football team; Class Baseball team; Second Eleven Football (1, 2); Treasurer Student Body (3); Captain Co. B.



JOSEPH DUSANG SCOTT
Reno, Nevada.

"Full many a lady I have eyed with best regard"——, but.

Mines: Ex '06; served seven years on the Second Eleven; Class Baseball; Class Football; Varsity Debating Team (3); Captain and Manager Varsity Baseball team, Class President, etc., etc.



GEORGE D. POWERS
(Fido)
Los Angeles, Cal.

"Steam engines and human beings are possessed of the same energy."

Mechanics: Los Angeles High School; T. H. P. O.; Ex '08; Second Eleven Football (2); Varsity Rugby Team; Mens' Basketball team (2); Color Sergeant; Queener's Trust.



LOUIS H. GOLDSTEIN
Waterloo, Nevada.

"Full of vain desire, alas and vain regret."

Liberal Arts: Gardnerville High School, '03; Class Vice President (4); Class Debating team (13); Varsity Debating team (2, 3, 4), Alpha Beta; English Club; 1st Lieutenant Signal Corps.



JOSEPHINE EDNA SOUCHEREAU
(Teddy)
Verdi, Nevada.

"Sweet, reluctant, amorous."

Liberal Arts: Verdi High School, '03; Basketball team (1, 2, 3, 4); Manager Basketball (4); Theta Epsilon; "Affaire de cour."



MILES BRYCE KENNEDY
(Doc)
Reno, Nevada.

"And for 'Honor's' sake I'd lay me down and die."

Mines: T. H. P. O.; Varsity Rugby Team; Class Debating team; Class Baseball; 1st Lieutenant Co. B.; an indifferent member of the Queeners' Trust.



LELAND STANFORD WEATHERS
Deeth, Nevada.

"I never done nothin' for nobody, no time."

Mechanics: Sigma Alpha; Ex '06; Cadet at West Point, 1904-1905; Football Manager (4); causes Prof. Scrugham many a gray hair.



J. DWIGHT LEAVITT
(Kitty)
Yerington, Nevada.

"My kingdom for importance."

Mechanics: T. H. P. O.; Class President; Class Football; Class Baseball; Varsity Rugby Team; Battalion Adjutant; University Debating Manager; Member of the Crescent Club.



JAMES J. HART
(Jap)
Reno, Nevada.

Thinks he's in love.

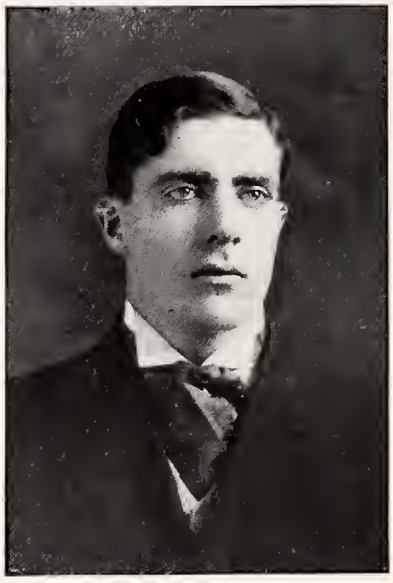
Mines: Sigma Alpha; Cadet Major; Varsity Football team (1, 2, 3); Varsity Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); Class President (1); Philomathean.



MILAN DAVIDOVICH
(Savage)
Goldfield, Nevada.

"Deep and thoughtful, who although a native of a despotic government, has given many a two dollars for the cause of freedom."

Mines: Class Vice-President (3); Second Eleven (1, 2, 3); Varsity Rugby Fifteen (4); winner of Cheny Trophy; Alpha Beta.



ALEX M. BOYLE
(Brer Goat)
Gold Hill, Nevada.

"Full of bad energy and evil genius."

Mines: Sigma Alpha; 1st Lieutenant Co. A.; Varsity Baseball (2, 3); Varsity Football (2, 3); retired Editor of the '07 Annual; an adept at painting signs at midnight.



FRANK R. O'LEARY
Reno, Nevada.

"As I was in the beginning I am and ever shall be."

Mechanics: 2nd Lieutenant Co. A.; Alpha Beta (1, 2); Track Manager.



FRANK LEROY PETERSON
Reno, Nevada.

"Prefers a rogue with venison than a saint without."

Mechanics: 1st Lieutenant Band; attempted to organize his class in '03.



EDNA COLL
(Cholly)
Reno, Nevada.

The "Coll" of the wild.

General Science: Philomathean Society; Class President; Class Vice-President; Class Secretary.



JAY ARNOLD CARPENTER
(Slats)
Sioux City, Iowa.

The man of four colleges.

Mines: Sigma Alpha; Iowa High School, '01; Wisconsin University; South Dakota school of Mines; California University; full of wasteful energy; Varsity Debating team.

'07 A CLASS HISTORY



The class of 1907, or rather what there is left of it, is about to complete its four years' vacation at the University of Nevada, and set out for itself in a world where livings have to be earned, and where there will be no Paw to sign the monthly checks. We lit here in the Fall of '03, about the most Reuben-like aggregation of farmers that ever left the cow countries. Every one of us determined to make a scholastic record that would make the achievements of Edison look like two cents' worth of "weenies" at a canine festival.

After the Juniors and a few of the Freshmen, who had preped here, finally got us organized into a class, we looked ourselves over and began to sit up and take notice.

The history of our class is a history principally of its individual members. From start to finish it has been one constant struggle, first with rival classes, then with each other, and, finally, each one with himself. Never, perhaps, was there a class with such a number of anomalous personalities. Few, if any, classes could excel the '07 class in Hamlets and Romeos. The pathetic and tragic temperament prevailed. The class is significant in many respects. We were threatened often with the stigma of becoming a stag class. Consequently, class parties were seldom on the program; smokers were more often indulged in. Also class meetings knew no order or decorum. We could smoke, swear and say what we pleased for coeds were seldom present. Frenzied finance was our gravest problem.

Individual struggles have no place here. It is not intended for a class history to mention individual giants, or Hamlets and Romeos. Neither is it desirable to relate any of our personal class affairs such as vicious finance, and the like. It is the duty of the historian rather to relate our relations with the other classes and our college, to trace the development of our ideas, impressions, and attitude toward our college, from the time we were dizzy, confused Freshmen to the dignified, indifferent Senior.

The all important cane rush being lost to us after seventeen minutes of desperate fighting, we were filled with bitter disappointment. One can witness no sadder scene than a Freshman class defeated in a cane rush meandering back to Lincoln Hall, little interested in the wild scenes of joy in the Sophomore ranks.

One fine morning shortly after the cane rush we awakened to find what seemed a spectre standing rigidly and mechanically on a raft resting on the water in the famous old pond. It soon developed into a crude dummy with the humiliating stigma placarded upon it letting the public know that it represented a Freshman. We would not hail him as a brother, however, and then there commenced a glorious marine fight between the enraged Freshmen and the second year men, who considered it an admirably fitting emblem for us. Physical courage was not lacking, and soon the false one was drowned.

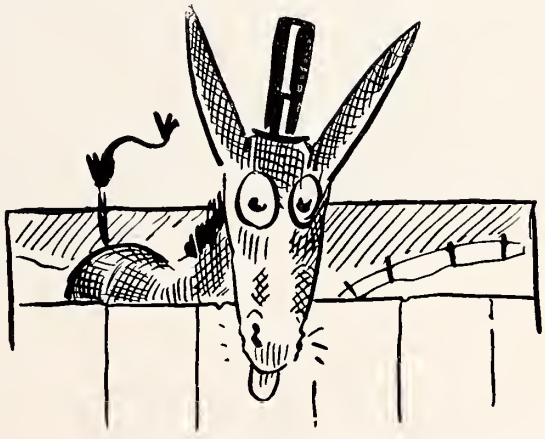
The second semester, while eventful in many respects, is generally a momentary lull; the novelty of being a student becomes monotonous. A certain weariness is felt, promoted by the realization that a mere attitude does not make a good student. This was manifestly true of our class. The strong and energetic succeeded, the weak dropped out. Full of confidence, we, for a second time, meet our Sophomore antagonists on the football field. If weight spelled

victory we should have won, but the cruel fact that a knowledge of the game is more important made our second defeat an especially bitter pill to swallow. Shortly afterward we retrieved our defeats by carrying the Freshman banner in three successive games to the goal of victory, thus winning the baseball championship of the University.

We began our Sophomore year with fresh hopes and determined resolutions. At the end of this year we had an unbroken chain of victories to our credit in the way of athletic contests. For a second time we carried away the baseball championship. Our game of baseball with the Freshmen is worthy of mention. It is today spoken of as the most phenomenal game in the history of the University, for the intensity of excitement and enthusiasm. We entered the game with calm resignation, for we conceded the victory to the Freshmen. We dreaded the powerful right arm of the Freshman twirler. For the first eight innings everything went against us, but where there are no lofty expectations, there are no keen disappointments, and with the generosity of the stage driver who donates the express box to the highwayman, we magnanimously had to concede the game as lost, but the unexpected did happen, and in the next two innings even our poorest batters seemed able to hit anything, and we won out by a couple of runs Never was the change of fortune so rapid, and also, perhaps, never did so much money placed at odds jingle merrily in the pockets of those who had had the courage to bet on the short end. But although defeated in this game the Freshmen revenged themselves by causing an infinite amount of trouble during the rest of the year to the peace-loving Sophs, by placing dummies in all sorts of places, and strenuously resisting all attempts to remove the obnoxious apparitions.

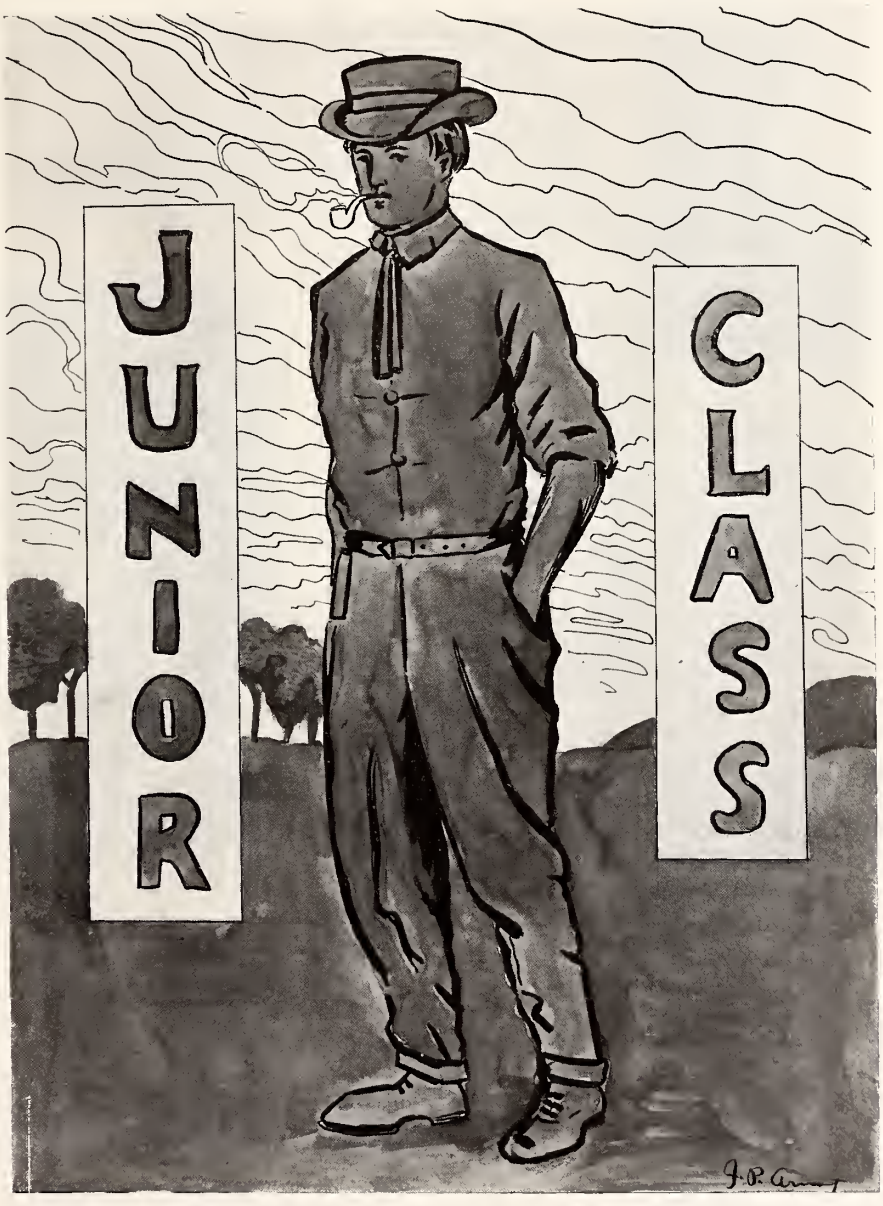
Passing briefly on to our Junior year, we can only say that we enjoyed our privileges, and began to feel a true sentiment for our Alma Mater. With true royalty we entertained our friends at the Junior Prom. We denounced the practice of instigating quarrels between the under classmen (after several unsuccessful attempts to incite them.) We fought whenever our honor was challenged, especially when cornered. We quarreled with each other when principles or nickels were at stake, but preferred peace, and even preached the doctrine.

This year, happily for the University, is our last. Some of us are struggling with conditions. Others, more fortunate, spend their extra hours walking in quiet, woody places with those they imagine they adore, perhaps for the last time. Once more we are beginning to band together as we did when we first entered college, but now it is with a more kind regard for each other. Our petty disagreements are being rapidly forgotten. The time is not far off when we shall assemble full of fond remembrance and deep regrets at the crowning of Bacchus. We will listen to a final sermon, receive our sheepskins which we will promptly conceal, and will start out in the road instead of on it, no longer Seniors, but members of the University Alumni.



JUNIOR YELL

Chick-a-ma-la, Chick-a-ma-la,
Ring, Ching, Chang.
Naughty Eight, Naughty Eight,
Zip, Boom, Bang.


JUNIOR
CLASS



ARTHUR L. ST. CLAIR
Deeth, Nevada.

"Soon across the ocean wave will he be wafted
to Britain's shore."

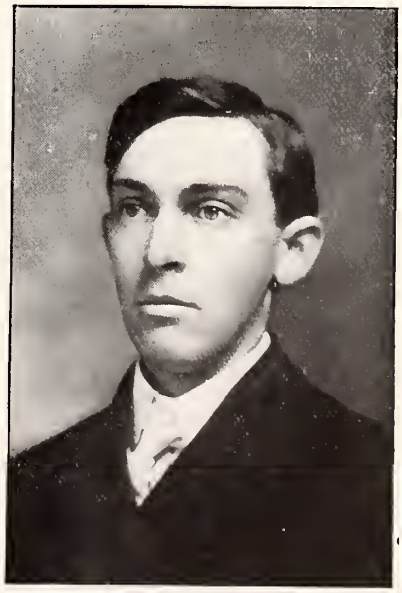
Liberal Arts: Winner of the Rhodes Scholarship from Nevada; Varsity Football team; Class Football team; got his poetic tendencies while herding sheep.



CAMILLE HUNNIWELL
Berkeley, California.

"There's either beauty or witchcraft in those eyes."

Ex '08; now a member of the '09 Class at Berkeley; Literary contributor to the Artemisia. Captain 1906 Basketball team; Student Record Staff (1); Philomathean.



HAROLD J. WHITE
Quincy, California.

"Success is not always attended with noise."

General Science: San Jose Normal; Business Manager Artemisia; Alpha Beta; English Club; Class Debating team; Temporary Instructor in Freehand Drawing, N. S. U.; an enigma to the Seniors; aspires for a world wide rep as a sculptor.



ALFRED H. WESTALL
Palo Alto, California.

"The stillness of death hovered over the place as the mysterious Kid took his place in the pitcher's box."
Diamond Dick.

Mines: T. H. P. O.; Varsity Football team; Varsity Baseball team; Class President (2); an object of suspicion by the coeds; prefers yellow to any color.



ISABEL MILLAR
(Bunch)
Gardnerville, Nevada.

"A woman's tongue knows no Sunday."

General Science: Theta Epsilon; Secretary Associated Student Body; Class Secretary (2); Mayor of Manzinita Hall; Missionary to China; Class Debating team; Y. W. C. A.



FRED J. FREEMAN
(Pa)
Sattley, California.

"Indeed he was mad for her: How many actions most ridiculous has he been drawn by this fantasy."

Civil Engineering: T. H. P. O.; Class President (1); Varsity Football team; Varsity Baseball team; has a large interest in the Queeners' Trust.



LAWRENCE J. FREY
(Dutch)
Reno, Nevada.

An old time burgher from Amsterdam.

Reno High School, '04; Mines; Sigma Alpha; Drum Major.



ANNA S. ELAM
Reno, Nevada.

"A maid of bashful sincerity and with look so coy."

Liberal Arts: Reno High School, '04; English Club.



EDWARD T. GEORGE
(Shorty)
Battle Mountain, Nevada.

"With the untamed expression, showing he does not belong to anyone in particular."

Mechanics: Varsity Football team: Class Football and Baseball teams; Associated with all Rough Houses; Cadet Sergeant Major.



HUGH J. GALLAGHER
Virginia City, Nevada

"By my faith he is very swift and sententious."

Mechanics: T. H. P. O.; Class President (2); Class Baseball and Football teams; Manager of the Social Club or in other words he sweeps the floor; Chairman of the Junior Rum Committee; Josh Editor Artemisia.



LOUISE BRYANT
Eugene, Oregon

"This is such a creature as would quench the zeal of all professors; make proselytes of all who she but bid follow."

Ex '08; Literary and Art Contributor to the Artemisia; Student Record Staff (1); Philomathean (1).



ARTHUR V. DOANE
Carson, Nevada.

"For he has melancholy grown of late."

Civil Engineering: Carson High School, '04; Sigma Alpha; 1st Sergeant Battalion of Cadets; Class Treasurer (2); Treasurer Associated Student Body; Philomathean.



FRANK J. RYAN
Caliente, Nevada.

"Fast asleep, 'tis no matter."

Mines: Class Football team; Class Baseball team; Class Vice-President; the Caliente cow puncher; somewhat afterward in catching on.



EDNA FOLSOM
Reno, Nevada.

"She's a most exquisite lady."

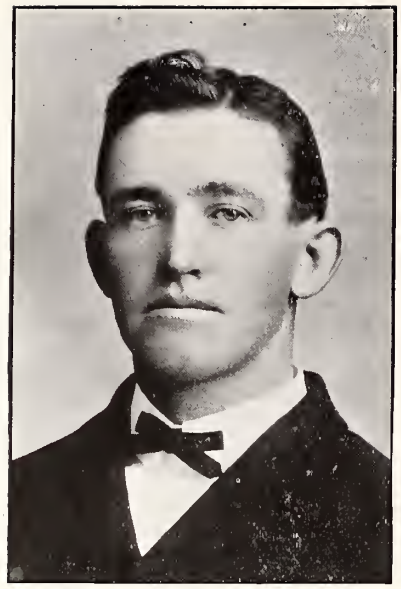
Liberal Arts: Reno High School, '04; Theta Epsilon: Class Secretary.



JULIUS R. PARRY
(Runt)
Reno, Nevada.

"What small man is this who so commands our attention."

Mines: Reno High School, '03; T. H. P. O.; 1st Sergeant Cadet Battalion; Class President (3).



JOHN MILTON RHODES
Reno, Nevada.

"With overwhelming brow, meagre were his looks."

Mines: T. H. P. O.; Retired Drum Major; one of the reckless Native Sons.



ALBERTA COWGILL
Reno, Nevada.

"None so studious, none."

Liberal Arts: Reno High School, '04; English Club; Philomathean (1).



GEORGE G. COMMONS
Macy, Nebraska.

"His own opinion was his law."

Ex '08: Class Debating team; now herding Indians in Nebraska; the human information bureau; better known as Albini.



SINGLETON CHARNOCK
(M'lord Chips)

Crewe, England.

"A typical, windy, red-top Briton."

Intends to become a member of Parliament; Lincoln Hall Goat.



JOHN N. DAVIS
Carson, Nevada.

"Wise men are the most modest."

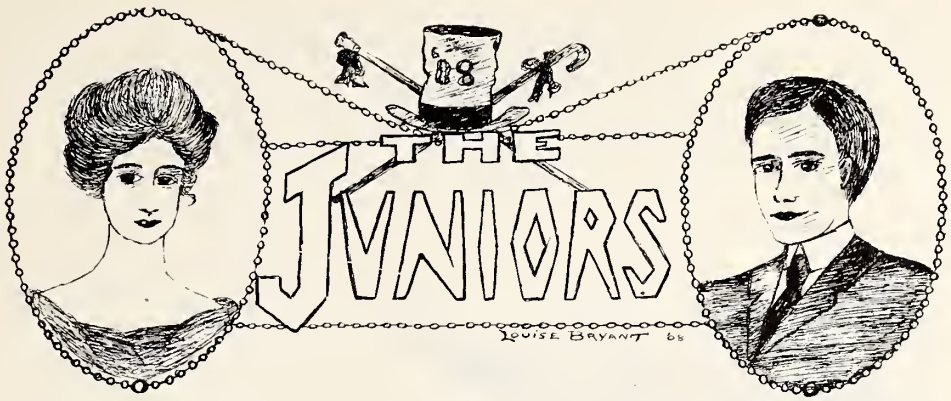
Mines: Carson High School, '04; Sigma Alpha; Class President (3); Varsity Baseball team (1).



JOHN P. ARNOT
Placerville, California.

"Draws, dreams and gets inspirations by turns."

General Science: Editor Artemisia; Class Football team (1, 2); Student Record Staff; T. H. P. O.; has taken every course in the University; Major in Campus and Artemisia.



Dame Fortune smiled not upon this aggregation of brains and brawn upon its advent into this University in the Fall of 1904. It seemed as if she had taken one good look at the bunch and declared upon the spot that she would, before the year was over, take much of their overconfidence out of them. And it must be admitted that the naughty eights were, indeed, confident. Among its numbers were those who a few months before had had the proud distinction of receiving a high school diploma, and during their sojourn in their schools had enjoyed the names of Sophomore, Junior and Senior very much, as these names are enjoyed by the upper classmen at college. It was true that it was hard to start all over again, and be content with the name Freshman, but the members of the class decided that they would get a rep for themselves, so that when they would come to be upperclassmen in the college they could look back with satisfaction at the multitude of sins and transgressions of their first years.

When the annual cane rush was fought, the naughty eights realized for the first time that their road to fame was to be beset with disappointments. But the cane was only lost after a bloody fight that prevented several of the Sophomores from taking part in the evening's celebration. But the Freshmen bided their time, and one early morning put to rout a bunch of Sophs who had been so bold as to place a tin elephant upon the campus with the Freshman cognomen painted upon it in letters bright. Possibly the '07s thought that instead of an elephant they had run up against a class which would better be represented in the role of the mule Maud, so completely were they lifted into the ether by the sturdy pedal extremeties of the Freshmen. Perhaps the Sophs did realize this fact, for some time later they painted up a donkey with the Freshmen letters prominent upon it. The '08s did not deem the animal worthy of the honor, however, and ordered the Sophs to erase the offending figures, which was promptly done. Peace reigned for a time after this, but the classes seemed to be resting up for one more good fight. A combat finally broke out around a telegraph pole, upon which had been placed a fitting emblem of the '07 class. The Sophs made many an attempt to take the odious object down, but in vain. At last, in despair, they went and told their troubles to the president, who ordered a neutral party to bring the dummy to earth. One may think that Dame Fortune was favoring the Freshmen, but in reality she was whetting them up for another great disappointment. This occurred in the class football game, where the Sophs avenged themselves by winning by the narrow margin of 5-0. The Freshmen had already lost two of the principal events of the year, and soon the time came for them to contest with the Sophomores for the baseball championship of the college. The events of that day, upon which the hopes of the Freshmen were blighted after a great and glorious struggle, are well known to all who attended the University

that year. Suffice it to say that upon the diamond their courage and expectations were profoundly shaken, and although they did at last succeed in winning the game, there were times when the cold beads of sweat hung upon the brows of the '07 rooters. In the first eight innings man after man of the Sophomore team faced the invincible Westall only to be ignominiously fanned. Needless to say the hopes of the Freshmen ran high just as Napoleon's did when his curassiers were storming the summit on Mont St. Jean at Waterloo.



Imagine, then, the state of the Freshmen's feelings, when in the eighth inning they were forsaken by treacherous Dame Fortune and beaten. It is, however, a matter of mere history, and the brilliant victories that have since been achieved by the naughty eights have entirely redeemed them from this defeat.

The next important series of events in which the '08 class figures is in the Sophomore year. In their cane rush with the '09 class the Sophs won in the remarkable time of fifty-five seconds, thus breaking all previous records of other rushes. The football game with the Freshmen was also won by us after a close contest. Both teams made sensational plays during the game. The chief victory of the year, however, occurred when the Sophomores vanquished their old opponents, the '07s, thereby winning the interclass baseball championship of the season. The game was almost like the one of the preceding year, but in this case the '07s failed to find the ball all through the game, and the Sophomores won handily enough. The year closed with the '08 class leading in athletic as well as other activities.

The class of 1908 has now almost completed its Junior year. How well it may have accomplished whatever it has undertaken can be left for others to judge. As an entertainer, it has often been said that at its Freshmen Glee, the class made a record that has never been equalled. At the Junior Prom this year the gymnasium was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the dance accounted one of the greatest successes in the history of the University.

In other activities, the Junior class has always taken an active part. The college publications in particular have been represented by an unusual number of members from this class. It was the class of 1908 that first saw the necessity of breaking the old custom of having the college annual, the Artemisia, published by the Senior class. In spite of the bitter opposition made at the time by the Senior class, the Juniors took it upon themselves to publish the book, and persevered.

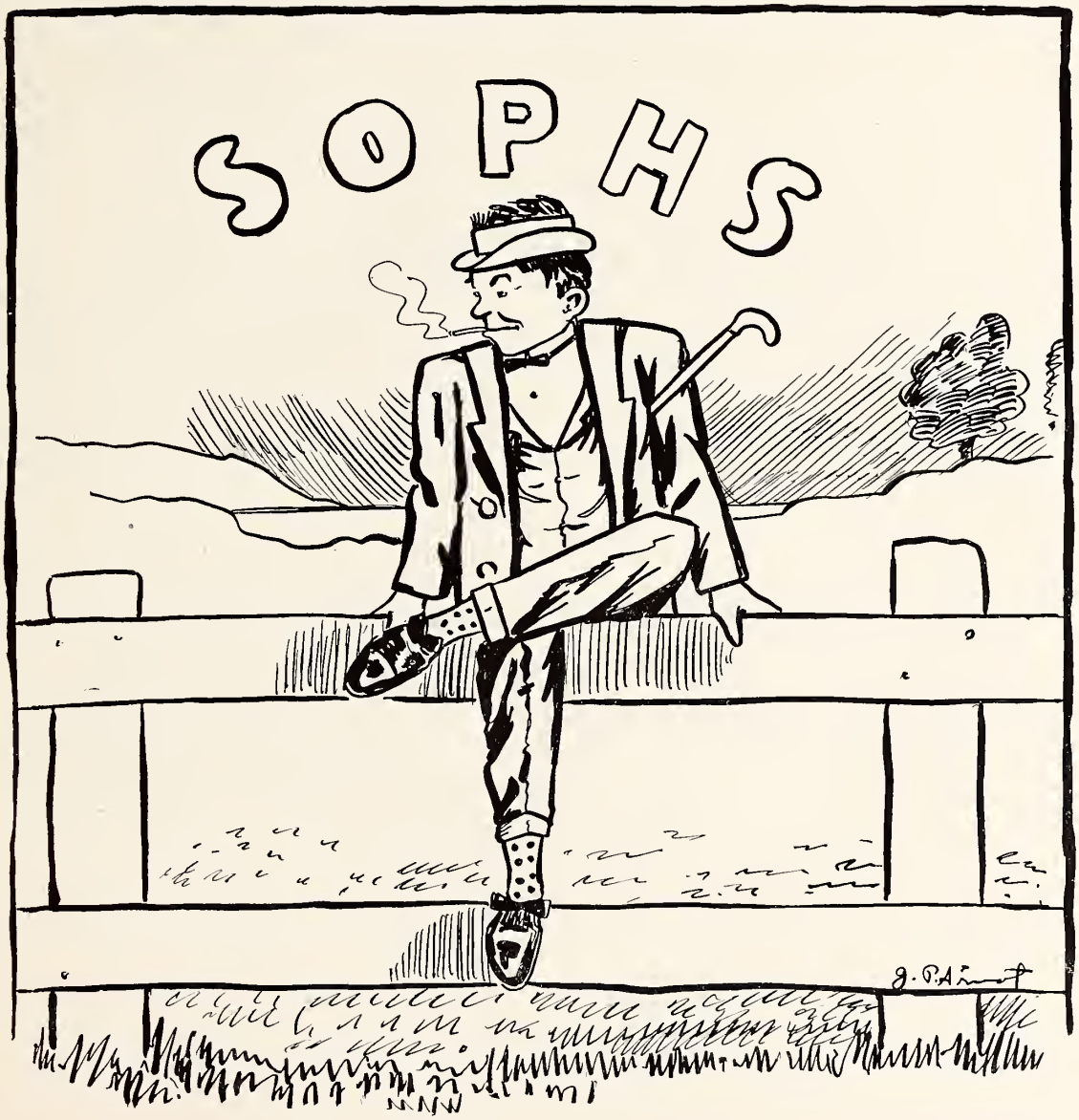
With but one year before it, and nearly three years well performed, the class of 1908 feels that it has no apologies to make unless it be to certain professors whose patience has at times been sorely tried by it. If there is at the present time any professor who has a grievance against the class, we humbly beg his pardon, and hope he will forget it, at least until we grad-

uate. The class is beginning to realize that at last it is reaching the year, the end of which will terminate its stay at the University. It is safe to say that if the majority of the members of the class had their experiences to live through again, they would accept the opportunity without question. The stern reality will not admit of this, however, and the members will have to be content with the recollections that will come to them after they have left college.

To give the curious ones a chance to size up this aggregation the pictures and past reputations have been put in the book of those who have been so honored as to belong to the bunch. One will, in reviewing the few preceding pages, note the general bearing of intellectuality, independence and fearlessness pervading the class. Then for contrast scan the faces of those members of the class just preceding it. We will say no more.

Questionable as our course has been, we could not guarantee if we were to live our college years again to tread the straight and narrow path. It is beyond us; but we believe that we should confess our faults as well as those of others. It is not for us to again enjoy the ease of three college years here, and therefore if we happen to feel the pangs of conscience for our sins in the past, it is high time that we be making innumerable resolutions for the future, one year that we have left, so that next Spring, when we are about to receive our diplomas, we will actually think it a shame that the college is to be deprived of our presence.




SOPHS

SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS FOR 1906-1907

FIRST SEMESTER.		SECOND SEMESTER.	
Stoddard P. Southworth	President.	Reba Snare	President.
Mabel Reed	Vice-President.	Mary O'Neil	Vice-President.
Georgia McNair	Secretary.	Lois Crosby	Secretary.
Stanley Palmer	Treasurer.	Georgia McNair	Treasurer.

MEMBERS OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

Wallace D. Alexander, William P. Crane, Stanley G. Palmer, Raymond J. Gignoux, William A. Reinkin, Charles D. Keough, W. S. Lake, Homer L. Williams, W. H. Smith, Georgia McNair, Marie O'Neil, Silas E. Ross, Lloyd C. Lonkey, J. A. Millar, James A. Houlahan, L. X. Smither, Stoddard P. Southworth, Otto L. Hussman, Lois Crosby, Pearl Sielaff.

1909 CLASS HISTORY

In September, 1905, the supporters of the purple and cream made their first appearance on the campus. Numbering fifty-five strong, they entered the halls of learning, timidly facing the registrar and professors. This timidity was soon lost, however, when they noticed the jaunty air of the '08 bunch, and every man and woman of the class was on for all that was in them.

Although they lost the cane rush, and by hard luck the football game, they realized their sterling worth and went in and took with honors the class debate from the Sophomores.

Of the men who entered with the class that year, the greater number have severed their connection with the University. Of the number one received the appointment to Annapolis, and one the appointment to West Point, and one the alternate to the Military School. It is a foregone conclusion that these men will at some future time "man the ship of state of our nation" both in civic and military affairs. Those members who have been left behind have proven and will continue to prove their ability as scholars.

In September, 1906, several members of the class were unable to return to the University, and at the close of registration only nineteen were numbered with the Sophs. With the significant grit of '09, these few pushed on, and when forced into a struggle, won. Two dummy rushes and the tug of war were placed on the books to the credit of '09.

YELL

Rah, Rah, Rah,
Kick-a-rah-kine.
Nevada, Nevada,
Nineteen nine.


FRESHIES

FRESHMEN CLASS OFFICERS

FIRST SEMESTER.		SECOND SEMESTER.	
President	C. B. McKenzie.	President	S. L. Netherton.
Vice-President	Nick Rossi.	Vice-President	Audery Ohmert.
Secretary	Lola Stoddard.	Secretary	Miss Sawin.
Treasurer	Earnest Folsom.	Treasurer	Louis Leavitt.

MEMBERS OF THE FRESHMEN CLASS

C. B. Armstrong, Donald Bird, Forrest Bell, Louise Barber, W. P. Braender, Mildred Brown, George Curnow, H. E. Cochran, Irene Conkey, Lydia Collier, Cora Cleator, Hanna Christensen, Helen Fulton, Earnest Folsom, Eleanor Gray, Thomas Gibson, W. H. Goldsworthy, Walter J. Harris, Henry Heise, Cecelia Houlahan, Louis Leavitt, Hazel Larcombe, Madge Little, M. W. McVicar, G. E. McMullen, C. S. McKenzie, Earnest Mack, Effie Mack, George H. Nease, Stanley C. Netherton, Alice O'Brien, Audery Ohmert, Gertrude Pike, Elmer A. Porter, Nick Rossi, Maud Sawin, J. E. Sears, Mark Somers, Charles Tranter, Scott Unsworth, Ethel Webster, George Weiland, Blanche Young.

HISTORY OF THE 1910 CLASS

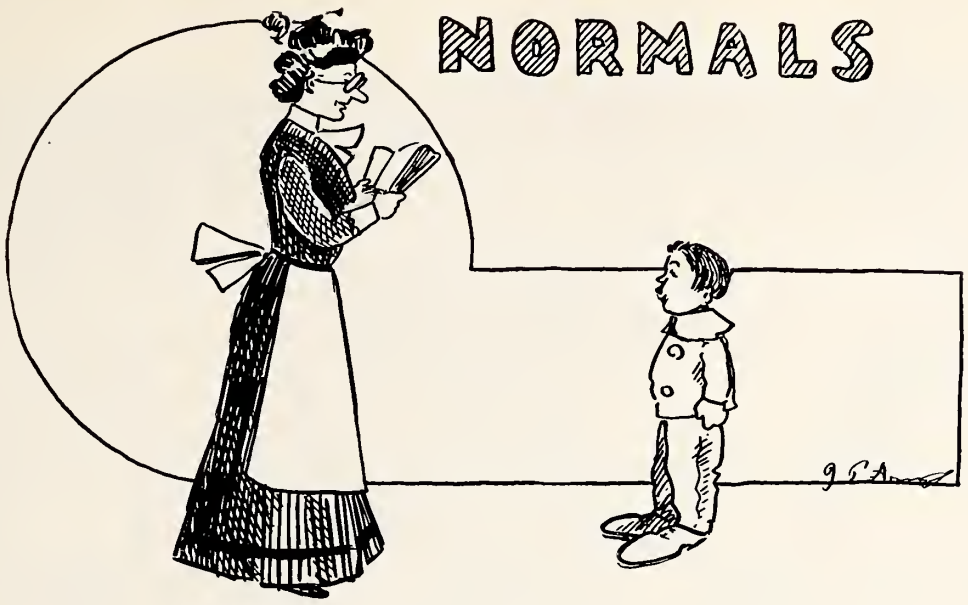
Although but a year in college, the members of the class of 1910 have shown that they are made of the right dope. In athletic sports, class functions, the '10s have asserted themselves as belonging to the leading class. Although they lost the tug of war, it was not their fault, for though equal in numbers they were outweighed by the second year men. Had there been a cane rush instead of a tug of war, there is no doubt but that the Sophs would have been badly worsted. Later the Sophs attempted to capture a bunch of Freshmen, but were eventually surprised and tied up themselves, and imprisoned long enough to teach them that the '10s were best, "let well enough alone." In the annual class football game the Sophs were unable to score on the Freshmen, and the score was goose egg to goose egg.

The Freshmen still further asserted themselves in the athletic world when they defeated the Junior baseball team, thereby winning the interclass championship. This victory was rather of a surprise to everybody, but the credit rests with the first year men, nevertheless.

In other affairs, the Freshmen have taken a leading part and have given assurance of making a record.

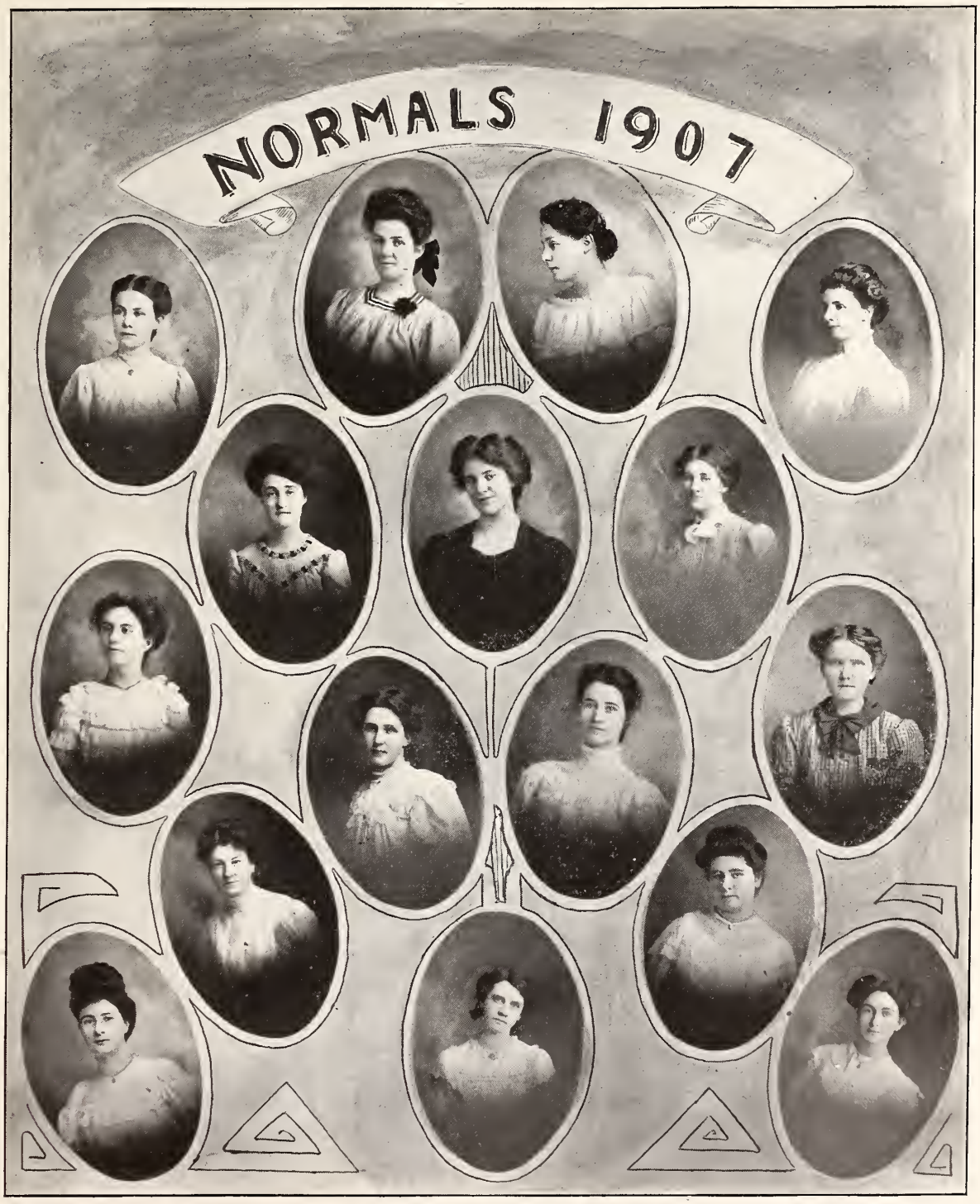
YELL

Boom-a-lacka, Boom-a-lacka,
Who, Soo, Sen;
Ching-a-lacka, Ching-a-lacka,
Nineteen Ten.



THE NORMALS

Beulah Morgan, Honor McNamara, Veronica Leehy, Theresa Crane, Jennie Hill, Elizabeth Rand, Viva Wilson, Edith Abel, Sue Rand, Mae Wilson, Sophina Jensen, Irene Rousch, Jessie Evans, Jennie Baker, Anna Bonnifield, Bessie Keith, Stella Hinch, Kate Drown, Olive Ogilvie.


NORMALS 1907


MILITARY
J. PARROT

MILITARY DEPARTMENT

The Military Department at the University, in point of efficiency and discipline, holds an honored place among the military institutions of the country. The reports of the military inspectors, who are sent out annually by the military authorities, show that the work accomplished at this University is eminently satisfactory, and strikingly exemplifies the results that can be obtained under favorable conditions at institutions which are not primarily military schools. Captain Frank L. Winn, of the Twelfth Infantry, who was inspector of this University for a time, says that the cadets march and carry themselves in ranks as well as regulars. Such a statement as this reflects great credit upon the Military Department, as but few military schools in the country have received from an inspector such a signal honor as Nevada received.

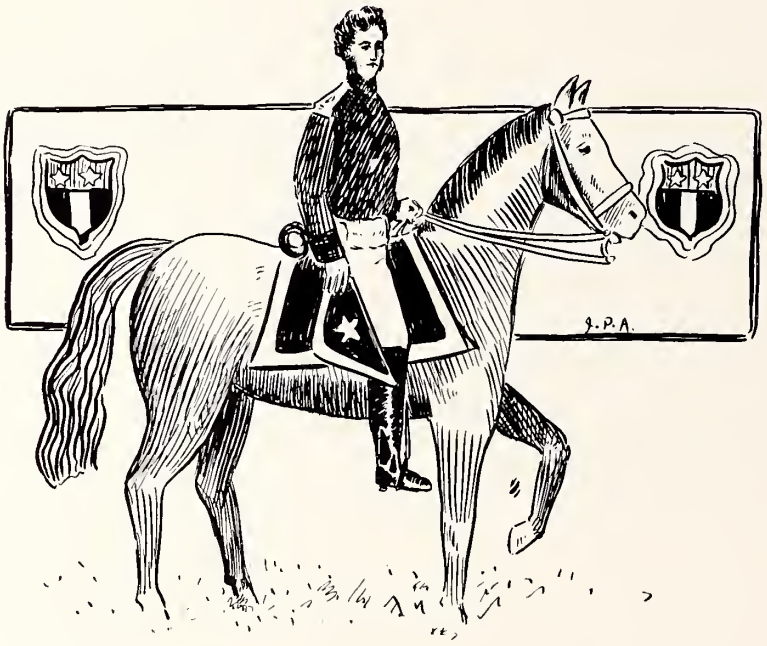
The principal objects for the organization of the Military Department at the University is to give the students a practical and theoretical knowledge of the science of military tactics, so that when the occasion arises they may go out and fight for their country's defense. The University receives about fifty thousand dollars a year from the National Government, and the only condition required is that students shall comply with the military regulations. The instruction given at the University is patterned after that given at West Point, and after four years' work a student has acquired an excellent knowledge of drill.

Captain Robert M. Brambilla, who is the present instructor in military tactics, is a graduate of the University of Nevada, and received his military training in this college. He successfully passed the examinations for a second lieutenancy in the army immediately after graduation. He took part in the Boxer campaign in China, and was in the Philippines during the insurrection. The cadets now drill with the Krag Jorgesen rifle, the same weapon that is used in the army. These new rifles were donated to the Military Department by the government less than a year ago, the cadets before that time having drilled with the old army muskets. The new guns are a great improvement to the department and the latest features in the manual of arms can be executed with them. Target practice also can be carried on to a much better advantage with these guns than with the old muskets.

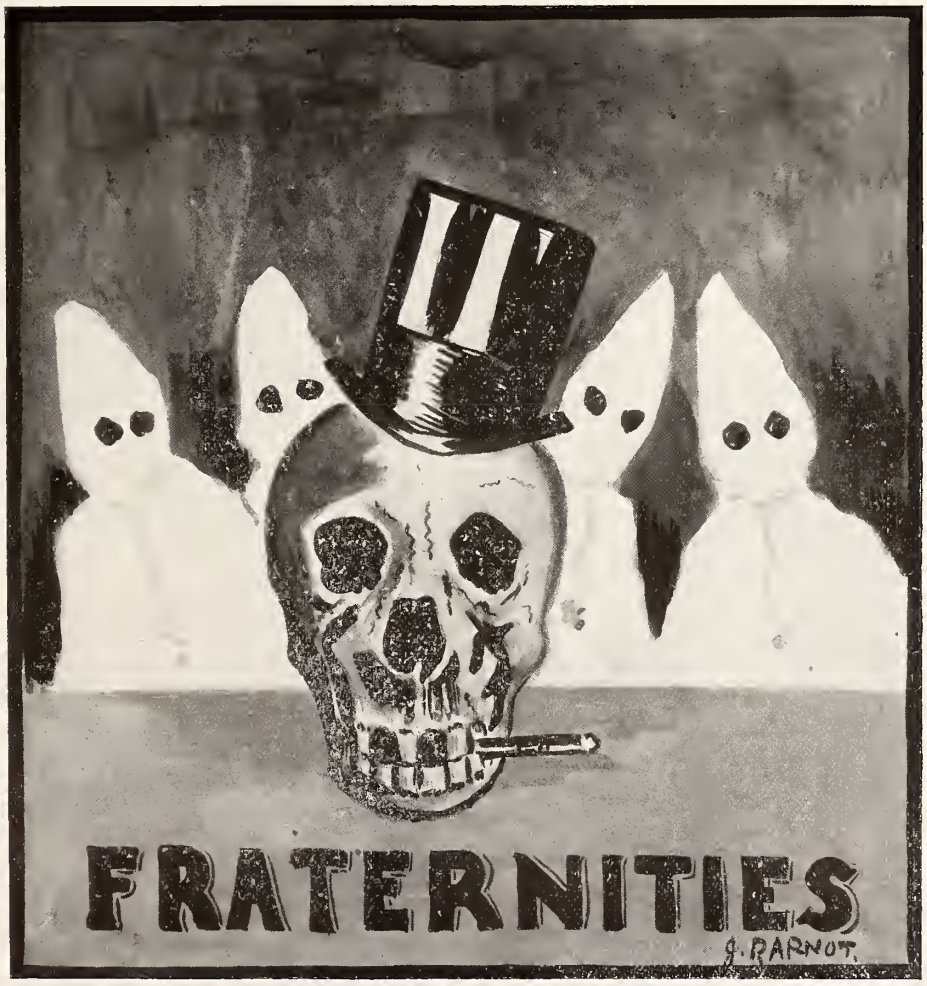
The drill given in the Military Department has always stimulated many of the cadets to take the examinations for West Point and also for Annapolis. Nevada has sent every year successful candidates for appointments to those institutions and it is chiefly due to the Military Department that men are given the proper start to attend these schools.

CADET OFFICERS

Cadet Major.....JAMES HART
Captain Company A.....ROBERT SAWYER.
Captain Company B..... FRED B. STEWART.
Adjutant.....J. D. LEAVITT.
Quartermaster.....A. C. CURRAN.
First Lieutenant Company A.....A. M. BOYLE.
Second Lieutenant Company A.....F. R. O'LEARY.
First Lieutenant Company B.....M. B. KENNEDY.
Second Lieutenant Company B.....MILO DAVIDOVICH.
First Lieutenant Signal Corps.....LOUIS GOLDSTEIN.
First Lieutenant Band.....F. L. PETERSON.






FRATERNITIES
J. BARNOT.

THE T. H. P. O. FRATERNITY

SENIORS

Walter E. Weddle, Fred. B. Stewart, M. B. Kennedy, J. D. Leavitt, George Powers.

JUNIORS

Alfred H. Westall, J. M. Rhodes, J. P. Arnot, Hugh J. Gallagher, Thomas F. O'Brien,
Julius Parry, O. Jay Skinner, Louis F. Kline.
Fred. J. Freeman, W. H. Bidwell.

SOPHOMORES

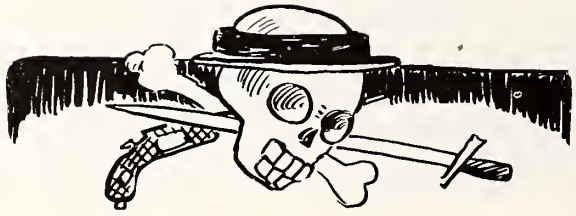
Silas Ross, Raymond Gignoux, Wayne Smith, James A. Houlahan,
Stoddard P. Southworth, Arvin Southworth.

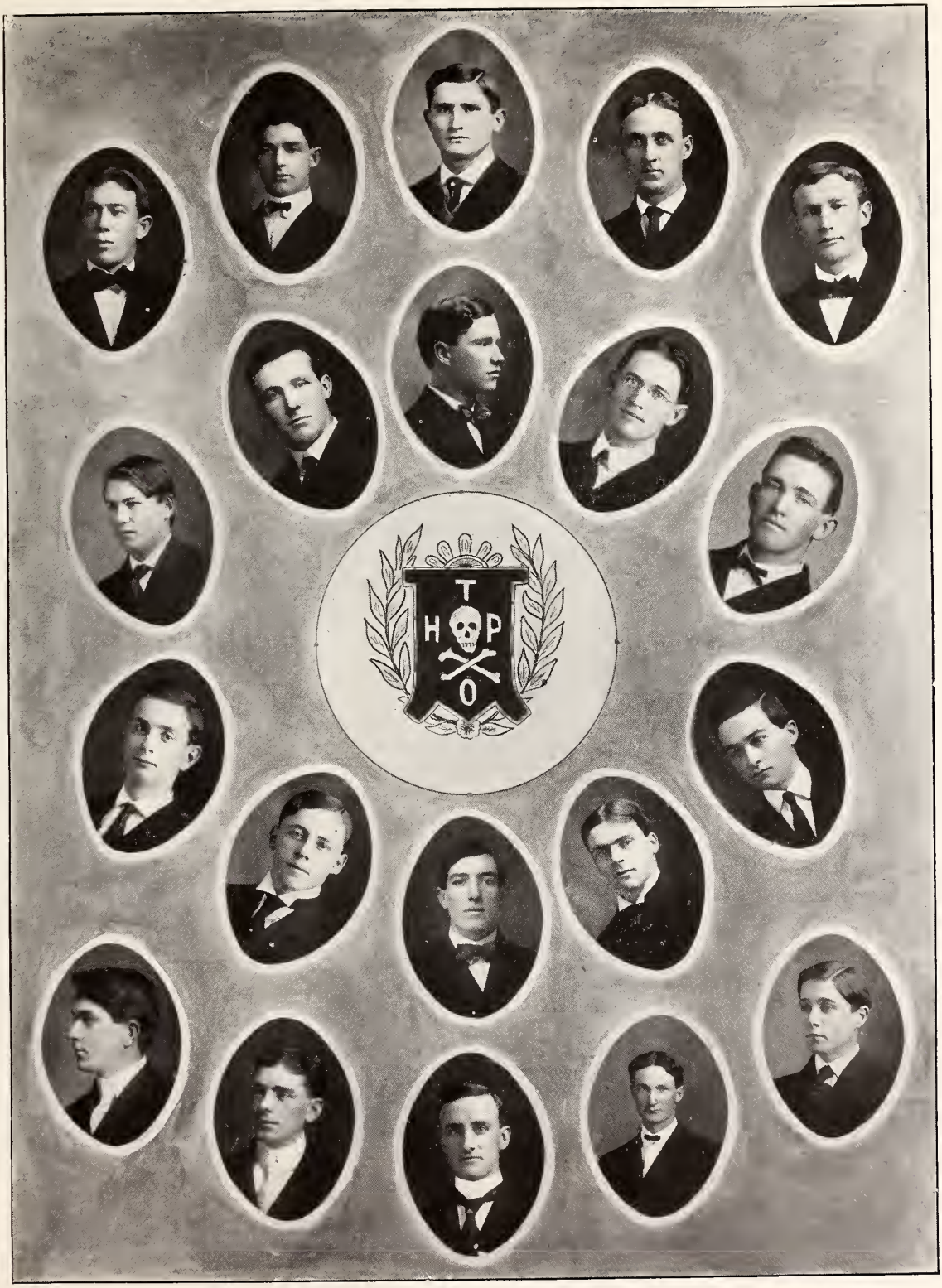
FRESHMEN

Stanley L. Netherton, Earnest Folsom, Elmer A. Porter.

SPECIALS

E. C. Coffin, Elwood Bain, Lisle Selby, J. M. Ezell,
H. L. Bonnifield.




T
H
P
O

SIGMA ALPHA FRATERNITY

SENIORS

Jay Carpenter, James Hart, Stanford Weathers, Alex. Boyle.

JUNIORS

John N. Davis, Arthur V. Doane, Lawrence Frey, Philip Parker.

SOPHOMORES

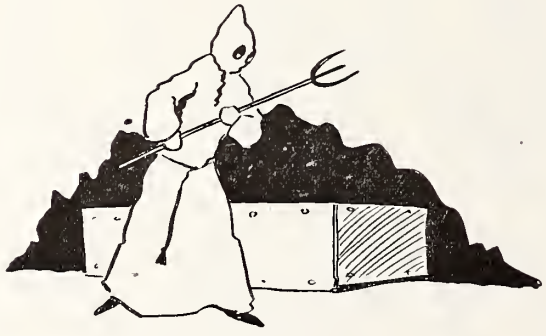
Will Reinkin, Otto Hussman.

FRESHMEN

Philip Braender, Clyde McKenzie, Mark Somers.

SPECIALS

Pere McIntyre, Frank Valentine.





DEPARTMENT OF JOURNALISM
UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA
RENO, NEVADA


SORORITIES

DELTA RHO SORORITY

CLASS OF 1906

Bertha Knemeyer, Alma Goble, Nellie Cazier, Alice Maxwell, Ethel Marzen, Sadie Weeks.

1906 NORMALS

Vernie Jones, Sylvania Mayhugh, Louise Dewar, Etta Webb.

JUNIORS

Kate O'Neil.

SOPHOMORES

Cecelia Houlahan, Lois Crosby, Mary O'Neil.

FRESHMEN

Mildred Brown, Paula Wright, Gertrude Pike.

SPECIALS

Cecil Allen, Clara Warren, Bonnie Thoma, Eleanor Langwith, Florence Bender.





THETA EPSILON SORORITY

Mrs. Louise Sadlier.....Theta Gamma Nu
Edna Souchereau.....Theta Lambda Rho
Isabel Millar.....Beta Nu Sigma
Edna Folsom.....Kappa Omicron Phi

SENIOR

Edna Souchereau.

JUNIORS

Isabel Millar, Irene Mack.

SOPHOMORE

Mabel Reed.

FRESHMEN

Irene Conkey, Audery Ohmert, Hazel Larcombe, Ethel Webster.

SPECIALS

Clara Smith, Beatrice Bray, Lola Stoddard, Ethel Webster, Cora Cleator.





SOCIETIES.



THE SOCIETIES

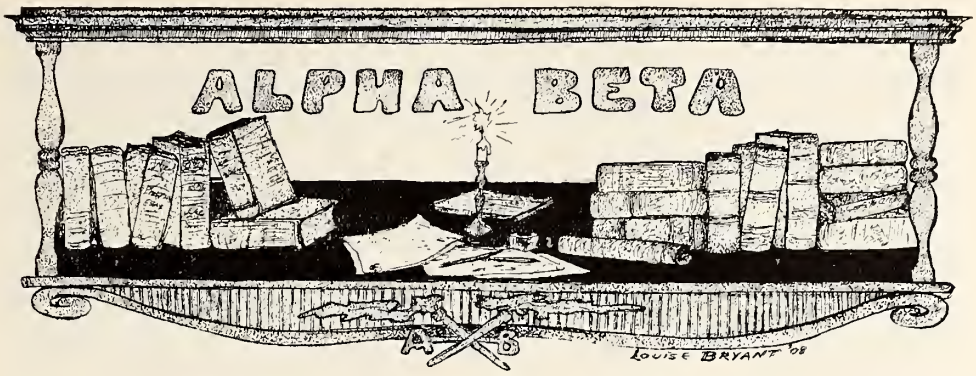
The literary societies and clubs of the University are not so numerous as they used to be. Three or four years ago there were perhaps twice the number there are at the present time. As the old clubs have ceased to exist there have, as a rule, arisen no new societies to take their place. The work of the Philomathean Society was discontinued last year and the Cartesia Club several years before. One new club was organized, however, last year at the suggestion of Dr. Cushman. This was the English Club. This year it has conducted its work in rather an indifferent manner. This club was organized by combining the Congress Club and another literary society of last year. The club confines itself chiefly to the study of modern dramas. Its membership is not exclusive. The Alpha Beta is the most important society of the college, and the interest taken by the members of it is always great. The membership to this club is exclusive, which, perhaps, explains its success. Debating is chiefly fostered in this club. The Crescent Club is an organization of the preparatory student, and has ever been one of the most active societies in the college. Debates are conducted in the club, and often it has sent out teams against the different high school teams of the State. Besides this it often presents plays which show a great deal of originality and painstaking effort. The Press Club has been newly organized, and has for its work the study of all branches of journalism. The Independent Association still holds its reputation as being composed of members who are courageous and original to the extreme. It might be mentioned that the Hunch Bureau is still working out its mysteries, but that its members were too modest to have their pictures published.



ALPHA BETA

Emily Berry, Milo Davidovich, Harold J. White, Mabel Reed, Kate Graham,
Louis Goldstein, Walter Bidwell, H. Massey, Viva Wilson,
Beulah Herschiser, Louis Leavitt.


ΗΕΞ
A B



The Alpha Beta Society has ever since its organization, five years ago, been the leading literary club in the University. Not only in the study of the drama has the club been first, but also it showed two years ago that it was first in elocution by winning the Cheney trophy. Only students who have shown ability in oratory or debating are admitted into this society, and thus the interest in the work is kept up. The Alpha Beta is perhaps the only literary society in the University in which the interest for the work has never lagged behind. It has outlived organizations that began at the same time or before it, and has, as a rule, produced the debating teams of the University. As its record will show, the club has always been one of the principal enterprises of the Liberal Arts students.



Cheney Trophy



MEMBERS OF ENGLISH CLUB

Walter Bidwell, Harold J. White, Louis Goldstein, Kate Graham, Isabel Millar,
Louis Leavitt, Emily Berry, Lizzie Rand, Beulah Herschiser,
Viva Wilson, Cecil Allen.





OFFICERS OF THE CRESCENT CLUB

M. E. JEPSON.....President.
FLORENCE REED.....Vice-President.
G. M. GLASER.....Secretary.
FLORENCE BRAY.....Treasurer.
A. H. McCAIN.....Sergeant-at-Arms.
I. VAN DALSEN.....Reporter.

MEMBERS

Hazel Atcheson, Cecyl Allen, Mildred Bray, James Barton, John McKenzie, Roscoe Schonerd, William Morrison, Thomas Kendrick, Marjorie Wood, Nat Wilson, Kate Graham, Emma Graham, Enid Taylor, Maud Conway, Elsie Conway, Kate Bartels, Florence Fuss, Clara Smith, Bessie Winter, Edith Winter, Hazel Murray, Ione Talbot, Nettie Collier, Stena Jensen, Stella Walker, Eleanor Langwith, Alice Wilson, Nola Westfall, Alma Gobey, Della Skinner, Bertha Jones, E. W. Hart, C. Fancy, Bessie, Jones, Dorothy Parker, Mabel McVicar, Henry Atcheson, Thomas Burke, Amy Wilson, Bessie Johns, Erna Knemeyer, Petre Damm, Reghini Waltz, Ira Kent,

HONORARY MEMBERS

Sue Rand, Nick Rossi, Blanche Young, Louise Barker, Elizabeth Rand, Stanley Netherton, C. O. Porter.





MEMBERS OF THE PRESS CLUB

Louis Goldstein, Arthur St. Clair, Harold J. White, J. P. Arnot, Arvin Southworth, Jay Carpenter, Silas Ross, Stanley L. Netherton,

The Press Club was organized in March, 1906, for the purpose of carrying on a close study of Journalism. Its members are composed of those who intend to follow newspaper work up upon leaving college. The greater part of the Club's members have had experience in this line of work, and are thus in a position to take up the study in a purely practical way. The members of the Artemisia and Student Record staffs comprise the entire Club at the present time. The membership of the Club is exclusive, and only those taking a keen interest in the subject are admitted, and the workings of the Club are kept a secret.



THE 1906 CRUCIBLE CLUB

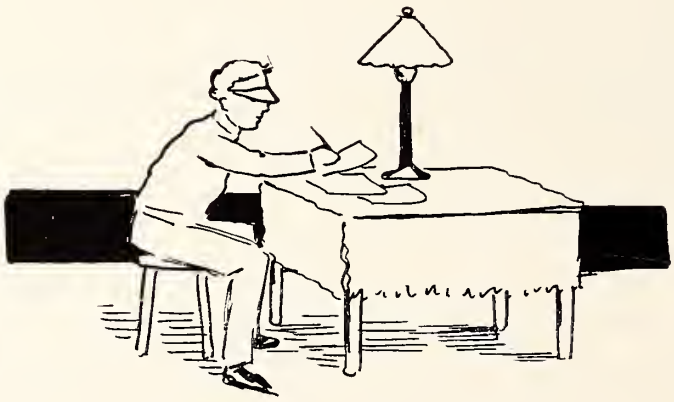
Lloyd Skinner, Gus Hoffman, Curry Jameson, William O'Brien, Leslie Elliot, Walter Weddle, Fred Stewart, M. B. Kennedy, Robert Sawyer, Prof. John A. Reid, Prof. George D. Louderback, Prof. George Young, Hallie Updike.

MEMBERS OF THE INDEPENDENT ASSOCIATION

Stanley L. Netherton, Silas Ross, John P. Arnot, Arvin Southworth,
W. H. Bidwell, Dwight Leavitt.

The Independent Association was organized nearly fifteen years ago for the purpose of carrying on publications in this College. The Association, as it name indicates, is not under the jurisdiction of the Student Body. It carries on the publishing the Student Record at the present time, in accordance with rules sanctioned by the faculty. The Student Record is a four-page weekly. It began its existence with the beginning of the Association, and has had a continuous life since then. It was the Independent Association that promoted the publishing of the Artemisia in 1899, even though the editing of that book is now a class function

The Student first appeared as a twenty-page magazine, and was issued monthly. As time went on the number of pages were increased, and all the students were invited to try their efforts in a literary way. Year by year the Record improved, until it finally assumed the form of a five column weekly, and today it is still published in that form. The Student Record has always had a marked individuality, and this year it has possessed it to a very noticeable degree, owing, no doubt, to the cartoons that have appeared in it from time to time. The Student Record has attained a standard that compares very favorably with other college publications, and the power that is responsible for this is the Independent Association.





OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATED STUDENT BODY FOR THE SCHOOL TERM OF 1906-1907

President.....WALTER E. WEDDLE.
Vice-President.....ROBERT W. SAWYER.
Secretary.....ISABEL MILLAR.
Treasurer.....ARTHUR V. DOANE.
Football Manager.....L. S. WEATHERS.
Baseball Manager.....J. D. SCOTT.
Basketball Manager.....EDNA SOUCHEREAU.
Debating Manager.....J. D. LEAVITT.

The Associated Student Body is organized for the purpose of controlling student enterprises in this College. The officers in the main are chosen from the two upper classes, and are elected at the last student body meeting of the term. The beginning of this organization dates back several years, all the student enterprises being controlled by the faculty before that time.



THE Y. W. C. A.

President—
MABEL REED.

Vice-President—
MILDRED BROWN.

Secretary—
ISABEL MILLAR.

Treasurer—
KATE GRAHAM.

MEMBERS

Amy Parker, Sue Rand, Viva Wilson, May Wilson, Lizzie Rand, Sophina Jepsen,
Anna Bonnifield, Isabel Millar, Anna Elam, Reba Snare, Mabel Reed, Mildred Brown,
Blanche Young, Hanna Christensen, Maude Sawin, Mabel McVicar, Kate Graham,
Emma Graham, Dorothy Parker, Kate Bartels, Stena Jensen, Cecil Allen,
Florence Reed, Enid Taylor, Clara Smith, Bee Bray, Mildred Bray, Edith Winters,
Petra Damm, Emma Munk, Bessie Winters, Hazel Hotaling.
Erna Knemeyer, Bertha Jones.



ATHLETICS




FOOT BALL

RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM

FORWARDS—Hart, captain; Davidovich, Perini, Opdyke, Leavitt, McMullen, St. Clair, McIntyre.

FULL, Houlahan.

WINGS, Smith and Freeman.

CENTERS, Folsom and Powers.

FIVE, Magee.

HALF, Selby.





RUGBY AT THE U. OF N.

Although the adaptation of Rugby football in this University was necessitated by the action taken by the California colleges in regard to the game, yet the Nevada men took up the game with as much interest if not more than for the old game. As the game developed through the weeks of practice, it came to be even liked better by the players than the American game, who claim that it is as exciting as the other game and yet not so dangerous. Naturally, however, in the first few nights of practice Rugby seemed to be disliked, and there were murmurings among the men, but this was simply owing to the newness of the game. With a knowledge of the game, interest grew until today, if submitted to a vote here, it would in all probability be unanimously favored. As we have said, it was necessary to adopt Rugby in order to obtain games with Stanford and Berkeley, and so the game received the sanction of the student body at the first meeting in general assembly.

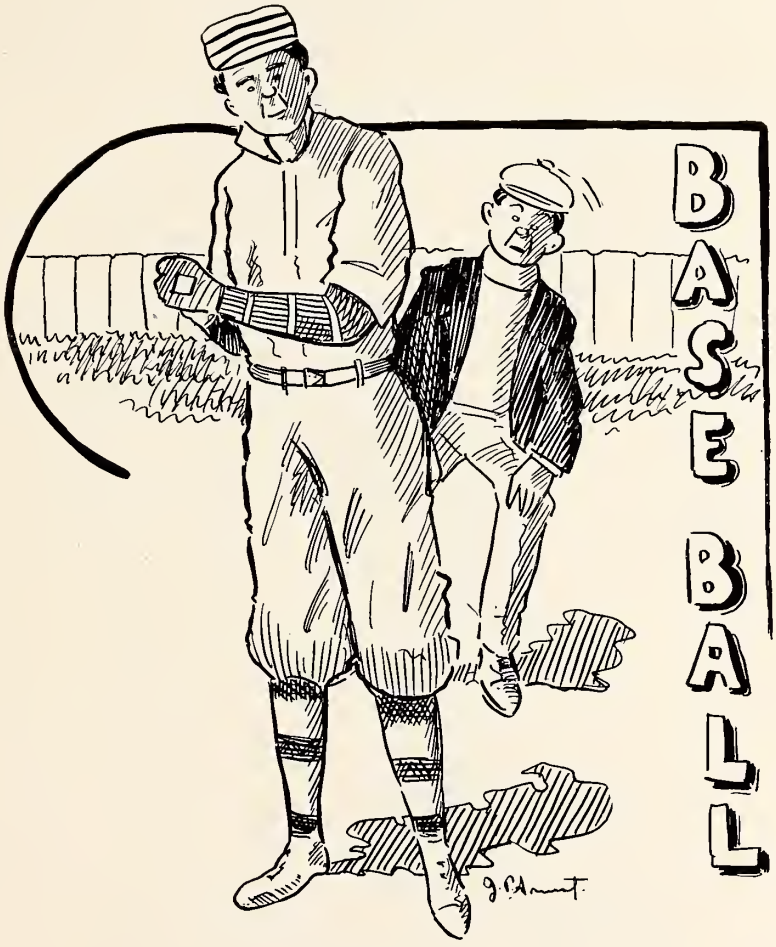
Coach Cameron, who had had a wide experience in the game of Rugby, was secured as coach. He is at this time considered the best coach for Rugby on the Pacific Coast. It was he, who, by his thorough knowledge of the game, instructed the players so that they soon came to consider Rugby better than the old game, and even declare it such at the end of the season. The liabilities of injury are less in Rugby than in the American game, and the open field work apppealed especially to the Nevada men more than the line bucking and mixups belonging to the other. The newness of Rugby to us brought out an unusually large squad at the beginning of the season, and owing to the liking they soon formed for it, the number did not materially diminish throughout the year. The fact that the game was also new to both Stanford and Berkeley evened up our chances with them. Nevada, in having an English coach, possessed another strong point in its favor. It was therefore with an air of reasonable confidence that the Nevada team departed for Stanford on October 21st. Two days later the game took place and Nevada was defeated by the score of 11-0. She played, however, about on an equal with Stanford, and by hard luck missed several easy chances for goals. Nevada still retained her confidence, however, upon returning home for another two weeks' practice. The game with Berkeley has to be told differently. In a muddy field, Nevada, completely outclassed the representatives of the Blue and Gold, and although she only defeated her opponents by the score of 3-0, the difficulty of the field explains why the score was not larger. This is the second time that the colors of Berkeley have been lowered by the sagebrush men, the other victory having been won in 1903. These were the only important games of the season, and all things considered, Nevada had made a most excellent showing.

Since Stanford and California have decided to play the game of Rugby another year, it will, of course, continue here, and this fact makes the prospects for a successful season next year all the more promising. While we have not got very many good heavy players we have an abundance of the light and swift material Rugby requires. Nevada is especially strong in this.

Just what we can say for next year's team cannot be certain. We ought, though, judging from the number of old players that will be back, get enough good material from the new

students next September to constitute a team fully as swift as the one of last season, if not better. When a line can be got on the men next Fall, more can be predicted. Seven of the old players leave school this year, and it will require good men to fill their places. Powers, the fastest man on the team, Davidovich, the best forward; Captain Hart, with his two hundred pounds of brawn, Leavitt, Kennedy, Magee and Opdyke will not be back. St. Clair, one of the grittiest players that ever played football at this College, will attend Oxford College in England next year. Smith, another of the swift men, will be far away in the mines when practice is resumed.

There yet remain, however, such formidable players as Freeman, Folsom, Selby, Perini, Louis Leavitt and Houlahan. In addition to these we can count on some of the old game players to turn out who were not playing last season. Making allowance then, that a lot of good material will show up in the new men next year, there seems to be no reason why we should not give the other colleges a hard rub. We have generally been able to accomplish this feat while playing the American game, and now that we seem to be in our own element we ought to make things warmer than ever for our opponents.


BASE BALL

BASEBALL

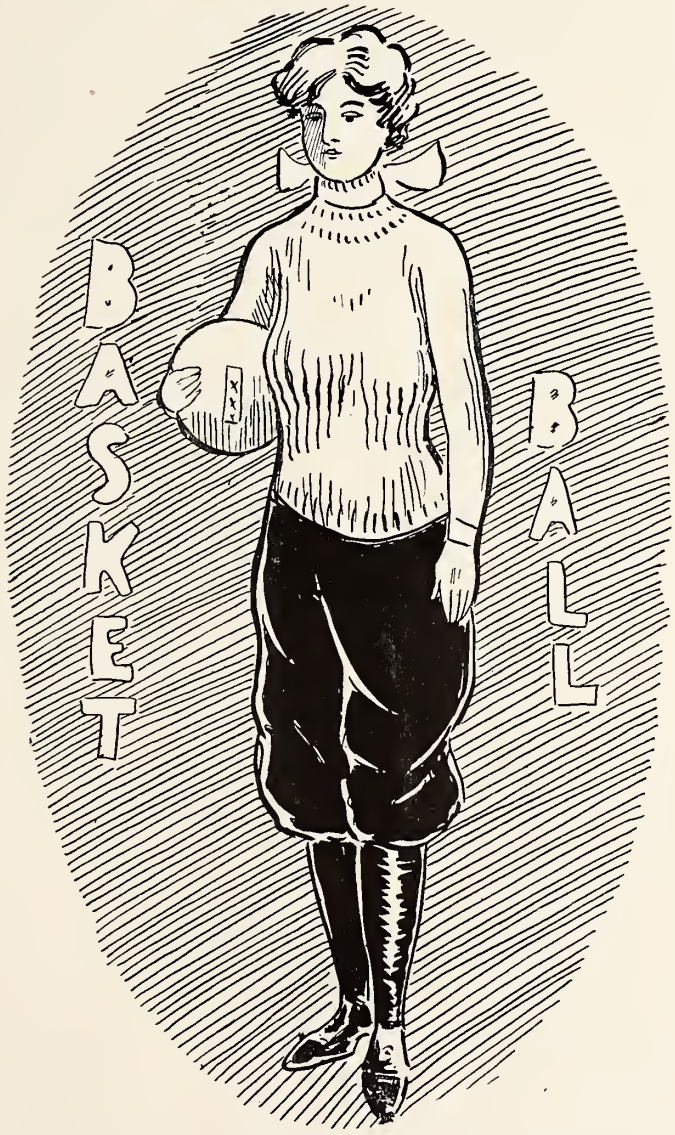
Owing to very good management, the 'Varsity Baseball team played this year a greater number of games than ever before. The principal game of the season was played with Stanford on March 29th, at the State Park. The game went against the 'Varsity by the score of 11 to 0, but for the first five innings Nevada allowed no score. Nevada showed in this game that she has material that compares very favorably with larger colleges, and that more practice and attention of the students to the game, will turn out a team that can challenge with confidence any intercollegiate team on the Coast. In the game with Stanford, the 'Varsity players showed themselves to be weak in batting and also weak in the outfield. A better showing might have been made, however, if the team had not been out of practice for several weeks owing to the bad weather.

In its other games this season the 'Varsity has won every time. Altogether the baseball season this year has been a great success, and the movement seems to have been well started to have games annually with the different baseball teams of the California colleges.

VARSITY BASEBALL TEAM

Freeman, catcher; Westall, pitcher; Nease, first base; Bonnifield, second base; Selby, third base; Sawyer, shortstop; Hart, left field; McKenzie, center field; Scott (captain), right field. Substitutes, Rossi and Curnow.




BASKET
BALL

GIRL'S BASKET BALL TEAM

Lola Stoddard, captain; Edna Souchereau, manager; Majorie Woods, Elsie Conway, Florence Bray, Maud Conway, Clara Smith, Effie Mack, Obeline Souchereau.



THE MOUNT ROSE WEATHER OBSERVATORY

DR. J. E. CHURCH



The weather observatory on Mount Rose represents a unique experiment fostered by the University to investigate weather conditions at high altitudes whence the surface weather conditions arise.

On the lower mountain heights in countries, where the science of meteorology is advanced, permanent stations have been established with resident observers in charge, as on Ben Nevis (4,406 feet) in Scotland, Zugspitze (9,725 feet) in Germany, each the highest peak of its country, Mount Weather in the United States, and on several of the lesser heights of Mexico.

But these do not pierce the ether, where human life may not constantly dwell, as does the automatic observatory of El Misti (19,000 feet) in Peru, supported by Harvard University, and that of Mount Blanc (15,781) in France. Nor do they attain the elevation of the station on Mount Rose (10,800 feet), the youngest of the trinity of stations called by Professor Abbe "the lighthouses in the sky for meteorology."

The home station was erected, however, not through the influence of the others but without knowledge of them, for the purpose of determining the temperature of the high peaks of the Sierra Nevadas, through every season of the year. After a beginning was made, the station was rapidly developed through the novelty of the discoveries made and the abundant interest of weather scientists throughout the United States. The enthusiasm and brawn necessary to obtain continuous records has been furnished by practically the entire faculty and by a number of the students. Still others have furnished brain and money, until the observatory has finally become the child of the entire University rather than an affiliated branch of its agricultural experiment station.



The observatory proper consisted originally of a small thermometer shelter, firmly anchored with wire cables and rock ballast to the back of

the sharp ledge which forms the apex of the mountain. In this were placed a maximum and a minimum thermometer, and nearby a common rain gage. Soon a recording thermometer and barometer were added to show by lines traced on paper, the daily variations in temperature and pressure, and to correct the wild readings of the minimum thermometer, which could not withstand the constant vibration caused by the wind.



These instruments were capable of furnishing a continuous record for eight days when the drum would stop and the pen would then indicate, by a perpendicular line, the highest and lowest temperature and the extremes of pressure during the remainder of the period. A pair of sleeping bags swung from a pulley under a spreading tamarack near the timber line gave welcome and comfort to many an exhausted devotee, taking his turn at bringing back the record from the unprotected mountain top.

Many were the hints of secrets yet to be discovered which came from time to time through the mute message of the record, or from the thrilling experience of the observer. How storms beat about the summit, and how the illimitable expanse of air is one swirling mass of eddies. How the air at the elevation of the mountain does not become as cold at the elevation found in the Truckee Meadows in midwinter, but yet remains near zero the greater part of the year. How the snow is made to fall in immense drifts on the lea side of the mountain's crest and is held there through the agency of the forest, being thus preserved as in some immense icehouse until late summer releases the moisture to feed the streams. How, finally, low temperatures on Mount Rose precede frosts on the lowlands.



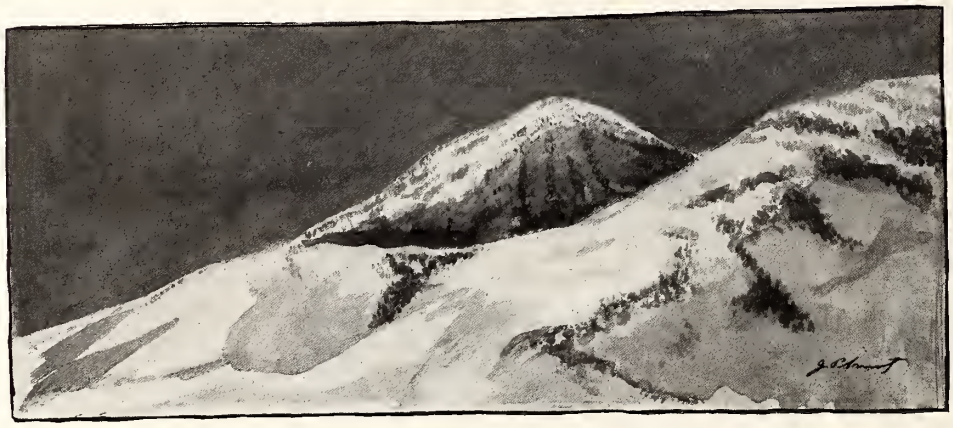
But more expressive than these were the rueful experiences showing that better instruments were necessary to continue the study of the problems, and that more protection was essential to the enthusiast in order to insure him against frost bites and rheumatism. It was at this juncture that the station received unexpected assistance from the Adams Act endowing Agricultural Experiment Stations for further original

research. With the assistance of patient packhorses who carried lumber, provisions and fuel over the rocks to the summit, a commodious ship's cabin, eight feet square, was constructed in a nest in the rocks whence the observer could view the most violent assaults of the storms in perfect security. A long range recording thermometer, barometer and wind gage, also, are now under construction which will require the presence of an observer but once in five weeks. A large precipitation tank has been installed to measure the rain and snowfall. Evaporation tanks will be placed at intervals along the mountain side and other instruments will be added until the observatory shall become the best equipped of its class.

When the present plans are perfected, practical scientific studies will be conducted for the benefit of the State on the determination of the rain and snowfall, on the preservation of the snow and on evaporation, and on the possibilities of frost forecasting. Plant hardiness will also be observed.

But of greater permanent value will be the study of the high atmosphere and the use of this elevated station, where the weather conditions are general rather than local, to aid in the making of more accurate forecasts whenever a permanent observer can be obtained and a wireless system of telegraphy installed. In this work the mountain will far surpass the kite, for though the kite may rise thousands of feet into the air, it can not remain there long enough to furnish more than a fragmentary record. But with the kite and mountain combined the best possible records can be obtained.

For the students of the University, however, the observatory will mean much as a heliograph signal station and as a mecca for the lover of mountaineering and of nature. May it also become an incentive to investigation.



UNIVERSITY TREE DAY

On about the middle of April every year the students and faculty of this University devote themselves to the beautifying of the campus. On this day trees and shrubs are planted in the most favored spots of the campus, and in addition to this the campus is cleaned up in general. It would seem that Arbor Day would be the proper time upon which to perform this function, but the University desires to have a day separate and distinct, and to be observed within itself only. On University Tree Day the student body turns out in full force together with the faculty, and does its most enjoyable work of the year. The work is apportioned out in a systematic manner, so that during the day each part of the campus receives its needed attention. Each of the four classes has its special work to perform, as also has the specials and faculty. The students, who experience a keen pleasure in turning out to dig, furnish an assurance that the work will not be neglected. The members of the faculty also rejoice to get away from their classrooms and to take up the spade and shovel.

Tree Day was instituted three years ago at the suggestion of Dr. P. B. Kennedy. The first Tree Day was devoted to the planting of trees in different places, near to the buildings. The next year the grounds were cleaned up in addition to planting, and last year about the same program was carried out. It is very probable that in the future lawns will be laid out on this day, and various kinds of trees planted by way of experiment, to decide those best adapted to the soil of this campus. All in all, the day is one that saves the University a great deal of expense, as well as affording a day of recreation to the faculty and students.





Social life naturally never lags behind at college. The social doings at the college this year have been many, and the various class parties have been as successful as ever. Students are always willing to entertain or be entertained, and consequently there has been the same lively activity in the social circles this year. The first week of each month brings with it the regular monthly social. The organization known as the Social Club promotes these dances, and the position of manager is one that is eagerly contested for.

The class dances, occurring two in a semester, are, of course, the most popular, and on these occasions the gymnasium is crowded with members of the alumni, students and visitors. It is not unusual for the attendance at one of these functions to number over three hundred, and on different occasions it has been known that nearly twice that number were present. The fraternities and sororities also contribute largely toward the year's enjoyment, although they are, of course, more formal.

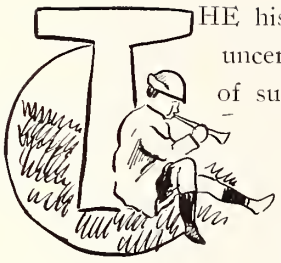
The Junior Prom this year was perhaps the best class dance that has been given here for a long time. The number of persons present numbered about three hundred and fifty. Usually the Prom is not so well attended as the other dances, but this year the date was changed from the night before school closes for the holidays to the end of January. This accounts chiefly for the success.

The Sophomore hop was also a very enjoyable affair, and despite the smallness in numbers of the class, deserves mention next to the Prom. As for decoration features, probably the Freshman glee deserves to be given the prize.

The Senior ball will occur at the end of this semester.


MUSIC

MUSICAL ORGANIZATIONS



THE history of the musical organizations of the College has been somewhat uncertain in the last few years, for the reason that they had the peculiar knack of suddenly coming into existence, and then as soon going out. In 1899 and 1900 there were musical clubs galore, there existing at the time an orchestra, a girls' guitar club, a minstrel aggregation, a symphony club, besides the regular cadet band. In 1904, the students appeared more studiously than musically inclined, the band alone remaining of all the mentioned clubs.

In 1905, however, there came a revival. First, the band showed a marked improvement; then the Girls' Glee Club was organized, and toward the latter part of the year, the men taking example, formed into a club in which there existed good talent. An entertainment was given in Verdi, and those who were present upon that memorable occasion will no doubt form a picture of the event in their minds for the years to come.

Those were the days that Lester Merrill lent his inspiration both by organizing and instructing. Since his departure for other parts, however, the club has disbanded, and will probably remain so until another musical genius comes to College. At the present time the men content themselves with a mandolin club, and many is the time that the few followers of the stringed instrument assemble for a melodious hour.

The girls, however, maintain their Glee Club and have on several occasions delighted the ear of the throng. But there are yet possibilities for minstrel organizations and orchestras. All that is needed is some energetic musician who has the ability to organize talent.


N.S.U. CADETS
BAND



THE CADET BAND

Ferguson (leader) Cornet.
Crane Cornet.
Palmer First Cornet.
Mack Second Cornet.
Coffin Alto.
Nease Alto.
Porter Alto.
Kline Baritone.
Curnow Tenor.
Peterson Bass.
Damon Trombone.
Ross Snare Drum.
Gallagher Bass Drum.





MEMBERS

Mildred Brown, Honor McNamara, Veronica Leehy, Kate Graham, Cecil Allen, Theresa Crane, Marjorie Wood, Christine Jensen, Irene Rousch, Hazel Hotaling, Edna Malo, Eleanor Langwith, Emily Berry, Jennie Baker, Susie Rand, Elsie Conway, Grace Doane, Sofena Jepsen.

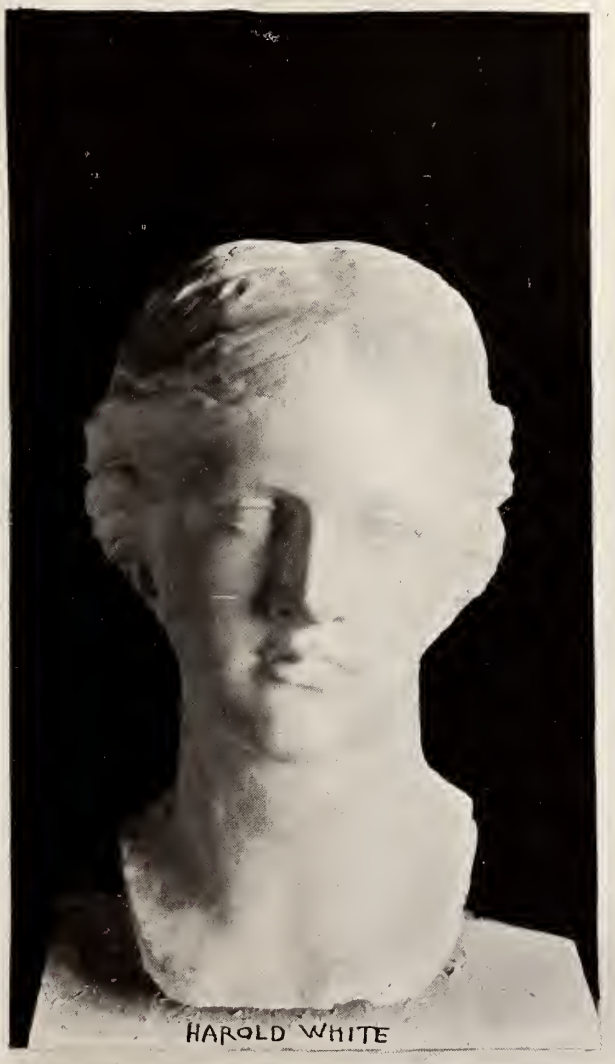
1906 MANDOLIN CLUB

Professor John A. Reid, E. C. Coffin, Fred Stewart, Archie Millar,
Arthur Doane, Will O'Brien.





ART DEPARTMENT.



HAROLD WHITE

ART DEPARTMENT

In the Fall of 1905, the University was able for the first time to offer a course in Art. Miss Katherine Lewers had been secured as instructor, and it is entirely due to her that the department has attained its present degree of excellence. Miss Lewers has had a wide range of study in the art schools of both this and other countries. She attended the Art School of St. George, in Glasgow, a few years ago, and later took up her study in the New York School of Design. It was while in attendance here that she won a scholarship for some designs of especial excellence. Miss Lewers also studied art under Howard Helmick, the famous artist, in Washington, D. C. At one time the departments of Drawing and Penmanship of the Reno Public Schools were under her supervision. Miss Lewers not only has a thorough knowledge of the principles of Art, but she also has the rare gift of teaching the subject, and no matter what little adaptability a student may have for drawing, he is sure to derive an immense benefit by taking the course under her.



The purpose of the course may be said to be two-fold. First, to give those students who intend to teach a training in drawing that will stand them in good stead when imparting their knowledge to others. The second object of the course is to assist those students who, after leaving College, intend to take up Art as a profession.

The subjects taught in this course are freehand drawing, oil painting, landscape sketching in oil and water colors, work in clay. Drawing from life is one of the especial strong points in the course, models having been secured to pose. The work in clay or modeling is also to be mentioned for the excellent pieces of work that have been executed by the students.

Several casts from some of the masterpieces in sculptor work are in use by the department. The most important of these is the Venus of Milo, the cast of which is about four feet in height. Besides this there are the casts of the Laughing Boy, Head of Venus, Venus de Medici, Apollo, and a small cast of a horse. These are all good subjects for work in wash and for modeling.

There are at the present time almost thirty students enrolled in the course of drawing. The majority of these are young ladies of the Normal class. Up until two years ago

there was no course in drawing available for the Normals, and the instituting of the Art Department in the University meant a great deal in the training of efficient teachers. The standard of the course in drawing is being raised in the public schools, and it is requisite that the teachers have a certain amount of training in the subject. It has been lacking in the past, but now that there is an excellent course in the University there is no reason that this condition should longer exist. The instruction received is far above the average, and most of the students who have the time have seen the value of it.

It might also be said that the engineering students derive some benefit from the course. The class in Freshman Freehand Drawing is required to make a detailed study of the different pieces of machinery in the mining and mechanical buildings, and to draw them. This class has accomplished much, and the ability to draw has been brought out of several students who never suspected it. Samples are shown of their work in the cuts illustrating the School of Mines and the School of Mechanical Engineering. Architectural drawing is also given to those students who desire to take it. Some idea can thus be gained of the good that the Art Department is doing the University, and the one whom the University has to thank is Miss Katherine Lewers, whose knowledge of Art and whose genius as a teacher makes the success possible.



THE 1906 ARTEMESIA

It is too generally known for us to here say that the 1906 Artemisia was destroyed in San Francisco last April. The work of months, the painstaking efforts of a College year and the original ideas of an editor, a genius, were sacrificed at a time when all this country was in excitement over the horror of the San Francisco fire.

In justice to the staff of last year's unpublished annual, we shall attempt to tell of story of its work. The aim of the staff was to have the Artemisia completely eclipse the accomplishings of any of the preceding annuals of this University, and in so far as they had gone they had realized their ambition. The book, if published, would have been at least twice the size of any of the other books, and the quality of the annual would have in standard been placed far above any of the others. The illustrations were especially one of the most striking features, many styles of drawings having been made. Contributions of stories and poems had been many, and the services of several noted authors and artists had been secured. The staff then decided to do the final thing to make the book a triumph, and that was to have the work of printing and engraving done by the Sunset Company of San Francisco. It was, therefore, this last idea of the staff that unconsciously sealed the fate of the Artemisia.

But it is not our intention to take away any of the credit of the 1906 Artemisia staff simply because an unforseen and unpreventable calamity occurred. The staff's work was finished, and all that remained was the mechanical part of printing the book. It is the toil and planning of months that represents a college annual, not a mere mass of pages and illustrations. The system that the staff employed was a brilliant one, indeed. No pains had been spared to introduce every feature of a modern annual in addition to several original ones. The students had all taken a deep interest in the work, and there were many lively competitions for the best story prize. The faculty had contributed largely, and the whole makeup of the book showed an enterprise and system that had never before been used.

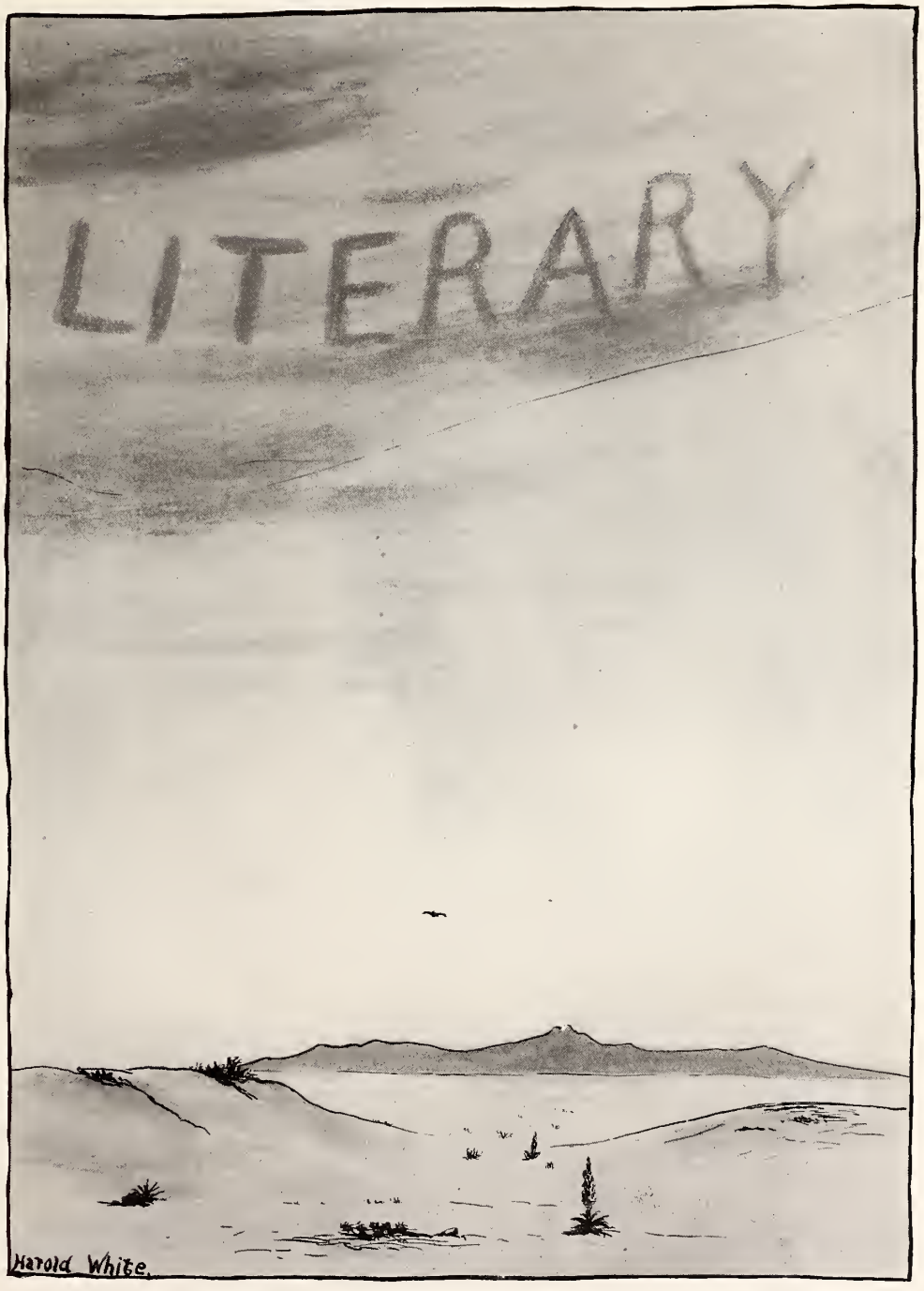
The collecting of advertisements was all under the direction of Business Manager Skinner. Sub-managers were dispatched to different parts of the State of Nevada, and when the final summing up of the finances occurred, it was found that the contracts represented at least three times the amount of advertising that had ever before been conducted in the Artemisia. Even this amount would not have paid for the great expense of introducing the many elaborate features intended for the book, and therefore the staff raised the necessary remaining amount from the classes and organizations.

It may be well to mention some of the new features of the book. In the way of illustrations clay bas reliefs had been introduced. Also wash and charcoal drawings constituted in main the full-page front pieces. Whoever could have seen these drawings would have been convinced that the age of copying had past. A few celebrated pen and ink artists had sent in a number of contributions. Also the practice of pasting the photograph of the joshed on a cartoon was eliminated, and the features of the unlucky one were outlined in an unmistakable

manner in whatever emotion the picture meant to convey. The engraving for the book was also another feature that far surpassed any previous effort of a staff to obtain best results.

Dan McDonald, the editor, had taken especial pains to have a first-class literary department, and with this end in view he had obtained contributions from different well known authors and poets, Joaquin Miller being one of the number.

Therefore, when McDonald gathered up his material and departed for San Francisco, intending to superintend the proof reading, it was with a feeling of expectancy that the students awaited his return. No sooner had the work of printing the Artemisia fairly begun than the San Francisco disaster occurred, and the loss of the Artemisia was for the time being lost sight of in the far greater loss of the West's greatest city. After the excitement had subsided, however, the students realized that the work of months by the staff had been sacrificed. Not entirely, however, for the work of the 1906 Artemisia staff gave the impulse to the class of 1908 to publish a book along the same lines. It is for us to admit that many of the features of this book represent the work of the Artemisia staff of last year. Thus, although the class of 1906 will go down in our University annals as being the class without an Artemisia still all the honor is theirs of having broken from the narrow bonds of restraint and making it possible for other classes to take example from them and publish annuals that will do credit to the State and to the University.


LITERARY
Harold White.

THE REALM OF MYSTERY



The deep unfathomable mystery of the visionary realm is one that has in the ages past puzzled the mind of the scientist and fired the imagination of the superstitious. The savage in olden times, and even persons more advanced, believed that a dream or vision was the traveling away of the soul from the body into foreign and mysterious worlds, leaving for a time the body devoid of life. Many still believe in this explanation. The unknown and mysterious force that makes the mortal see visions has different degrees of excessiveness. The delerium tremens that visits the drunkard is perhaps the most terrible of the mind wanderings, unless it be the imagined sights that an opium fiend is sometimes subjected to. Light dreams do not trouble us much, and we attribute them to the workings and reactions of our minds, while the body is asleep. But a deep, clear vision, often terrible, seems to have a more significant meaning. When theories as to the causes of visions have been advanced, certain peculiar cases have failed to make the statement entirely satisfactory. Why is it, we ask, that the mind of a human being will apparently leave the recesses of the body for hours, and even days, leaving the victim as if dead, and finally, upon wakening, a feeling of dreadful gloom will often attend him, sometimes for months, and sometimes never ending. What can be the nature of a power or force that transports him for a time to other spheres, and upon bringing him to himself, leaves him generally unable to explain the vision to others, and yet at the same time leaving him in little doubt as to the meaning. Often, however, persons who have experienced these wanderings have been able to tell in a terribly clear manner the sensations they had during the seeming separation of the mind and body. Explanation upon explanation has been given to try to reduce these mysteries into a law, but always there has attended too much superstition to admit of the truth. But we ask, what do these mind wanderings accomplish? What is their purpose, if there be one? It is believed that these deep visions often reform as well as torment, although the latter seems essential to the former. Of the strange apparitions that loom up in the hours of night, is there nothing that is summoned up for some purpose, and what of the mysterious force that is behind it all? Terribly clear recollections now crowd themselves upon me of a few dreadful days that shall haunt me to the end of my life. In those days I suffered from the vision reinforced by the stern reality.

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I lay upon the dry barren earth in a mood that I now shiver when I think of it. I lay there in the awful fear that here in this vast waste, deserted by every living thing, in the appalling light of a desert moon, I was being watched. I grew frantic under the idea, but I dared not move. I was apparently hypnotized to the spot, dreading the imagined presence of an invisible desert spirit. I had even seen it, I thought, and a frightful spectre of melancholy brooding it was. But it had faded, not away, for I still felt that it hovered around in the shadows not penetrated by the ghostly moonbeams. I knew that in that calm it was contemplating me, and even though I would have fled I dared not. The unearthly moon seemed to focus all its light down upon me, making me the most conspicuous object in the gloom. Fearful to relate, the spirit of horrible lonliness that pervaded me, working me into an indescribable frenzy. How I craved the company of even the humble mule that had been sacrificed for this, my undertaking of folly. Here in this vast expanse with the stillness of the tomb, I felt myself quail in the presence of something I could not escape from. I was entirely isolated from the world.

But whom could I blame but myself? Had not the greedy thought of prospect impelled me to venture into these unheard-of and dreaded regions? Did I not scoff at the warnings of those who seemed to know the place? Could a strange madness have seized upon me and forced me into the desert, when I myself knew of the risk? And this was the end in store for me; to slowly die in the presence of a desert demon. It seemed to wait there for me to perish. I tried to bury myself in the sand, but I had no remaining strength. Nothing remained to me but that horror. The frenzy finally weakened me, and I fell into a deep, deep stupor.

Soon a force moved me. I cannot say what it was, but it seemed to put life into me, and suddenly I was wandering or rather following after an invisible agent that seemed to guide me.

The moon had gone and the night had given place not exactly to day, but to a strange mysterious light, from where I knew not. I continued on, the monotony of the desert hypnotizing me into a strange state of mind. But I was ever consumed with that lonesomeness, even though I had now forgotten for the time the presence of the desert spirit. Far away from me on the sandy wastes I could see no suggestion of life. This seemed to be a forbidden country. Even the sagebrush had here ceased to grow, and the awful stillness made it appear a phantom world.

I had been days without nourishment, and yet I felt no need for it in the agony of my condition. Gold, the very thing that I had come to strip the earth of, shined everywhere about me. It seemed to be in the sands, and I saw also many lumps scattered about on the plain. But I thought not of it for its worth. The horrid metal stared at me and awakened a conscience I detested. New sensations forced themselves upon me one by one, and it was days that I wandered in this tormented state of mind. The force kept impelling me to proceed, and I felt dependent upon it. It guided me always in one direction, seeming to drag me deeper and deeper into the mysterious secrets of this land. It was the spirit of roam that now possessed me, and with it I lost most of my first dread. Yet, whenever I attempted to stop, the horror would come creeping over me, and so I would break forth again and flee.

After days I saw a shadow. It came suddenly upon me, and at the same time I realized that I had arrived at the base of a mountain. It was the shadow of this lofty peak that I saw. I felt that I was ascending. I dreaded to go up, but the force had possession of me. Something in me seemed to say that the height of my misery would be reached with the height of this mountain. I hesitated. I stopped and would gladly have perished there, but the feeling of dread increased as soon as I stopped, and to break from it I fairly ran up the hill. But the mountain was high, and my progress was slow, and it was days before I reached the top. In my ascent I thought that I had beheld human bones scattered about, and it seemed to give me the significance of a strange forboding. When I reached the top I dropped and lay unconscious, I know not how long.

I was awakened by a dull and hollow roar. I started up and gazed about. Everything was darkness. Finally it ceased, and the light broke forth revealing to me strange sights. I beheld at the base of this mountain a numberless array of beings in the frenzy of activity. I observed more closely and saw that they were men like myself, fiercely attacking the earth. The lust for gold was upon them. They seemed a phantom host, and I trembled lest they should see me up here above them. The land they were ravishing appeared that it might at one time have been serenely fair, but now its beauty had been sacrificed to meet the greedy aims of the gold-seekers. They seemed to race with each other and the weaker ones were trodden under foot. All composing an army, each one was for himself, regardless of any one else. I sickened at the sight, and I began to hate myself, for I knew that I was like them, and that under similar circumstances I would have acted the same. The mysterious force held me long to look upon this sight, and I remained to see the earth gradually close about them, at last covering them forever. Then the first real pangs of remorse began to torture me. I thought again that I saw the fate that was awaiting me, and soon I worked myself into a hideous frenzy and remained thus for hours. Then something forced me to look back over the country upon which I had been wandering, and then did I begin to realize the majesty of the desert. First, in its unbroken stillness, it cast a spell-binding influence. Such a land of calm and peace. Mortal man could neither hope to live in it or attempt to conquer it. This country which man calls accursed appeared to me the only part of the earth that was not contaminated with the traffic and rush

of civilization. Long I looked upon this scene of unappreciated beauty, but my peace of mind was not to last for long.

I saw a host of white objects arise from out of the earth and hover over the now melancholy land. An army of phantoms, spirits, no doubt, of those who had tried to brave the dangers of the desert. They had all probably been drawn into the desert on the very mission that caused me to venture upon it. Then here again I experienced that awful horror; this had been the fate of others like me, and now I expected that I would be drawn into this ghastly crowd and be made one of them. Not a sound proceeded from them, and that made it all the more terrible. But words cannot describe my terror when the spirits faded gradually away, and in their place I once more beheld that fearful ruling spirit of the desert. The very demon that existed in this country of stillness, now from afar off seemed to be contemplating me. I grew frenzied in its presence just as I had on that dreadful night in the desert. I imagined that it had doomed to death those whose spirits I had just seen and now held them imprisoned here. And now it was about to seize me also. Finally it slowly began to come toward me, and raving I felt the mountain give way under me. I dropped, dropped and dropped, and as I fell, there seemed to surround me all the desert phantoms.

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I discovered myself stretched on the earth. I can faintly remember it. I was dazed and unable to move. It must have been hours before my mind cleared. Afar off on the plain my attention immediately was directed. What can explain my transports of joy when there, perched on a mound, I saw a solitary coyote. It also seemed to be regarding me. My feeling of lonesomeness at once vanished, and when I realized that I now had this Bohemian of the desert for a companion, my strength returned and I followed the coyote. The land seemed to grow less desert-like as I wandered on, and finally, in the distance, I saw signs of civilization. The coyote here stopped, and as I continued my way it made a wide circle and trotted back into the wastes and wilds. What could be better to believe than that this humble inhabitant of the desert had providentially guided me to a spot where my future safety was assured, and then returned to his lonely home.

I remember no more. I, of all those wanderers of the desert, had been spared and returned to the land of my kind. But now the haunts of civilization no longer allure me. I wander about the country impelled by a restless spirit, and ever I appreciate the championship of the most humble beasts. The desert still attracts me, but I venture not far into it, for I realize that the warning I received forever shuts me from it. Man is bound within limits, and to go beyond them will work woe for him.



THE MESSAGE THAT CAME TOO LATE

M. H.—U. of C., '09

'Mid a glorious haze of gold and rainbow tints, the sun was sinking somewhere off the ocean. Robert Farland stood on a palm-crested ridge and watched it. It made him think of the sunsets out over the Golden Gate. He took off his hat and ran his fingers slowly through the thick black hair that fell, half curling, over his forehead. From his position he could plainly see the nipa-thatched cane and bamboo huts that lay below, and away to his left. Also, below, and to his right, the colony of small, roughly-built American houses that loomed up inharmoniously amid its setting of palms and wild tropical vegetation.

All this was on an island, far away in the South Seas. With its name we are not concerned. Suffice it that the Government had torseen in its splendid inland forests a valuable revenue. The first step toward taking advantage of this condition was the building of a road into this almost inaccessible region. For this purpose surveyors and workmen had been at once sent out, and Robert Farland was at the head of the expedition.

The sun had gone down. The brilliant coloring of the sky had given place to a smoky blue that melted into slowly fading gold on the horizon. The warm tropical twilight with its langourous odor of blossoms and soft, vague rustlings had settled down over the land.

And still Robert Farland stood as before looking out over the ocean, but seeing not the darkening waves, nor the barren, rocky isles that lay before him, and far out at sea. He was a splendid figure of a man; young, physically perfect, with squarely moulded chin, and mouth that showed at once his firmness and his pride. His eyes were big and dark, true Southern eyes. Just now his jaw was too firmly, almost aggressively, squared, and his eyes had a look in them that would have been hard to analyze. A terrible longing and despair were there, but dominating both was a deep, bitter melancholy that was almost cynical in its intensity. And so he stood for many minutes, while the twilight gloaming deepened around him. Then he finally turned and made his way by a narrow path down the side of the ridge. Whatever may have been reflected in his face then was gone some ten minutes later.

He was whistling a line from some comic opera of the year before as he swung down the little village street. Presently he entered the one boarding house of the place. He greeted the men within with friendly familiarity in response to their greetings to him. They were not of his stamp—the marks of education and innate good breeding that were his were lacking in them. But he was an American and they were Americans, and they all were in a strange land. There was hardly a one in the American colony who did not like Farland. He had a way with people. The men all did his bidding unquestionably. As for the few women that had come with their husbands to this strange, far-off island, they one and all adored Farland. His youth made them all look upon him in a protecting, motherly sort of fashion, and his never-failing courtesy and kindness completely won them. Now and then they felt mystified about him. Sometimes his eyes took on a far-away, melancholy look, though the kindly practical people did not often notice this. But this they did notice, that the United States steamer which touched at the island on monthly trips bringing provisions and mail, had never once in all the time passed brought Farland a single missive. A tactless, though well meant, question upon the subject produced a strange result. Farland's jaw set and his face grew strangely white emphasizing the darkness of his hair and eyes. It was a way he had when he was angered or strongly moved. After a moment, though, he recovered himself and smiled quite pleasantly as he answered quietly, "You see I have no friends or any one to write to me." A murmur of sympathetic talk buzzed around the room as he rose soon after and went out into the darkness.

Tom Lennard, boss of the construction gang, Farland's most intimate friend and companion on the island, sat and thought the matter over. For a man with Farland's culture and personality, one who had traveled extensively, as has Farland, this was preposterous. Lennard was several years older than Farland, and a man of some shrewdness and intellect. He felt that Farland had something on his mind, and wished to know the trouble. But he knew better than to broach the subject to him. Farland talked very little of himself, so though he and Lennard were good friends with a number of ideas and feelings in common, the latter knew

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almost nothing of the former's life. Farland was the kind of fellow who, if he had a secret, trouble would scorn to tell it to another man, considering this a sign of weakness. With him there would be just one person to confide in this. She would be just the right degree loving and sympathetic—the one girl would be the only one who would ever know. Of the ethical workings of Farland's mind, however, Lennard knew nothing.

So time went on. The road builders following up the lines of the completed surveys were progressing well. The roads were to be completed before the rainy season set in. Farland was growing impatient for this completion. He was restless and longing to be gone. He explained that it was only the "wander lust" coming to the fore again, but Lennard was thinking deeper, wondering why he should ever be taken to wandering at all.

The men all worked in unison and Farland had not met an enemy on the island—except one, and that was hardly worth considering. He was a native, Kanyaka by name, a black, aggressive fellow of Malay and various South Sea admixtures. He had tried to create a revolt among the native workers, whom Farland had hired in his work on the island. But the natives were for the most part kindly disposed toward Farland who treated them well and paid them in things that their hearts delighted in. Therefore they had not been very ready to respond to Kanyaka's attempts to stir up mutiny. Farland had discovered the native's treachery one day and had briefly ordered him to desist from further demonstrations. Kanyaka had sullenly refused to comply with the request and Farland then and there administered a lesson in discipline with his fists, and when the black had, after a time, risen to his feet, he had been told to get out. And this he had promptly done, which apparently closed the incident. And things went on as before. Farland had at first been rather cautious, watching out for further acts of the black, but finally, as time passed on and nothing was heard of the native, he had ceased thinking of the incident, and in fact had almost forgotten it.

He and Lennard were walking one night along the nearly completed road that led up and away from the village, and in toward the coveted forests. The moon was up, and occasionally they caught glimpses of it through the tangle of wild, tropical growth that hedged them in. They were passing a spot where the undergrowth had been cleared away and were talking together, when out of the darkness came a low whirr that was all too near. Farland suddenly staggered backward and fell. Lennard turned swiftly and caught sight of a black form that did not move quite quick enough. In a second there was a loud crack from his revolver and a sound of something falling in the underbrush.

Farland was borne down to the village by his friend, and everything was done to revive him. But it was useless. Kanyaka's arrow had gone all too true. The motherly souls of the village bent above the silent form weeping, and they stroked the curling black hair away from the white forehead and closed his dark eyes that would never again look longingly out across the ocean again.

And Lennard, after a bitter night of it, set about a sad and unwelcome task. He felt like a robber as he broke open the lock of Farland's trunk and lifted the lid. There were pictures and letters only in the top tray; all arranged in careful order as though they had never been touched since being placed there. Almost reverently he began searching among them, looking always for Farland's home address. In so doing he uncovered the photograph of a young and beautiful girl. Lennard gazed for many minutes upon the sweet, half-smiling face, and his grief at his friend's death was increased as he slowly laid it down. Next to it was the lovely face of a half-sad lady who resembled Robert Farland so much, Lennard knew that it was his friend's mother. Below were other pictures, but Lennard had found an address penciled across the back of the one he held, and he looked no further. The mail steamer was due that day, so he wrote a long kindly letter to Robert Farland's mother. It was the best that he could do. The time dragged along and the steamer came in at dusk.

Among the letters and papers was a sealed cablegram addressed to Robert Farland. Lennard quietly took it and walked down to the beach to a little rocky point. Then he looked at it and hesitated long before opening it. It was days old. What might it not contain; its message was this: "My Darling Boy—After years I have found you. My God! how cruelly we misjudged you. We know that you never did it. Will confessed. Oh forgive us—forgive us. She and I are waiting for you, boy. Come home. Mother."

She and I are waiting for you, boy. Oh, the pity of it all! Lennard sat there in the darkness, and was not ashamed of the tears that welled up in his eyes. Out of his half-forgotten book lore, the lines of a poem came crowding into his mind, and the waves that lapsed softly on the shore seemed to repeat them.

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is never lord of death,
And love can never lose its own!"



"Would you mind sitting out this dance, Jeff? I have something to say to you," said she.

The note of gravity in her voice stopped the light remonstrance he was about to offer. He silently led her to the couch in a secluded corner of the gym.

"So you have broken your promise," said she, smoothing out the billowy ruffles of her gown.

He looked at her sharply, was about to answer, then waited for a better cue. It came with abruptness.

"You were gambling this afternoon, weren't you?"

"Yes, but I broke no promise," he curtly replied.

She was surprised. She had expected confusion on his part, repentance, and a strong plea to be forgiven. She became confused herself.

"Why, Jeff, you know you promised me you'd never gamble again; you know you did, and now you have broken your word at the last moment," tears welled in the blue eyes of the girl.

"I promised you that I would never gamble again while I was a student of the 'Varsity, Tilly, and I kept my promise faithfully. It has been nearly two years since I made that promise, and until this afternoon I haven't touched a card, nor gambled in any way whatever. And it was all because of my promise to you. That promise ended with the receiving of my sheepskin this morning. We are no longer undergrads, Tilly; we belong to the Alumni, don't you know we do?"

The girl's face flushed. "Oh, you are very discriminating. Your argument is based on almost a legal technicality. Why didn't you study for the law instead of a mining engineer? Do you think it lessens the enormity of the crime because of the removal of so slight a barrier? Really, Mr. Wardin, I—I—don't believe I can trust such a man enough to—to be his wife. Here is your ring."

Jefferson Wardin sat for a long time gazing blankly at the glittering bauble Miss Burson had thrust into his hand.

"Tilly, Tilly—let me explain to you! Let me tell you all about it! You can't understand what a feeling it is, this lust for gambling. Dear, you don't know what your influence has done for me, and in all these months it has been only my promise to you that has kept me from the gaming tables. When I realized today that this promise had become null and void I felt lost. I can't explain to you the hopeless sensation that came over me; then, there came another feeling; it was awful, even if it was a fierce joy, Tilly, to think that I was free, and before I knew it, dear, I was there at the roulette wheel. But all the time I was playing, I kept saying to myself 'I must renew my promise. I must renew my promise for life!' And I will this very minute if I may replace your ring, Tilly."

But the girl was too deeply hurt to note the sincerity of his plea. And she had gone too far to relent at once. She looked into his dark troubled eyes.

"Some day you might take the ring off again, Jeff, and then——"

"Oh, you can make light of my explanation, Tilly; but you can't say I broke my promise to you. And you can't understand my weakness; you don't know how gambling grips a fellow. You, who have never played cards, even, why how can you judge me so harshly. Oh, you girls are too hard on us. Sometimes I wish——"

"That we were fully emancipated, Jeff? That we gambled and smoked and——"

"No, no, Tilly, not that; only you will let me put the ring back? You won't dismiss me like this?" he pleaded.

The music ceased. The dancers were finding seats close to the couple on the couch. A tall sandy-haired youth caught the girl's eye and quickly approached her.

"Tilly!" Jeff Wardin's voice shook with emotion.

"I—I am not qualified to judge your action, Jeff; we had best wait till I am. Yes, this next is ours, Mr. Bliven."

She left him so dazed that he couldn't thank the girl of the shimmering pink dress who restored to him, with a smile, the ring he had dropped on the floor.

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He didn't leave for South Africa, the goal, that in the past, had beckoned the 'Varsity mining men. The lure of the Nevada goldfields was much stronger these days.

His success in the sagebrush camps was not meteoric. For the first few months his friends received letters from him postmarked Goldfield, Tonopah, Bullfrog, Wonder and a dozen other towns that had cropped out on the desert like mushrooms. Then the letters, which had not been altogether cheerful, ceased; a straggling postcard or two informed them that the feverish pursuit of gold was not conducive to letter writing.

Miss Burson had never heard directly from the wandering fortune seeker; yet she kept pretty well posted as to his whereabouts through Bliven, even through the unsatisfactory postal form of communication. After that he might as well have been a hostage in South African wilds for all the news she had of him.

Matilda Burson was not the kind of girl to cry her eyes out over what might have been. She had secured a position as teacher in the public schools, and her work was sufficiently arduous to keep her mind well occupied. Still, there was never a day went by but what thoughts of "Jeff" caused her to hark back to the happy hours of her college career.

And there was something in the atmosphere of her everyday life that reminded her more and more of Jeff and his calling of mining engineer. Rumors of new strikes, authenticated reports of fabulous veins of gold opened in Goldfield mines, stories of thousands made in a day on the sale of a prospect, of tens of thousands turned in an hour on the lucky transfer of mining stock.

The bonanzas of Southern Nevada were infusing the spirit of '49 into the present day generation. The feverish excitement of speculation invaded even the portals of the public schools. It was whispered amongst the disbursers of knowledge that the elaborate trosseau of the fair school ma'am just wedded was purchased entirely from the profits made on "Silver Pick;" that the teacher who took the "tip" on "Blue Bull" was suddenly become vastly indifferent to the laws of the school board; a skyward soaring of "Adams" stock enabled another pedagogue to luxuriate in a two months' leave of absence. These particular bits of gossip, as well as many more of similar trend, flew so thickly about Miss Burson's head that she sat up and took notice.

On more than one occasion she accompanied some of her co-workers to the stock exchange —to this broker's office or to his rival's across the way. And one day, when the whole coast was electrified over the leaps and bounds of Mohawk quotations, a straight tip came to Miss Burson through one of those strictly confidential sources. It was not to be resisted, and before the week ended she was the owner of 1,000 shares of "Golden Grass Roots." In three days this stock went up ten points. Miss Burson sold and placed an order for 2,000 shares of "Purple Pony." Up soared this stock; again she sold at a big profit.

Then came another tip, a splendid one. Flushed with her first successful ventures, she mailed an order direct to the Goldfield brokers, who had the exclusive handling of the Sagebrush Sultan stock.

Miss Burson experienced a thrill of exultation upon receiving the bulky letter from Goldfield. She opened the packet carefully, drew out the green and gold lithographed certificates and fairly gloated over these ten thousand shares. "Oh, I have been lucky, so——" her exclamation ended in a little shriek as her eye fell upon the signature of the president of the Sagebrush Sultan Mining Company. She looked at it again and again, examined each certificate in turn and found the familiar signature of J. G. Wardin on each.

It was Jeff's writing—he was the president of the Sagebrush Sultan! And it was a wonderfully rich mine—so the party who gave her the tip said. How strange that she should have invested in Jeff's mine! What would he think. Had he seen her order; did he know she was speculating in stocks?

A deep flush crimsoned the girl's face clear to the roots of her hair. She remembered Jeff's having once remarked that dabbling in stocks was one form of gambling he had never indulged in! Gambling? What a horrible opinion he would have of her, who had judged him so harshly! Yet, of what purport was her worrying? Jeff didn't care what she did, what her state of mind was, nor did she care whether he cared or not.

Miss Burson's school work dragged painfully the next day. The school ma'am who invited her to visit the stock exchange after hours was coolly snubbed. Miss Burson went directly to her lodging place and sought her room. A headache prevented her appearing at dinner. She refused to see a caller that the landlady announced in the evening. The caller was persistent and sent up a card which read Mr. Jefferson Wardin.

Matilda Burson was dazed. It seemed hours before she mustered up courage to go down stairs. When she stepped into the reception room Jeff arose—their greeting was stiffly gotten over with and Jeff hurriedly began to talk.

"I was on a prospecting trip when your order came. The stock was mailed you the day before I got back. I have come to tell you what you have bought. The Sagebrush Sultan is a wildcat; it's just a patch of rock and brush without a scratch of a pick or shovel to mar its surface. It's in a fairly good location—that's the most I can say for the Sagebrush Sultan. I —I can't see you swindled; so I've come to buy back your shares."

The girl scrutinized him closely. His face was burned by the sun and wind; his shoulders seemed broader, his eyes darker, his chin firmer than she remembered. And yet, what was this he was saying—he, the president of a wildcat concern? She, one of his victims? And he would buy back her shares simply because she was Tilly Burson?

"What about your other dupes?" she heard herself asking him.

"There are no others—yours is the first order; the only one that has been or will be filled."

"I refuse to sell my stock, then. You say the Sagebrush Sultan is well located. I want you to use that $1,000 in developing it. I never want to touch that money again. I am glad you told me what you did, and, oh—Jeff, what must you think of me when I tell you that I made it all in gambling?" she was crying softly and talking incoherently.

"Gambling? Tilly! How?" he stared at her in amazement.

"Mining stocks," she briefly sobbed.

He said nothing for an unconscionably long time. The girl peeped at him between her fingers. "Why don't you quote some old thing like 'Judge not lest ye be judged?'" she taunted, wondering why he kept fumbling in the various pockets of his waist coat.

Evidently he found what he had been searching for. He crossed the room to her side. "You can't refuse, can you, little girl?"

"Yes; oh, indeed, I can. I won't give up those shares," she began, but the glint of a once cherished ring that he had fished out of his pocket embarrassed her woefully. Jeff had somehow taken possession of her hand, too.

"It has been such a long, dreary time to wait; you can't have the heart to refuse me now, dear," he whispered.

"Oh Jeff, Jeff; I can't and I d—don't want to, either," she murmured.

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It was some weeks later that a big Winton car chugged merrily over the sandy road leading out of Goldfield. No stop was made until the hoisting works and cabins of the Sagebrush Sultan claims loomed in sight.

The girl stood up in the tonneau of the car and gazed long upon the scene before her.

"To think, Jeff, that you urged me to sell back my 10,000 shares of Sultan at ten cents. You wretch; I believe now that you knew all along it was a rich mine."

"Will you sell for a dollar today, Tilly?" asked Jeff.

"No, indeed, Mr. Wardin. The intrinsic value of those stocks is daily increasing. There is no limit to their sentimental value. Sir, they are not for sale," quoth Mrs. Wardin, airily.

"Tilly, Tilly, I am afraid at that rate your speculation will have netted you nothing at all. You're not such a gambler at heart as you posed to be," said Jeff.

"Oh, I don't know, Jeff; it won me a man," asserted Mrs. Wardin.

"And me a maid," said Jeff.

"And the both of us a mine. Gracious, sir, but what more could one expect!" laughed Till happily.



THE SMOKE OF A CIGARETTE

M. H.—U. of C., '09

I was lying one day in my shallop,
As idly it rocked on the tide,
'Twas moored to the bank of the river,
The trim oars lay crossed by my side.

Above me a fair Sylvan awning,
The trees whispering down to the waves;
And out and beyond the blue river,
And farther the shore that it laves.

The sunlight came flickering downward
Like tendrils of curled, golden hair,
And the waters went curling and rippling,
And purled out a song to the air.

I lay there in peace and contentment,
And languidly upward I blew
The smoke from a rare Turkish Trophy—
It softened and mistier grew.

And out of the film of its vapors,
The smoke wreaths that curled to the air,
A face slowly outlined and grew there;
A face that was wonderous fair.

Her hair had the tints of a sunset,
Now burnished to golden, now red;
Her nose had a saucy tilt upward,
Far naughty to be called well bred.

Her chin had a tilt that just matched it.
Her lips were as red as—oh, well;
I don't know the word to describe them;
They're the kind that lure men to their hell.

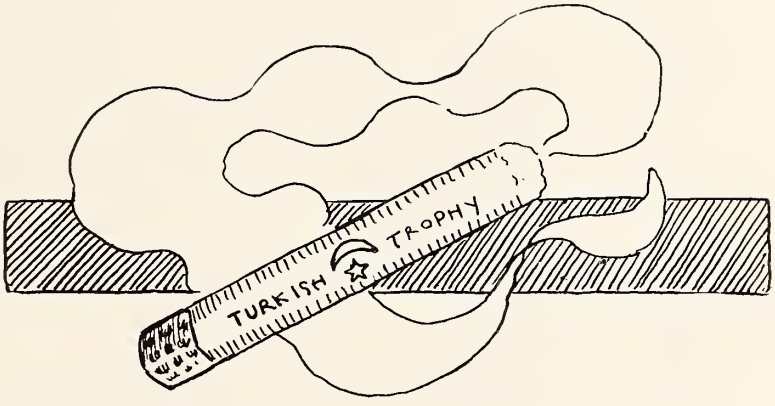
Her eyes were a wonderful mixture
Of color and feelings most rare.
They were deep, they were dark, they were tender.
The snare of the Siren was there.

And then, as she gazed down upon me,
This girl of my love, of my dreams—
The glow of her dark eyes just riv'ling,
Her hair with its scintillate gleams.

I reached out to draw her down to me
 To whisper my love in her ear—
This dream of my lifetime before me,
 My treasure, my sweetheart so dear.

When the Smoke wreaths grew thiner and rarer,
 They spread in the atmosphere wide—
Her face flouted back toward the heavens,
 It melted, and languished, and died.

The shallop still lies on the river,
 The waves lightly lapse on the shore;
But something has gone from the gladness of life,
 That will never return to me more.

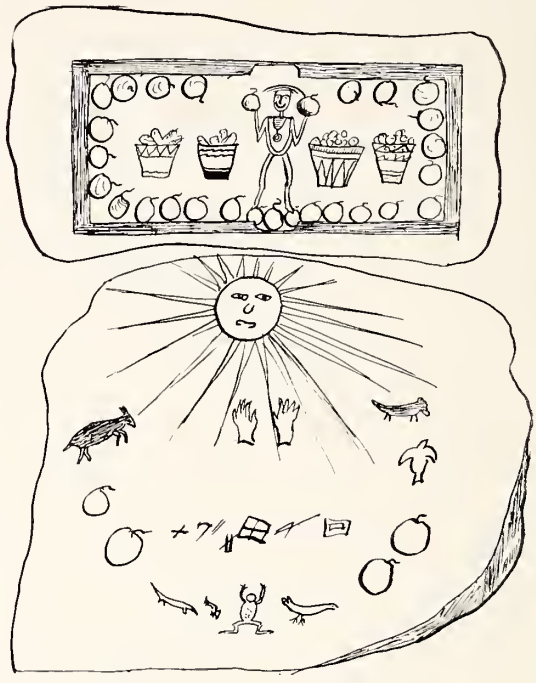


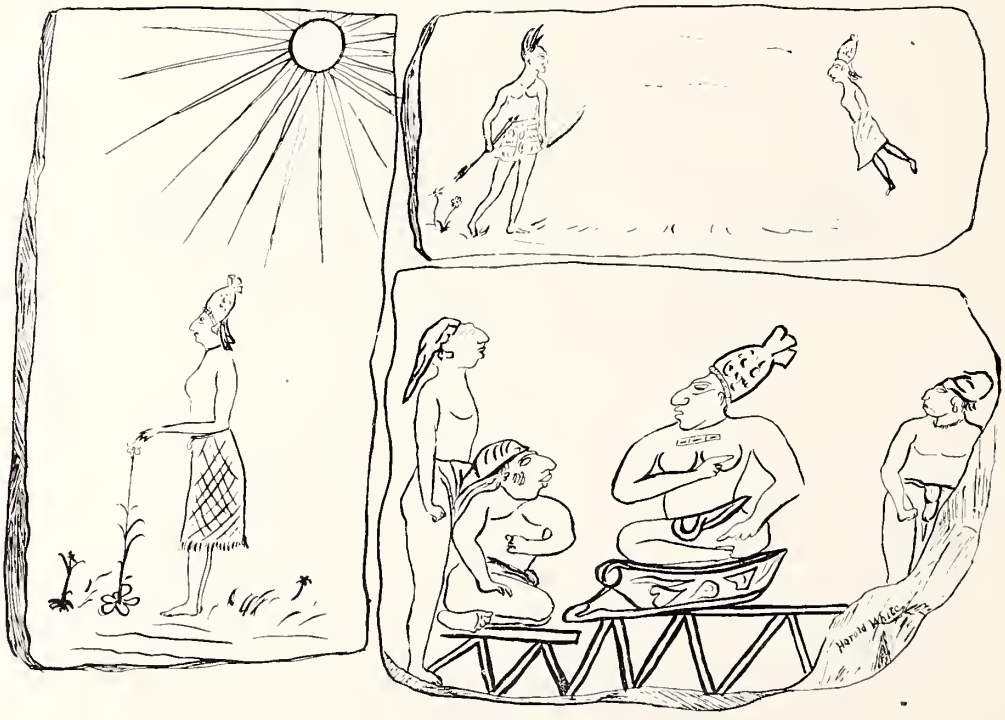
THE MYTH OF NEVADA

HOW THE DESERT GAINED ITS CHARM

(Being a rather free translation from certain hieroglyphics on the rocks near Death Valley.)

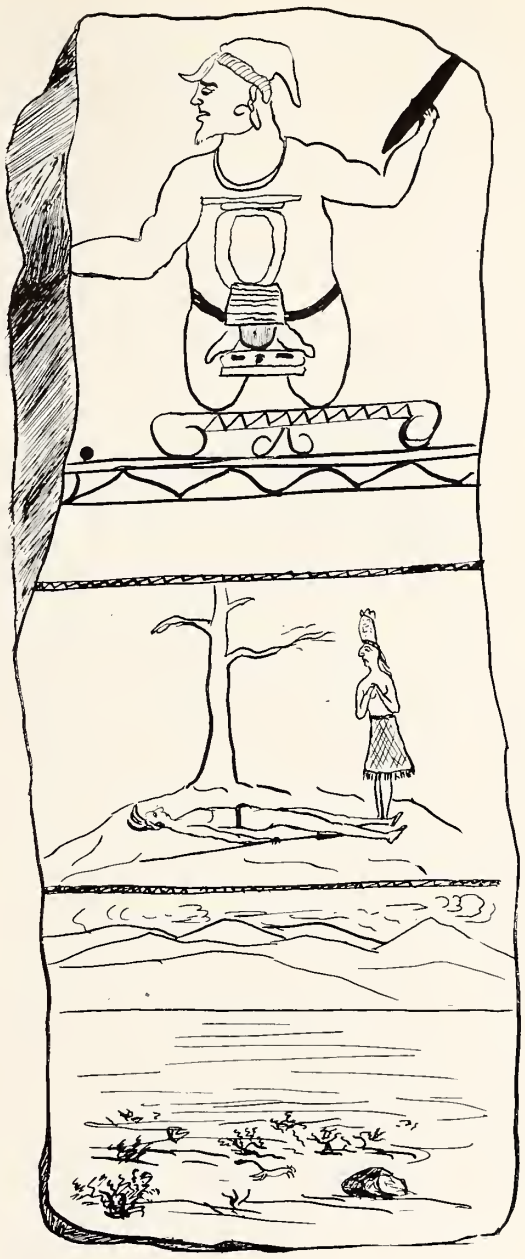
In a former time there was no desert here. The land was ever productive of its yearly crops and the rain-laden winds soothed the parched earth, and renewed it with abundant life. Where now is wild sagebrush, then was grass and flowers. The contented tribes that dwelt in this favored region ascribed the success of their squash crops, and, indeed, life of all things to a certain goddess named Nookootoos, who lived in the sun. This goddess had a daughter, Eyacme, to whom was given special care of the flowery kingdom. She it was who every morning gave each leaf its accustomed drop of dew and through the rays of sunlight clothed the flowers in their own bright colors. She was of more than common beauty, and many of the gods offered to make advances, but she would have none of them, for Fate had decreed otherwise.





By chance it happened that as the gentle Zephyr was bearing her over the fields on her morning ministrations to the flowers, she saw a matchless Indian youth hunting in the mede. Their eyes met and fell. From that moment the heavenly maiden was in love. Henceforth for many moons they spent the balmy Summer evenings beneath a lone pine which graced one of the far-off hills. The Great Spirit became very angry at this state of things, for it was considered bad form for a divinity to fall in love with a mortal. On a sultry night, when there were clouds in the sky, Opmokis sent one of his thunderbolts, which shattered the tree and slew the youth.

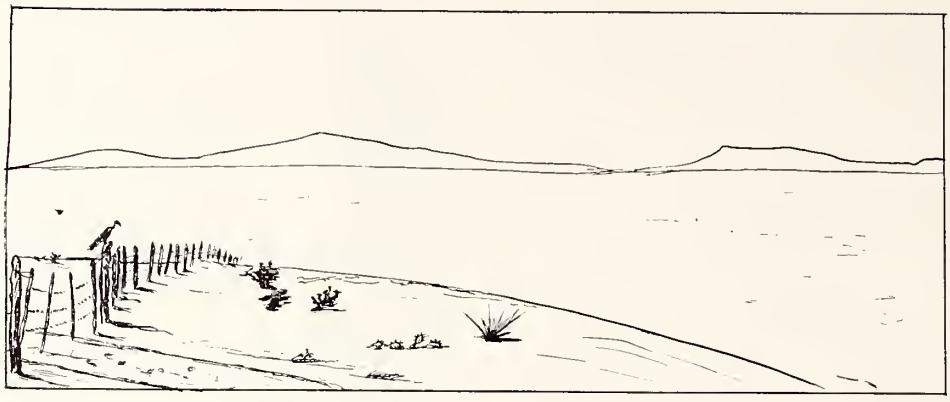
Poor Eyacme, he condemned to everlasting wanderings through the now dry air, as he had raised the western hills until they had become huge mountains so that no rainclouds could ever pass over them. Bereft of her lover and her flowers, the lonely maiden still wanders disconsolate over the desert wastes, and the few raindrops that fall are her tears. The sagebrush is hers, and the wild strange beauty of the desert which the sometime traveler feels is inspired by her spirit.



NOTES ABROAD

LEAVES FROM A NEVADA SKETCH BOOK

I. "THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT."



Reno. Above, the clear sky; around, grey volcanic hills backed by bluish mountains; their finest details of form perceptible in the dry air; below, uncleaned sidewalks and streets built after the fashion of the year "One," passing between rows of buildings distinguished by prodigious saloon signs, and everywhere about the debris of humanity—the influx from the thousand miles of purgatoral region to the east and south, and the dens and dark places apparently of all the rest of the world, stupid, brutish-looking Indians in blanket-stuff, Chinese that seem to have come from the wilds of Mongolia, prospectors in calfskin boots, home from the sagebrush, engineers in kahki, and the Nevadan proper who may be a sheep-man worth half a million, an ordinary rancher, or a mine promoter. To all these the desert is home and they are a part of this region of profanity and dust which they live in. On the street one notices that their women are remarkably well-built, and have complexions to suit the climate and doubtless there be girls of a type of beauty at the University which a pleasant old storekeeper tells of existing somewhere "on the hills." Here, guileless of all obedience, order, or law, the young of the human animal, with its face of wind and dirt and tan, gambols in festive proximity with the passing trains and automobiles getting its education by practical contact with the iniquitious and the free. Down from the western range of snowy mountains come the Nevada breezes. In Nevada breezes are always blowing, somewhere at the rate of fifty miles an hour. They, too, are a part of this country. Evidently nothing incongruous in this part of the world—the last of the West. Here is a wonderfully arranged scheme with component parts of harmonious deviltry—an artistic whole.

Inside, passing under the saloon signs, is "my neighbor the gambler," who is to be the theme for a next Sunday's sermon. "My neighbor the gambler" is an apt term. Here he is everyone's neighbor; and in Nevada he comes to his own. Today is his busy day and also tonight will be. In an atmosphere of profanity, amid the drifting stinks of liquor, tobacco, and bad breath, he holds supreme. Around him at the crap table, the roulette wheel, or the faro

"lay-out" is a crowd that seems always to be there, composed mainly of individuals who exist without any visible means of doing so—who never work but at the crap table or at faro. Many are well dressed. Occasionally one asks you for a meal or to buy a bogus ring of him. Today he has had hard luck for instead of having broken the crap dealer the crap dealer has "broke" him.

Back of the saloons are numerous alleys, picturesque in the daytime, with their dinginess and murky odors-sinister at night, in the half light issuing from the rear doors of the saloons and gambling halls. Hereabouts many with beclouded brains, coming out to the night air and the stars, find the illusion fade away, that it is safe to speculate upon beating the gambling devices within those brilliantly lighted halls. And down by the Truckee and away from the illuminated parts of the city, under huge old poplars that must have been planted long ago, and with thoughts of better things, the night winds carry out to the desert—from other alleys—a medley of dreadful sounds—the squeak and fan tang of Oriental music, or the discordant jabbering from Chinese gambling dens, intermittent snatches of song, shrieked curses, or mirthless laughter, as from lost souls. If one can be persuaded to leave these scenes of enterprise and zest, he may find himself among quiet elm-lined streets and houses, sequestered among little gardens and orchard trees, sometimes even stately in aspect, and may wonder if some of the people may not be here as elsewhere, like the homes they dwell in.

At half-past seven the Stock Exchange opens. This is the real thing; the focal point of all Nevada's activities. You have not known the land till now, with its fierce enthusiasm prompted by the love and the lust and the lure of wealth. It opens its soul to you here with the glittering promise of gold briques. If you are rich, respectable, and safely advised as to the inside affairs of the Exchange, you may try your hand with success. But if you are a widow, an orphan, or are trying to pay for a home on the installment plan, you will do best to leave securely alone this high form of graft.

But in Nevada all such things are as a matter of course. They go on because no one disapproves. They are a part of life, answering to man's primal instincts and appealing to his savage parts, which, seeking their level, come uppermost when he finds himself among the sun-scorched sand and rocks. The institutions of the sagebrush seem to have the sanction of the unheavenly volcanic hills, and no one doubts that it is better to have lived by graft than never to have lived at all. Here no one cares for what other people think of him for tomorrow he may leave the desert, having gotten what it held for him. He may work any sort of graft he knows, or write, carefree, what he thinks about the grafts other people work, for Nevada is "open" to whatever the winds from any quarter may bring.

"If you've heard the desert callin' you won't ever heed aught else."

"The desert certainly has a type of beauty," says a mining friend who has struck it at Tonopah. "There is no place so good to live in as Goldfield," declares a promoter of a may-be South Country Bubble. Similarly, when you have caught your first big fish the distant hills look fairer. But, like the flowers by the brink, may not the desert hold something more than the common stuff that glitters? The world thinks of Nevada as an extensive country, prolific of reptiles and the precious metals, but otherwise a land with little in it to love. But in time you come to feel the iron in the air; that Greek-like, it is good simply to live; that you are close to the beginning of things, where life is large; where you may learn something truly if you can get at the sense of what you see. There is fascination in tales of burning deserts, dried lakes and rivers, rattlesnakes, scorpions and Indians; of robbery, starvation, or the chances of sudden death. The charm of the desert grows upon one—a charm deep, undefinable, that lures one on and on. Eastward, into the infinite wastes of the grey elemental void, stretch the twin iron rails and the purple mountains beckon to follow them with a call more potent than the call of gold.

* * * * * *

A smooth ballasted track between the rails,
A desert zephyr behind your back,
And you speed o'er the waste
And all you care
Is while life is free that your bike don't break.

* * * * * *

Leaving the walls of the Truckee anon, the rails turn eastward and at once you come upon the sparse brush, and the sun-glare on white sand of the real desert. Away to the south, where sand devils dance, long yellowish columns of sand are raising high into the air, straight at first, then gradually becoming bow-shaped as they move along with the wind. Before you over the track flashes a little tan-spotted lizard with the intense energy born of the desert sun. Soon you feel as if you had been in a furnace, forever without water. You realize that the desert in summer is an uncomfortable place and recall Kipling's line "Where it's always double drill an' no canteen." Your lips crack, your tongue dries and swells, your blood boils. If this condition is not relieved in a few hours fever and delirium follow, and you join the desert's yearly increasing throng of mummified remains. At length sun-burnt Hazen offers slight relief, where you fail to note the incongruity of a cooling drink, and this burg is otherwise important as being a railroad station, reclamation center, and the only place thereabouts where whisky may be had in any considerable quantity. From here you labor over twenty miles of alkali flats and shifting sand to the oasis of Fallon. Here is rest and reward for all your pains in a wonderland which water has wrought with the soil and sun. The summer air is radiant with shimmering heat and permeated with a rich sweet incense drawn by the sun from the miles and miles of alfalfa fields. Four lanes of cottonwood and poplar trees lead away from the little town and make the ride into the country pleasantly shaded for miles, while from the overarching boughs are blown myriads of soft cottony flakes which cover the dusty road and

its grassy borders and from above, in the trees and from the neighboring fields, come mingled bird songs and "the murmuring of innumerable bees." For all this Fallon country is a sweet bee garden, where one may become lost from the heat and its discomforts in the largeness of the dream-day of the reclaimed desert.

* * * * * *

The afternoon zephyr was going at the rate of about sixty miles an hour. Nevada zephyrs and such things, as are usually found on the desert, are agreeable or not according to your point of view, or whether they are going with you or against you. As this breeze was blowing me up the track toward Lovelocks, with scarcely an effort being required on my part, it was pleasant. As to the point of view, the track seemed perfect. It was ballasted so well that the ties could scarcely be seen, making the way easy for both wheel and rider. Every few miles there was a section gang at work, having a tub of ice water half-buried in the embankment. The desert, too, was reciprocating my affection. It was approaching my ideal of a perfect desert. Twenty miles from Hazen the sagebrush begins to look sickly. The yellow shimmering sands give place to salt marshes, dark in general color tone, in places, streaked with whitish saline deposits. This is the region of the great Humboldt and Carson Sink. Here no living thing is seen. Beast and plant alike shun this dread locality. Approaching Parrin, the marsh becomes extensive in every direction, but to the southeastward it seems to stretch away in endless dismal miles. Towards evening the mountain ranges stand farther off, with deepest purple in their shaded canons. These are elements admirably adapted to glooming, melancholy forebodings, or despair, if one were inclined to be seriously impressed in the wrong direction when regarding this Stygian landscape.

That afternoon the intoxication of living made it seem like being a Greek. Towards evening, when the wind had crawled up to seventy miles an hour, with the air turning chill as the sun sank, and I found that there was no stopping place for thirty miles, I began to feel like an Ishmaelite. The station at Parrin entertained no one, but out on the marsh are some salt works and at the salt works was a lady. She said I might stay. I felt as if I had known that lady long before.

* * * * * *

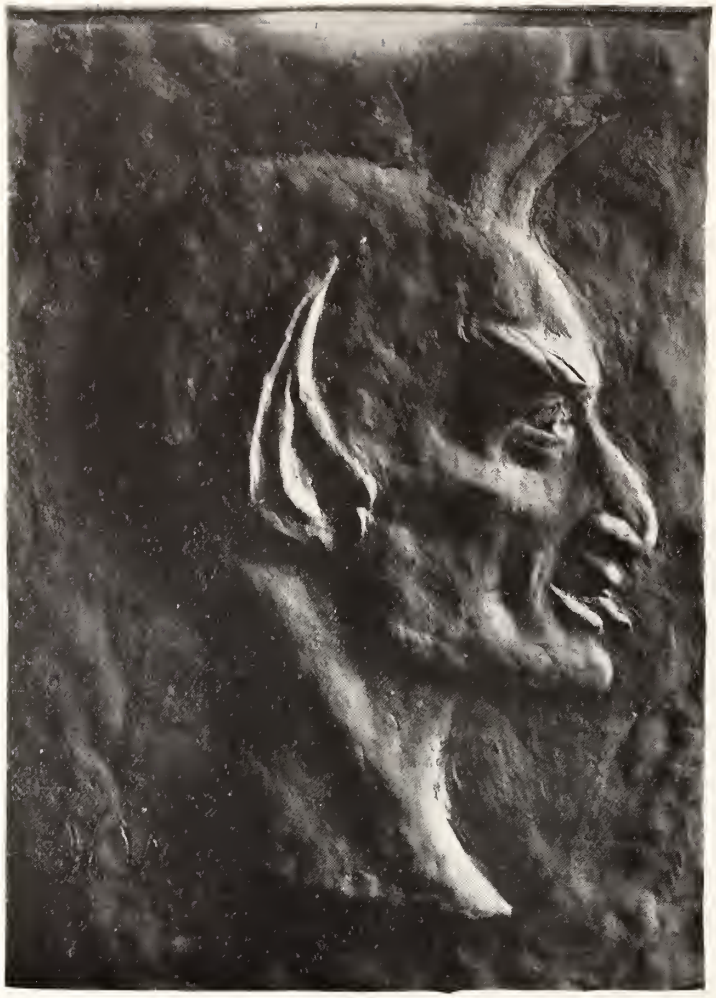
Nowhere else in the world is night like the desert night—nowhere else may one find such death-like sleep, such breaths, such communion with the stars. Morning on the desert "brings back the heroic ages." The air has the freshness and cooling vigor of spring. Spring-like, too, are the rose tints of dawn as the sun glints across the ranges of painted hills. But the sunbursts of morning soon fade into the white hot glare of day. Nowhere is day so brilliant, so dazzling, so intense. The desert animals, creatures of heat and motion, begin to enact their lives of quivering intensity. All day long the track ahead dips into water of the purest, and lakes of the lovliest opal extend to the far-off purple hills, that rise like mist islands in a shimmering sea. And here you come upon the humor of the desert, for out in that limpid expanse rise sandspouts with the gathering wind, but disturb never so slightly the tranquility of the azure waters—waters which you never reach, but which remain forever a vision of the unattained, leading the unwary, perhaps to their death, but containing possibilities for humor

of the hoax variety for those who are initiated. A certain stock-raiser, shrewdly alive to the land's limited resourses in this line, may tell you that from his upper ranch he can see in the mirage how work is progressing at his lower place which is otherwise invisible beyond a range of low hills and miles away. In this country the laws of perspective seem to be reversed. The heat waves distort and magnify all objects at a distance. You think you are approaching a mansion in the desert which an hour later turns out to be a shack. Sometimes, when there is a strong and steady wind, sandstorms gather on dried lake-beds, becoming of vast extent until their great rolling clouds give the appearance of a burning city. As you approach a watering place, perhaps twenty miles away, your sight is gladdened by heavy deep green poplar groves, welcoming you from the sand and heat waves with their promise of cooling rest.

The accounts of wonderful, or strange, or beautiful things may be without end, that are of this desert, this world apart from the rest of the world, Nevada—a "land of little rain, of rainbow-painted hills and valleys drowned in purple haze. A land of sun-glare and great silent places, whose strange beauty has the potence of the lotus charm; a land where one is in touch with the infinite and in communion with the stars—a land of mystery, beautiful, awful."




ARTEMISIA
J O HES
J.P.ARNOT



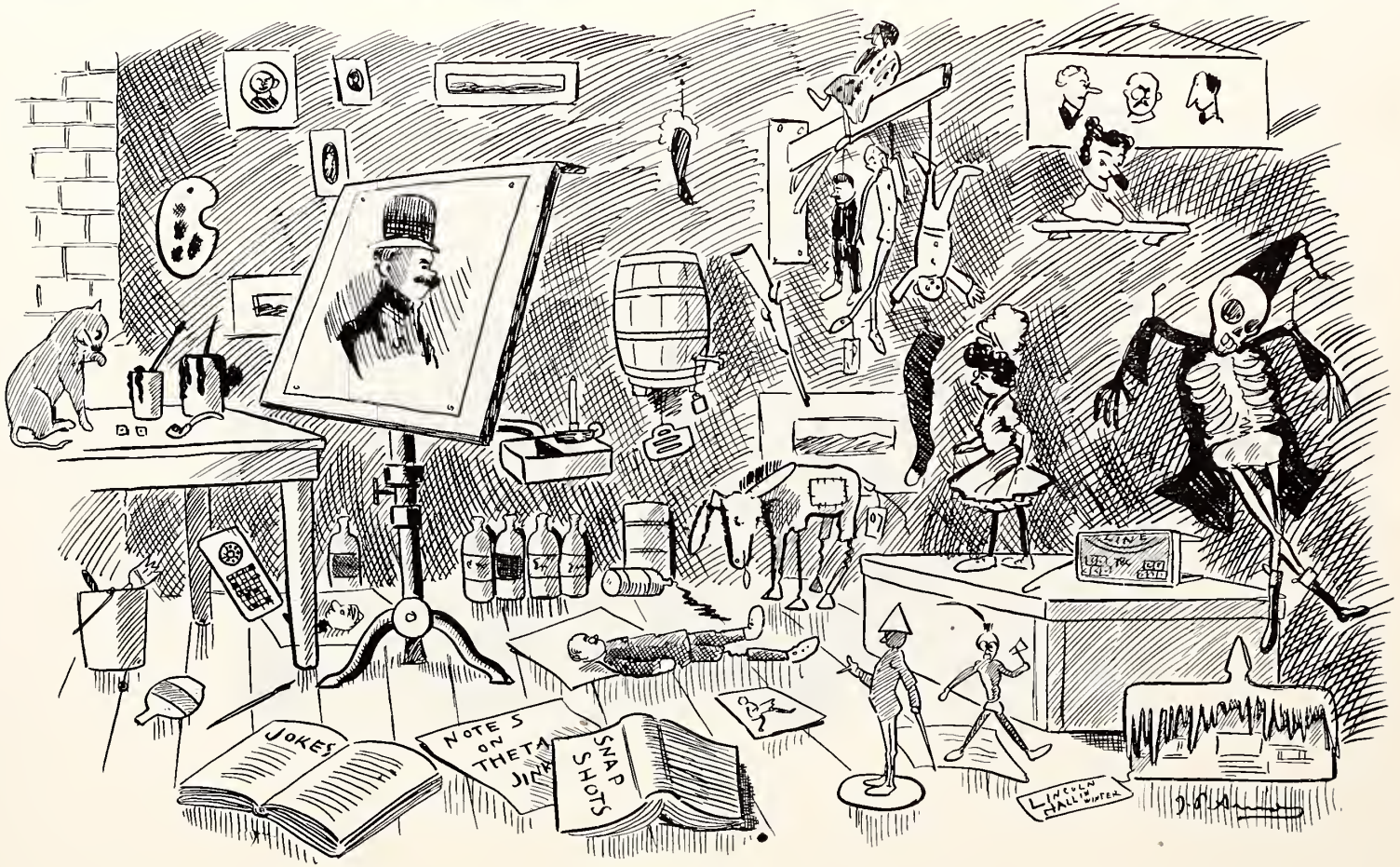
On Old Nick, whose spirit inspired the Josh Editor, the blame is respectfully laid for the contents of this department



GET IN LINE

If you have not been joshed, it is because you have not as yet acquired enough fame to deserve mention in the Josh Department. Therefore, any one whose name appears through the columns of this department can congratulate himself that he is of enough importance to have received the attention of the josh editor. Our only advice to those who feel slighted for being not joshed is to come out of their mediocre state and act in such a manner as will be appreciated by the josh editor of the next annual.

A JOSH ARTIST'S PROPERTY ROOM

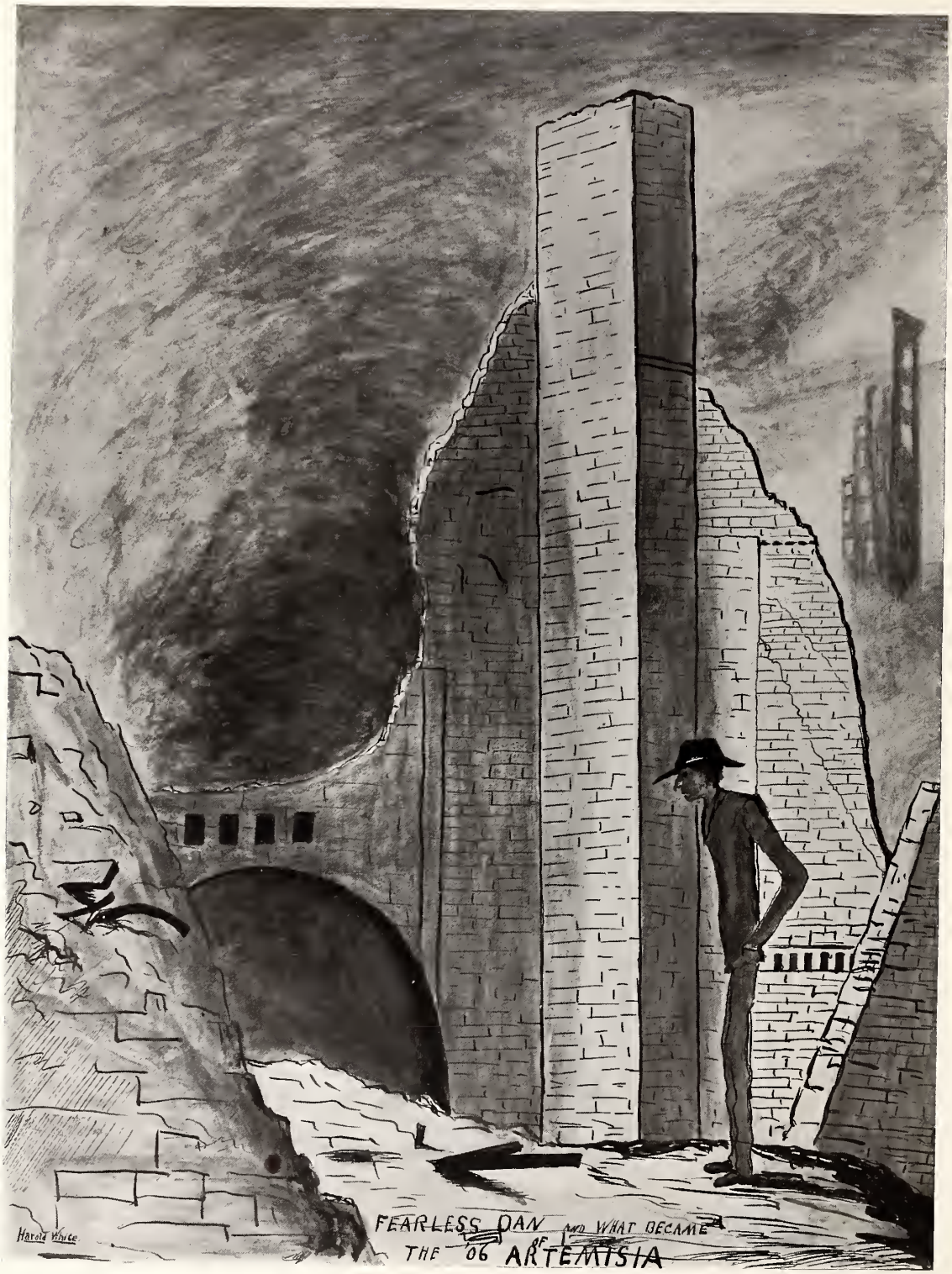


PICTURES NO ARTIST CAN PAINT

A picture of all pictures that would give us a chill,
Is a picture of Trees growing on University Hill;
A picture of Dr. Stubbs staying at home for a week,
A picture of Mrs. Hinch never trying to geek,
A picture of the Dining Hall without any hash,
A student under Johnson ever passing in Math,
A picture of Dr. Church in the garb of a saint.
These are pictures no artist can paint.

A picture of Scrugham never saying "chis chere,"
A picture of O'Brien ever paying for the beer,
A picture of the U. of N. being run by the Japs,
A picture of Charnock ever shooting craps,
A picture of Bunch keeping still for a minute,
A picture of Manzinita without Freeman in it.

A picture of George Powers without Amy Parker,
A picture of a gas engine without any sparker,
A picture of Chips never smoking his pipe,
A picture of Prof. Brown keeping out of a fight,
A picture of Stewart without his Teddy,
A picture of Isabelle without her Eddie,
A picture of Shorty George ever going a queening,
A picture of the coeds at a mouse never screaming,
A picture of the young Preps under restraint,
Are pictures no artist can paint.


Harold White
FEARLESS DAN AND WHAT BECAME OF THE '06 ARTEMISIA

We would liken the Reno Brewing Company to an oasis in the desert in as much as it has much the same appealing effect to the Civil Engineering Prof. and his class in railroad surveying as the oasis would have to the tired and thirsty traveler.

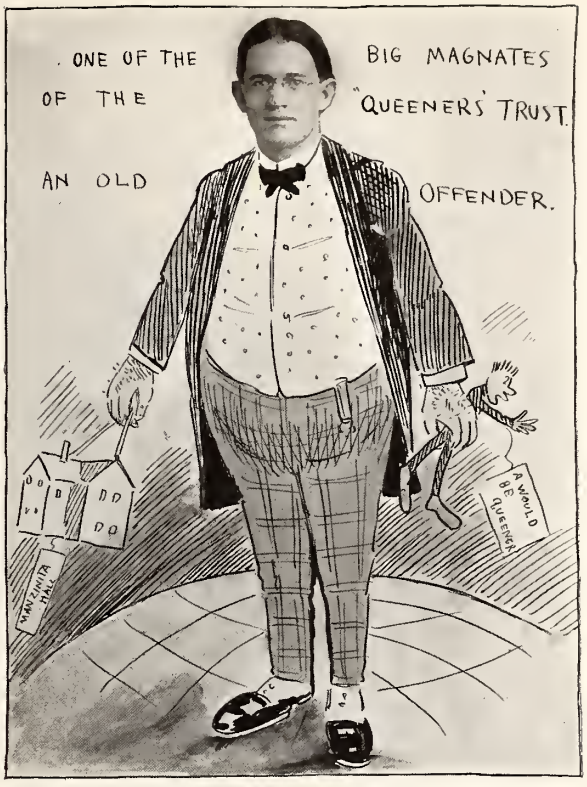
"Monkey see, monkey do" would apply to those students who, by taking pattern after the older ones, have swelled the ranks of the Spooners' Brigade threefold.

"The Man in the Willows" will soon be associated with the Lincoln Hall bunch much as the "Headless Horseman" is associated with "Sleepy Hollow."

Matron—Before I give my consent to let you go to the theatre you must tell me who is the young man you are to go with.

Coed—It is Mr. Scott.

Matron—Then I say most decidedly that you shall not go.





A POEM

Professor de Church of astral fame,
Tho't to add lustre and strength to his name.
So he hitched up his horse, and one afternoon
Went up on Mount Rose to wait for the moon.
The hours passed slowly; so the Prof. filled his pipe,
And sat under the pine trees where the pine burrs are ripe.
As the dope that he used was not a bit cheap,
It's soothing influence soon lulled him to sleep.
He dreamed a fair dream as he sat there alone,
Unmindful of zephyrs that made the trees moan.
He thought that his horse he'd forgotten to tie,
And it started to run away up to the sky.
In a frenzy of fright he jumped up with a wail
And grabbed it quite frantically right by the tail.
It carried him ever and ever so high,
Till it looked like a dodo bird up in the sky.
It ran through the air with quite wonderful skill,
And the Prof. soon found out he could steer it at will;
So he twisted its tail and steered for the stars
And landed quite easily right up on Mars.
The natives were savage, the Prof's heart did sink,
But he'd nothing to fear, for they thought him a kink;
And they gave him a crown and an automobile,
But the automobile hit a banana peel.
It slipped off the planet and rippety rup
The pipe it went out and the Professor woke up.

First Dining Hall Boarder: "Why didn't you come to dinner today?"

Second Dining Hall Boarder: "Well, I happened to be hungry, so I went down town to eat."

A COMMUNICATION FROM A COED.

Dear Mr. Editor: Do you think it is proper for me to go out walking late at night with my hubby? I would like your advice on this matter.

Our advice: Of course it's proper, but keep on walking.



Here we have Prof. "Diogenes" Johnson looking around to see if he can discover an honest man in the Junior class. From what we have been able to learn he is still conducting his search.

Gignaux: "Say, Irene, have you a partner for the social?"

Irene: "I haven't."

Gignaux: "Then you're all mine."

WAS RESOURCEFUL ANYWAY

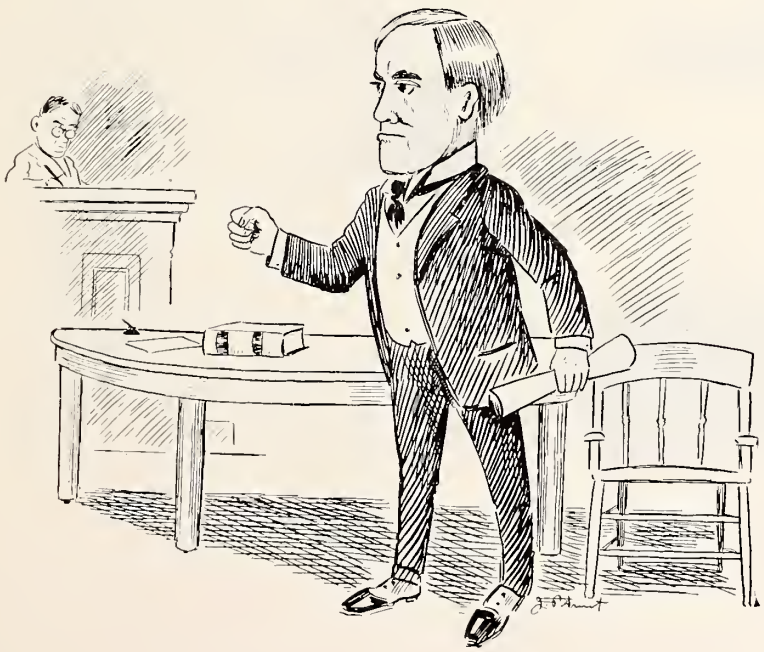
Our first josh editor lost his job. He had promised the staff a lot of good ripe dope, but when it came to be examined it was found that the jokes had all been collected out of the comic papers, and from the sayings of the wags in the ten-cent shows.

A SENIOR'S VOCABULARY

Leavitt arising to address the throng—"Before we proceed any further I would like to imprint it upon everyone here that all feelings of jocularity should be dispersed with."

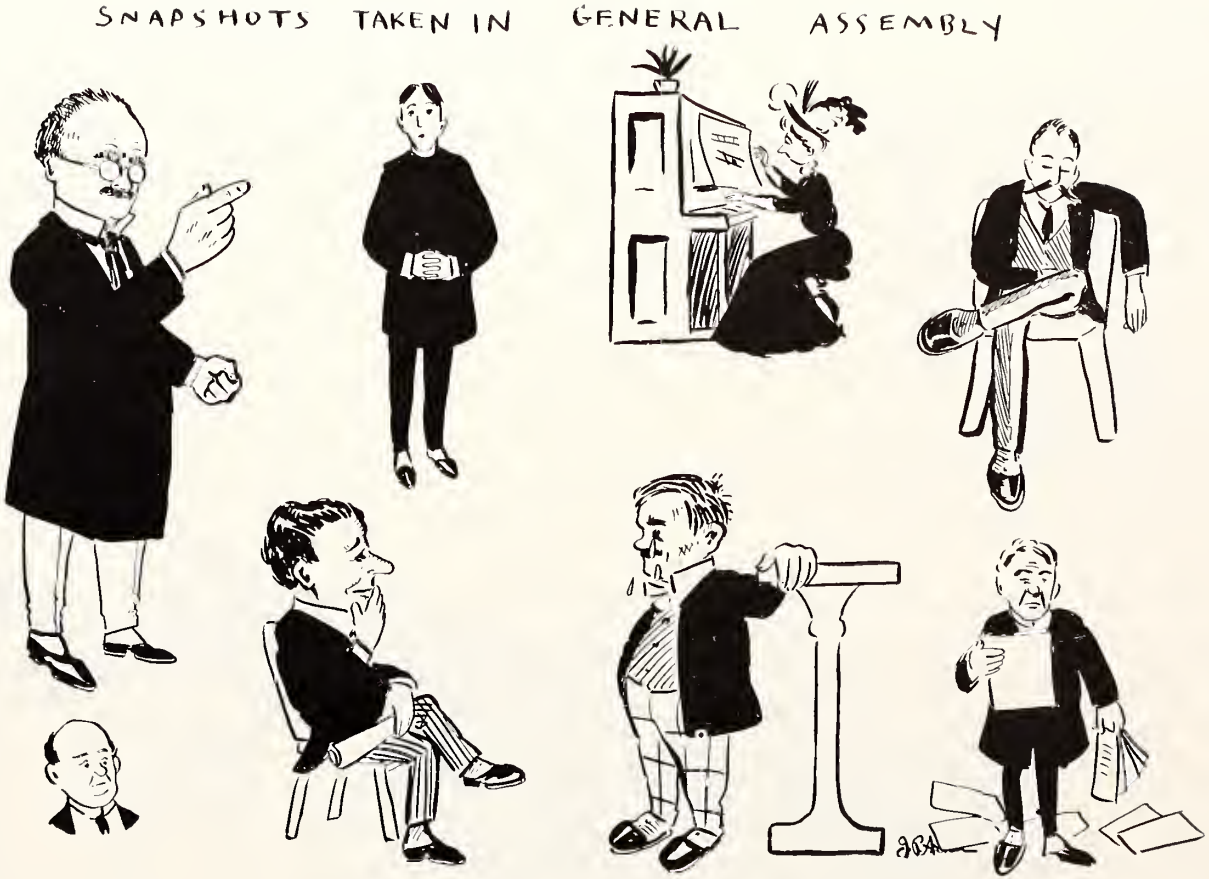


JOSH EDITOR AT WORK.



FULL OF PROMISE

Ezell is now the proud wielder of the broom and duster in one of the law offices of this town. With an immensely self-confident air he has seen fit to tell everybody that some day he will arise in the death-like stillness of the court-room, with all eyes fastened upon him, and begin his eloquent appeal to the jury with the famous words, "may it please the court."



Here are a few of the opportunities an artist will get if he attends general assembly. Some of the sights that have been seen there defy any delineation of the artist's pencil. We have attempted to reproduce some of the most mind-recalling features of assembly. We might mention that most everybody naps at this period, and therefore the artist pleads the same excuse if he has omitted any particular feature.



"Whether it is a good sized stein or a keg chuck full, I can kill it just the same."

NO SUCH TEACHER AS EXPERIENCE

Skinner had been reading the thrilling stories in Nick Carter and the accounts of robbery he had come across in that classical book fairly made him burn to be up and doing some desperate act. After some meditation he struck upon the idea of accomplishing a holdup that would make the one he had been reading about look like a Sunday school program. Accordingly, he procured a small pop gun and repaired to the railroad track to wait for a victim. All went well as long as no victim showed up, but soon a pedestrian came along, and then Jay's troubles commenced. The latter party, not conceding with the young robber's demand to throw up his hands, occasioned Skinner to pull the fatal trigger, but the gun wouldn't even make a noise. Seeing that he was foiled, Skinner began to make a hasty retreat, but was overtaken by his intended victim and unceremoniously rolled in the mud.

LOOKED THE PART ANYHOW

"Are you a Freshman, too," inquired a brisk first year man of a certain party who was writing at a desk in the Mechanical Draughting room.

"Ah, good morning," replied the party addressed, who had evidently not heard the question; "what can I do for you, I am registering the mechanical students." The Freshman had mistaken the instructor of Mechanical Engineering, Prather, for one of his classmates.



CONSTITUTION OF LINCOLN HALL

We, the Inhabitants of Lincoln Hall, do here in meeting assembled, adopt these articles to govern us, so that thereby we may rest in security and promote our happiness and enjoy ourselves in general:

ARTICLE I.

The authority of keeping peace in the Hall shall be vested in the Master, whose duty it is to see to everything pertaining thereof.

ARTICLE II.

The process of righting a wrong will be as follows: A complaint shall be registered by the men and lodged with the Master. He shall hand the same to the President, who shall in turn present it to the Board of Regents. Here it shall be slightly considered and allowed to lay over on the table until its next quarterly meeting. After a second consideration, they shall approve it, send it back by the same road it came, and clothe the Master with complete authority to right the wrong. The wrongs considered thusly shall never be greater than the breaking of a pane of glass, or the installment of a telephone.

ARTICLE III.

In all minor disputes, fights, roughhouses, etc., the Master will act as a high tribunal of justice, and shall in all other difficult cases be considered a court of equity.

ARTICLE IV.

All men who have attained the age of 21 years will be allowed to smoke in the reading room, and all who have not attained that age will have to desist, but, however, any man who says he is 21 years of age will be allowed the privilege, anyway.

ARTICLE V.

No man shall, during the hours of the night, climb into the hall through a window, because it is very wrong to do such a thing.

ARTICLE VI.

Roughhousing will not be tolerated in any manner, shape or form, but informal gatherings of the men will be allowed in the rooms.

ARTICLE VII.

Any man caught in the act of smoking in his room shall "go down the hill" the next time.

ARTICLE VIII.

Full freedom of speech shall be granted to the lady in charge of the broom and ash barrel department.

ARTICLE IX.

No man shall sit on the table more than once.

ARTICLE X.

All cadets residing in the Hall, who desire to join the Signal Corps must do so by the usual process.

ARTICLE XI.

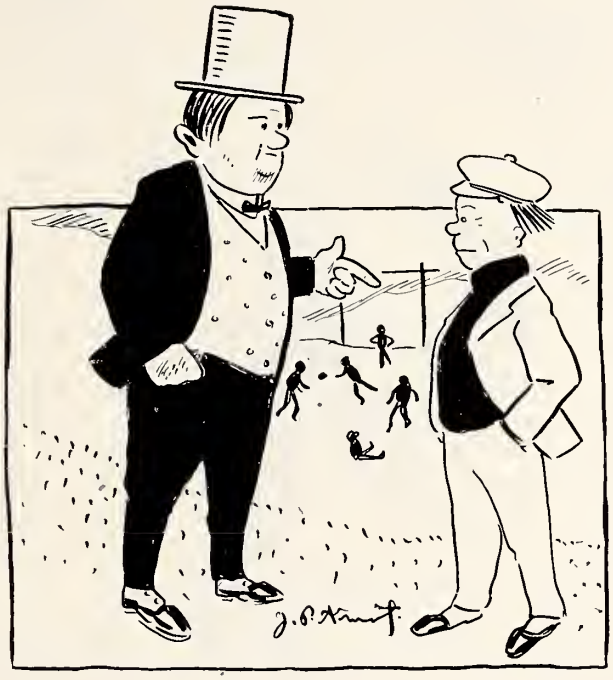
All Preps and Freshmen who stay out of the Hall after 10 p. m. will be confronted by "Richard on the Spot" at the door.

ARTICLE XII.

No man with modern ideas shall ever be tolerated in the Hall.

ARTICLE XIII.

In order that the men shall not take hot water from the radiators, they will not be heated.



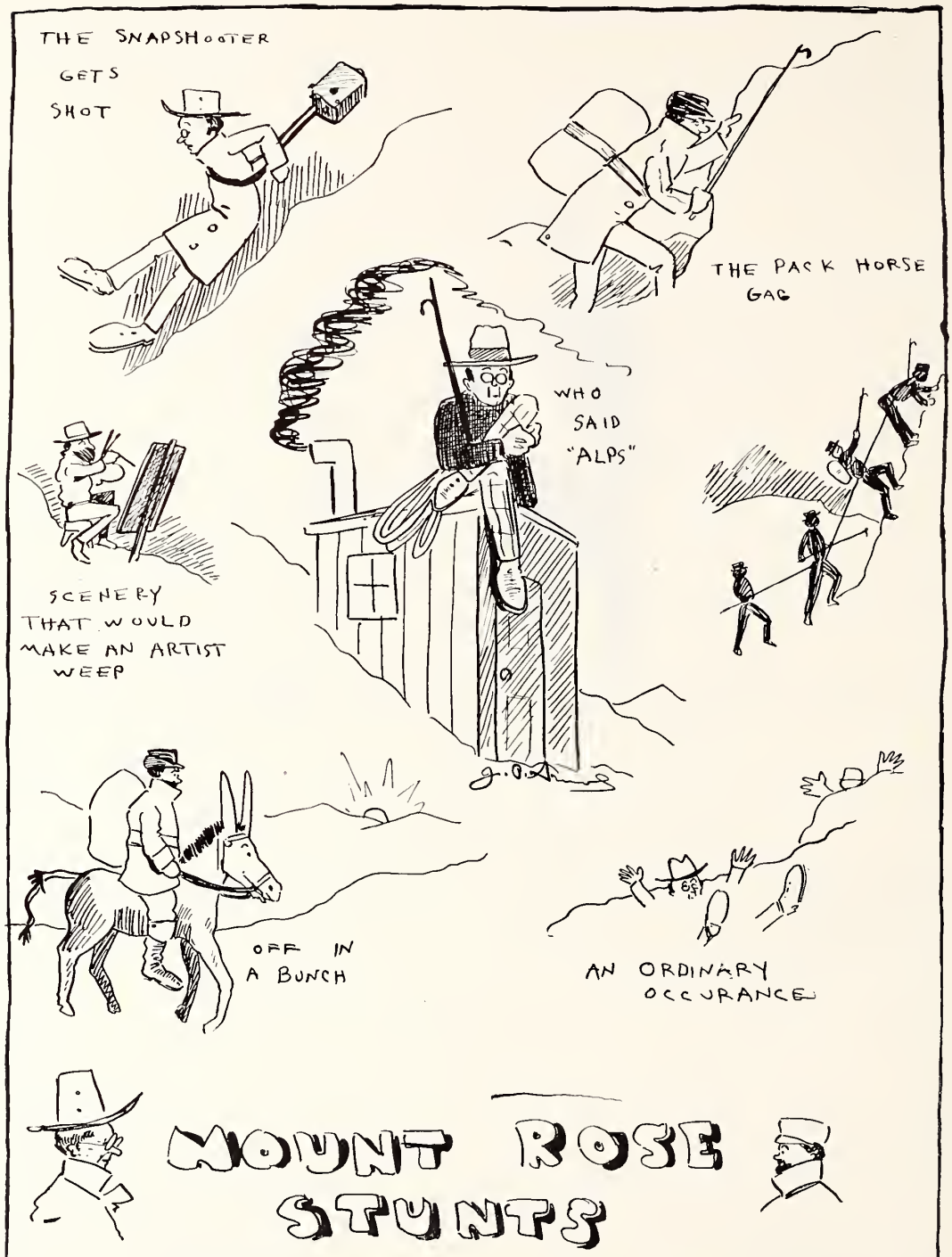
I WANT TO SEE THE OLD TEAM PLAY

I've been watching this new Rugby played
 Upon the old field here;
They all say if the old game'd stayed
 Football would see its "Queer;"
This may be so, what they all say,
But somehow, anyway,
I want to see the old team play.

Things aren't what they used to be
 When I captained the team;
We'd wallop everything in sight—
 We surely were the cream;
But it's said that it's old-fashioned now
And has seen a better day,
But still I've got the feeling that
I want to see the old team play.

No tackle, bucks, or big end runs
 To start the crowd to howling;
No grandstand stunts or big long punts,
 Or hot mixups for fouling.
Rugby, they say, skins it a long way;
But even though it may
I want to see the old team play.

And so when we old-timers
 Back to the campus come,
We find that the old football game
 Has been put on the bum.
We'd like to don our old suits
And to the old field stray
To liven up our old bones,
And with the old team play.


THE SNAPSHOOTER GETS SHOT
THE PACK HORSE GAG
WHO SAID "ALPS"
SCENERY THAT WOULD MAKE AN ARTIST WEEP
OFF IN A BUNCH
AN ORDINARY OCCURANCE
MOUNT ROSE STUNTS

DR. STUBBS

says that the next time a student of the University

DROPS

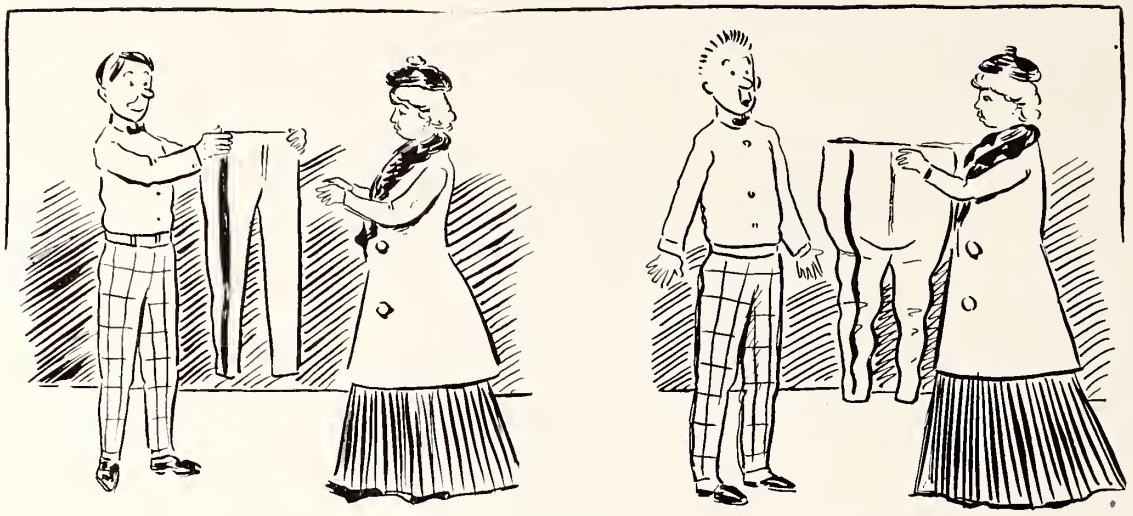
behind in his studies and fails to attend classes that he will be given a day and fined

TWO DOLLARS

and also that in the future any man who is found spending his money and time

AT GAMBLING

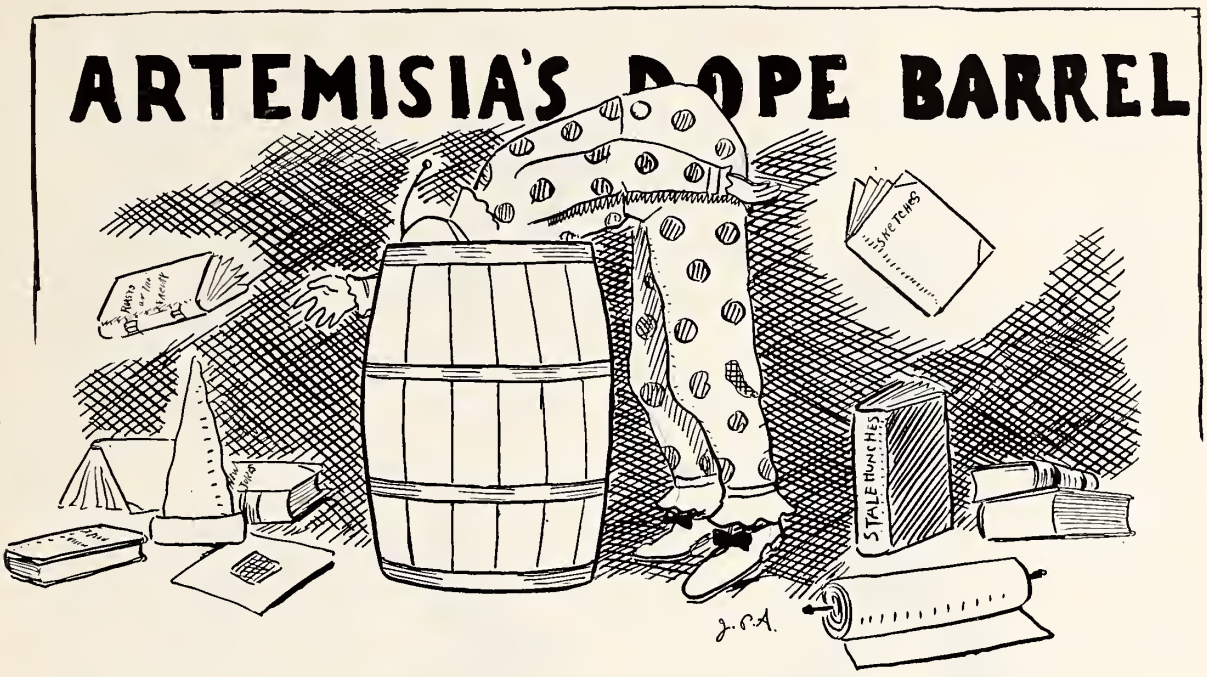
will be summarily and promptly dismissed.



A certain well-meaning Senior youth lends his uniform pants to a maid for the Theta Jinks, and on their return he finds them much expanded.



Great men of the past and present.



NOTES FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF A MANZINITA RECORD REPORTER.

The matron yesterday experienced a severe accident unintentionally. While standing on a chair driving tacks in the wall, she lost her balance, and is now doing well.

The girls had a lovely entertainment in sister's room yesterday evening. Tomales and candy were enjoyed greatly, and they all said they had a good time.

Read in another column our resolutions of respect for our old Tom Cat mascot, who died yesterday of the infirmities of old age. All the girls feel awful about it.

CONUNDRUMS

What is the difference between a Senior and a Microbe? The shape.

Why is Prof. Brown and an earthquake alike? They both come when least expected.

What is the difference with a room on third floor in Lincoln Hall and the North Pole? About two degrees F.

Why is a queener in Manzinita Hall like the warts? Hard to get rid of.

Why is a dining-hall boarder here like an empty bucket? Can't be filled.

Why is a Lincoln Hall man liable to make a fearless soldier? He's used to being shot.

Why is a Prof. like a gallery god in a ten-cent show? Both are well supplied with goose eggs.

What is the difference between lending a dollar to a student and giving one to the crap dealer? No difference.

It may be of some interest to the reader to know of the different methods that the members of the Artemisia staff pursue in obtaining the necessary inspirations for the book.

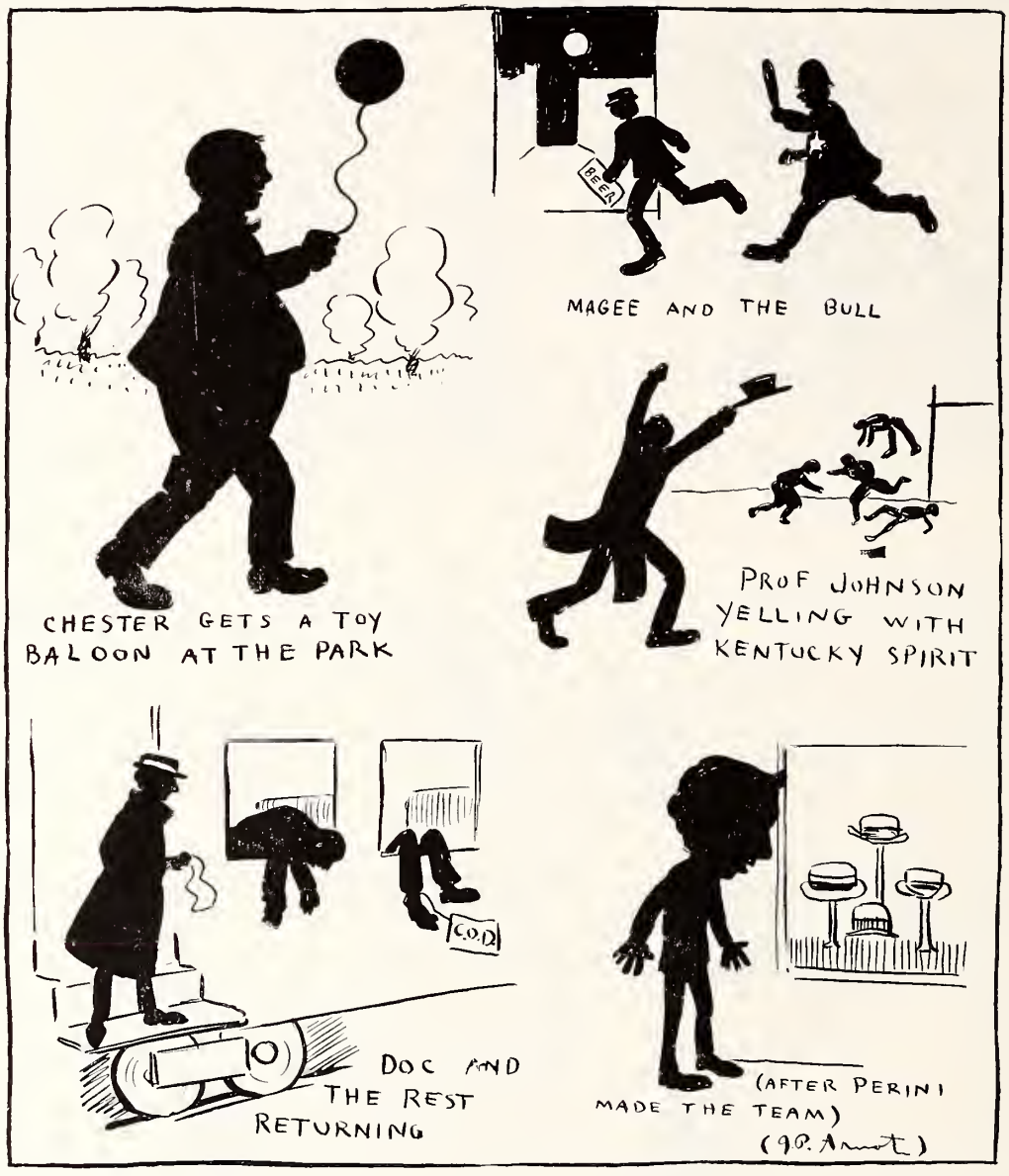
The editor's chief idea of supplying lacking inspirations is to begin work in the hours when only the owl is awake, and have at hand a generous measure of Old Crow or Rock and Rye.

The manager's chief delight is to wander about the town at the most unheard of hours, and to gather inspirations from the world of iniquity.

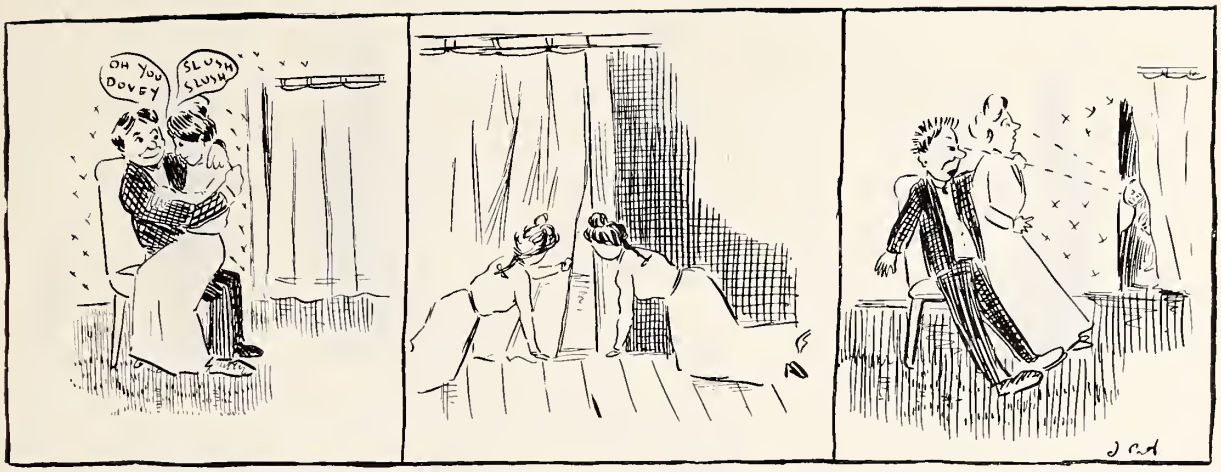
The josh editor collects all his material by the keyhole process.

The literary editor has fits, and only on those occasions can he accomplish anything.

Checkered as the course of the staff may be, yet it always prides itself on telling the truth, and is always as willing to admit its own fallacies as those of others.



When the football team goes below to Stanford or Berkeley, win or lose, there's no telling what will happen. Here are a few things that occurred on the occasion of the team's last visit to Stanford.



Pa Freeman, the virtual life of the Queeners' Trust, is discovered in the parlor of Manzinita Hall taking his customary liberties with his girl. Alas, however, he gains no lesson from the episode, and now cares little who observes him.

If you want to know the price of a show glass on Virginia street ask Parker. He knows.

DICK'S LOGIC

Now, since there is a wood famine, there's no necessity for us whatsoever to use any wood in any manner, shape or form.

Who says that the University has a dearth of organizations? What possibilities there are for Whist, Pedro, Roulette, Crap, Leisure Hour and Midnight Clubs! Don't talk to us!



A student's ideal today.



ARTEMISIA'S GREAT PRIZE CONTEST

$1000 GIVEN AWAY FOR CORRECT ANSWERS

Here are ten shadow pictures. They represent certain people in the University who have made themselves famous. Guess who they are and send your answers to the Puzzle Editor of the Artemisia. In addition write a description of fifty words of the person you are most interested in, and tell exactly what you think of him. Also state whether or not it is your opinion that the University could exist without him. The first prize will consist of $100 in cash. The rest of the prize money will be given in sums of $25 for the next best thirty-six answers. All solutions must be sent in before the 1st of June, 1907, or they will not be considered.



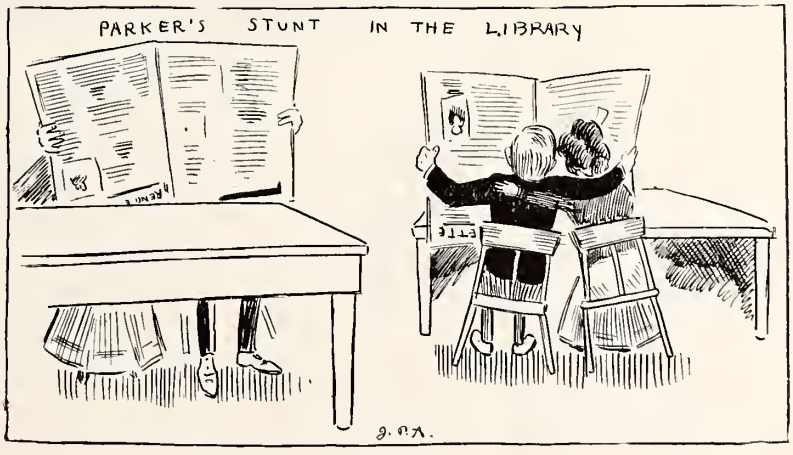
TO THE VICTOR BELONG THE SPOILS

The Junior Prom Committee had wisely ordered a goodly supply of rum for the punch, and the gladdening beverage had already been conducted to the scene of festivities, when the knowing instinct of "Richard" detected that all was not right. Accordingly, he maneuvered skillfully about, and as fortune would have it he happened on the spot just as the honorable committee was in the act of manufacturing the punch. Immediately a scattering, and Richard, with an air of extreme gratification, siezed upon the offensive fluid and conveyed it to his own cellars. Since that time it has been noticed that he frequents his cellar more than was his wont, and also his demeanor in emerging therefrom appears over jovial.

Little jolts of rock and rye,
Little swigs of beer
Make one's homeward
course
Awful hard to steer.

If you want to learn the crap dealer's lingo just drop into Room 41, Lincoln Hall, when the occupants are asleep.

Punkin Hussman: "Say, fellers, if I win ten dollars, I will treat to coffee and sinkers."

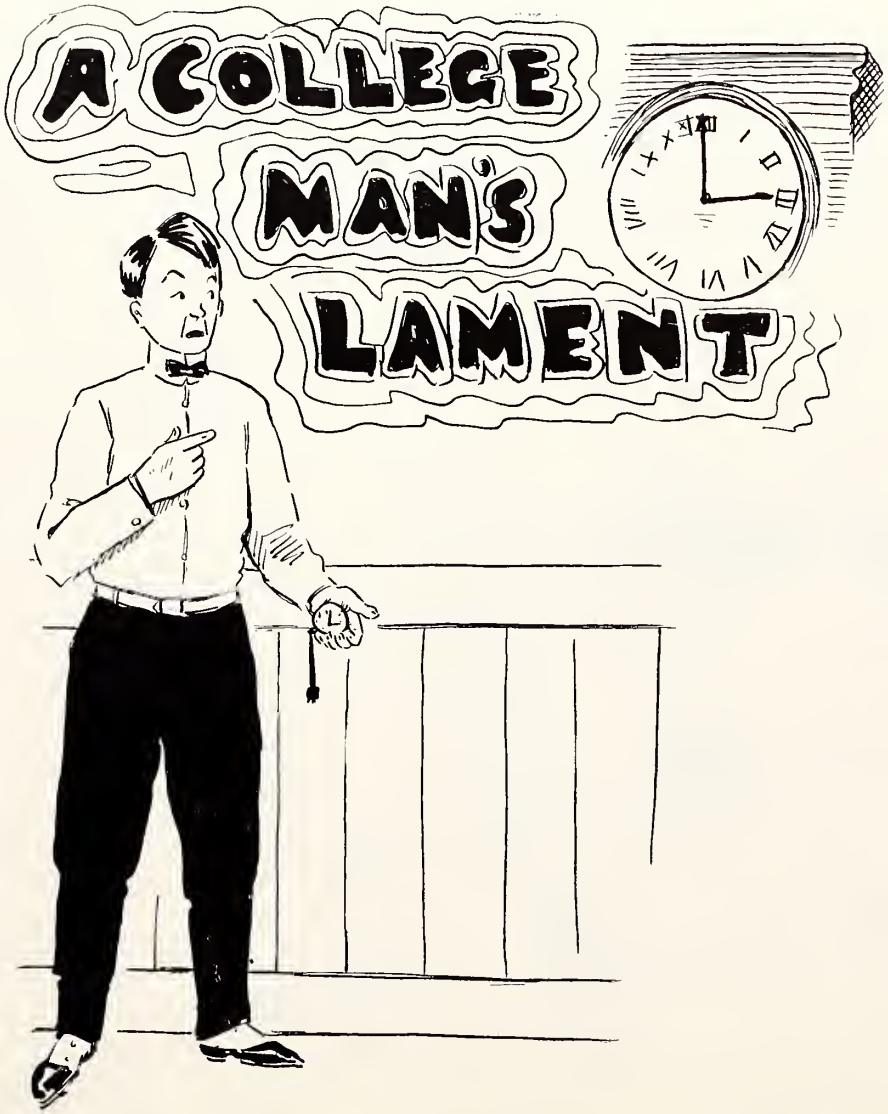




"THE KENTUCKY PERIL"



Students, as a rule, have high ambitions, and many is the time that a fellow, especially a Freshman, anticipates with pleasant imaginations his future lot. At this College the above are the most common ideals that a student will hold. Also a coed will sometimes stop and consider whether or not, after graduation, she will dispose of herself by the most common method or try her fortune in other fields of conquest, such as directing the young mind in the schoolroom.



A COLLEGE MAN'S LAMENT

A clock's the most provoking thing
 You ever yet did see;
I can't see how it has a spring
 That runs most regularly.

The trouble I will soon relate,
 That you may see mayhap,
That when you're in a hurry
 The clock it seems to nap.

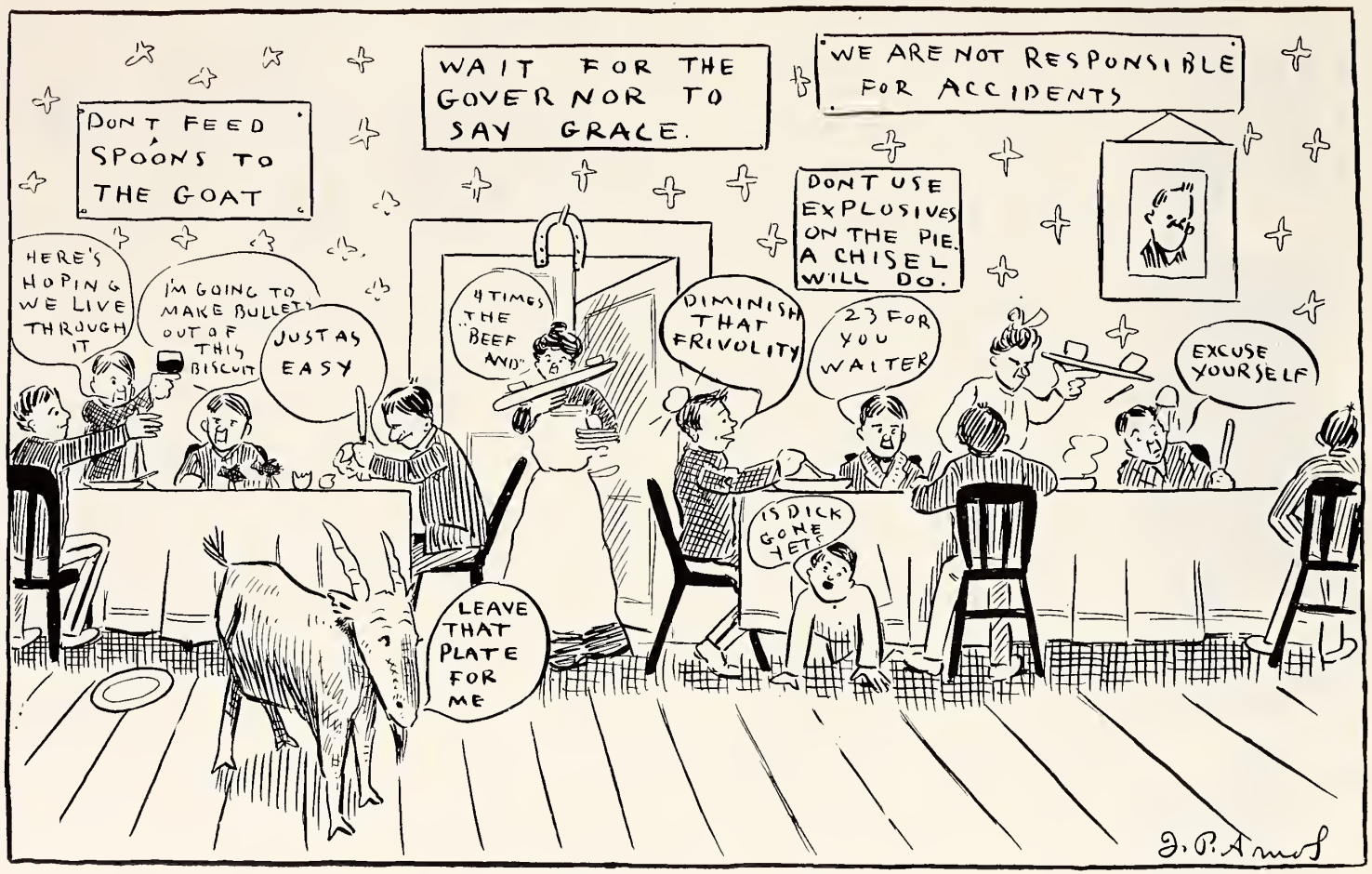
On Sunday, when from 8 to 4,
 You have to wait to eat,
The clock waits, too; its hands
 They seem to go to sleep.

In class when you are tired,
 And want to get out quick,
The clock also is tired;
 Its hands they seem to stick.

And then when you are queening
 The clock it takes a hike,
And 'fore you're half way started
 It's time for you to pike.

When you are fixing up
 And in an awful rush,
It's ditto with the time-piece,
 And it beats you with a flush.

And these, I think, are reasons good
 For me to hear maintain
That a clock is just the proper thing
 To give a man a pain.



DICK BROWN'S HASH DISPENSARY



(What a coed thinks of us.)

Oft when the day is over and in dreams again I roam
Among my dear old college friends, there's one that stands alone—
The man from Lincoln Hall.

I remember how the Freshmen were hazed most every Fall,
Yet they came to love our campus, our students most of all
The man from Lincoln Hall.

If there chanced to be a party, a time of any sort—
Who always showed the proper spirit, who headed every sport?—
The man from Lincoln Hall.

Good times will come and go, college friends drift far apart,
And yet there stands a cornerstone in every loyal heart,
Be he from Lincoln Hall.

A thousand memories cluster 'round, as leaves on ivy wall,
Of hopes, of joys, of bygone friends—you are the best of all,
You man from Lincoln Hall.

HOW TO SUCCEED.

Address: E. C. Coffin, Copenhagen. Nevada.

If you are having a hard time to keep your affections permanently centered on one girl, it is high time that you were reading my pamphlet "How I Do It." If you follow the instructions, you will find there will be no further difficulty, and as you can ill afford to lose time, you should send for the pamphlet today. I can furnish hundreds of testimonials upon application.

Here are a few of the persons who indorse my system: F. Freeman, G. Powers, J. D. Leavitt, W. Weddle, H. Gallagher.





FACULTY'S IDEA OF THE STUDENTS IN GENERAL

The following are a couple of tables that have been worked out by the Josh Editors, after a careful study and observation of the subjects:

The first has to do with a student's experience in skipping class.

1 tired feeling	equals	1 skip from class.
5 skips	"	1 call up.
1 call up	"	1 call down plus $2.00 plus one day.
$2.00	"	1 box cigars for committee on student affairs.

The next is the result of a very close observation of sorority proceedings.

1 rushing	makes	1 pledgeling.
1 pledgeling	"	1 swelled head.
1 swelled head	"	1 "IT."
A dozen "ITS"	"	1 noisy campus.
A noisy campus	"	1 tired.

THINGS YOU HAVE HEARD SAID

W. W.: There will be a senior book, a combination book, or no book.

A Prof.: Now I rather suspect that we will find some sort of scheme to work this out with.

R. B.: Next time—down the hill you go.

S. C.: Let yer father read you a bit from the Times.

I. M.: Such spirit as this is bound to increase the welfare of our College, and you can't imagine how we feel about it, etc., etc.

L. G.: This institution is undergoing a disintegrating of intellectual dominance with a concomitant relinquishment on the part of the students of all that is commendable and aggrandizing.

WHEN FATE CONNIVES WITH SATAN

Freddy Stewart is by nature a genial lad, but there are occasions upon which his wrath and ire grow excessive. Freddy, like a great many more of his kind, is a strong queener, and it is owing to this habit that he meets with certain discouragements that would tax the patience of far holier men than he. His principal lady resides in a lordly mansion in the heart of Reno, and every evening Freddy may be seen wandering thither. From thence he returns with his adored for a long, long walk. Thus far all is lovely, and the handsome captain has naught of which to bewail. But, alas, on the return to the residence, he all at once becomes aware of an enormous electric light hanging above the door, and which throws an excessive glare all about the place. Frederick says a few things that are audible only to himself, but in accordance with his indominitable will, he declares that he will take leave of his lady in the usual manner, regardless of the passers by. No sooner is he well started on his purpose than the shrill sounds of a cuckoo clock resound from within, and the abashed damsel makes a precipitous flight into the house, leaving Freddy to tear holes in the atmosphere with maledictions upon his Fate. Such a Fate is indeed worthy of the violent names that it was at the time subjected to.

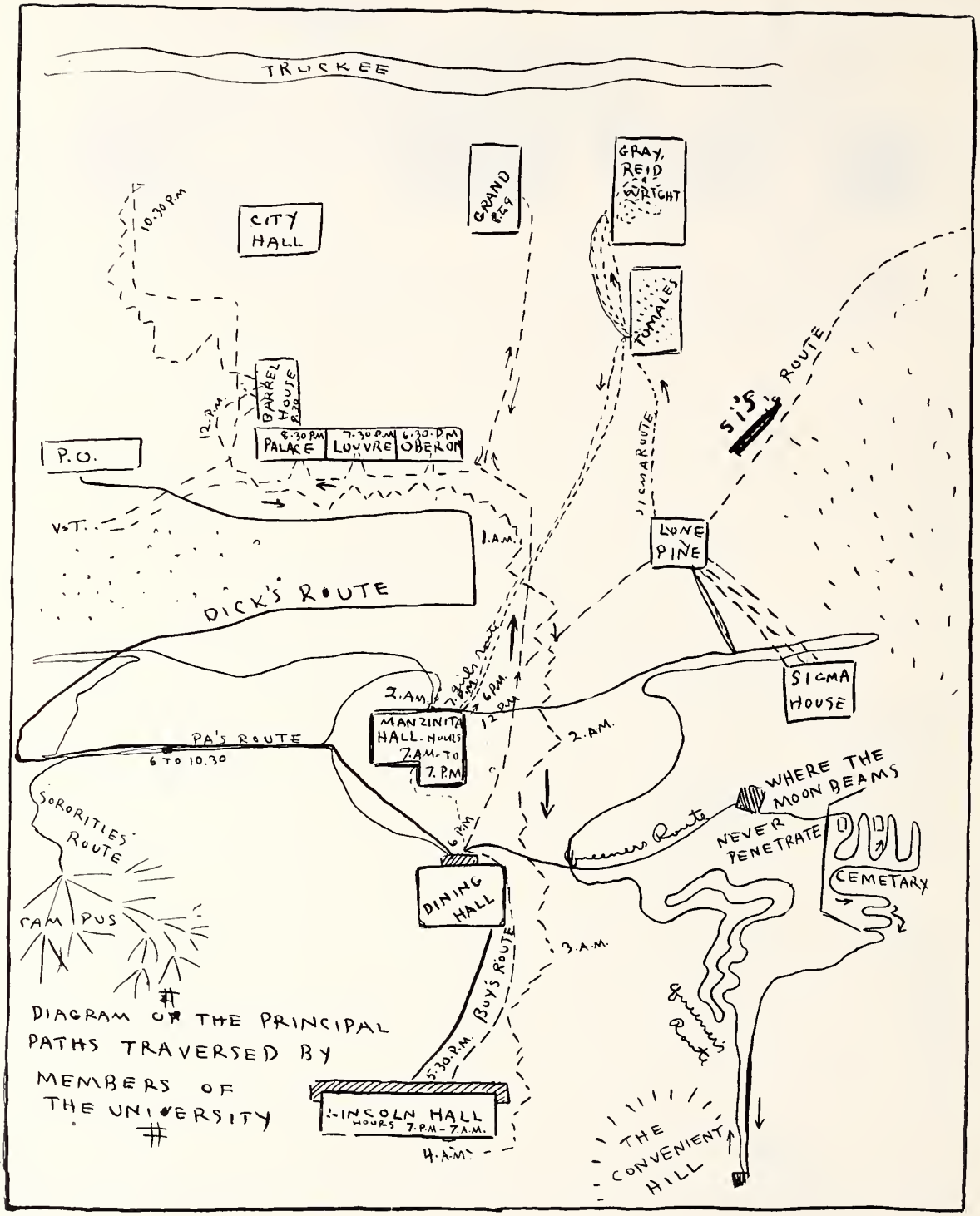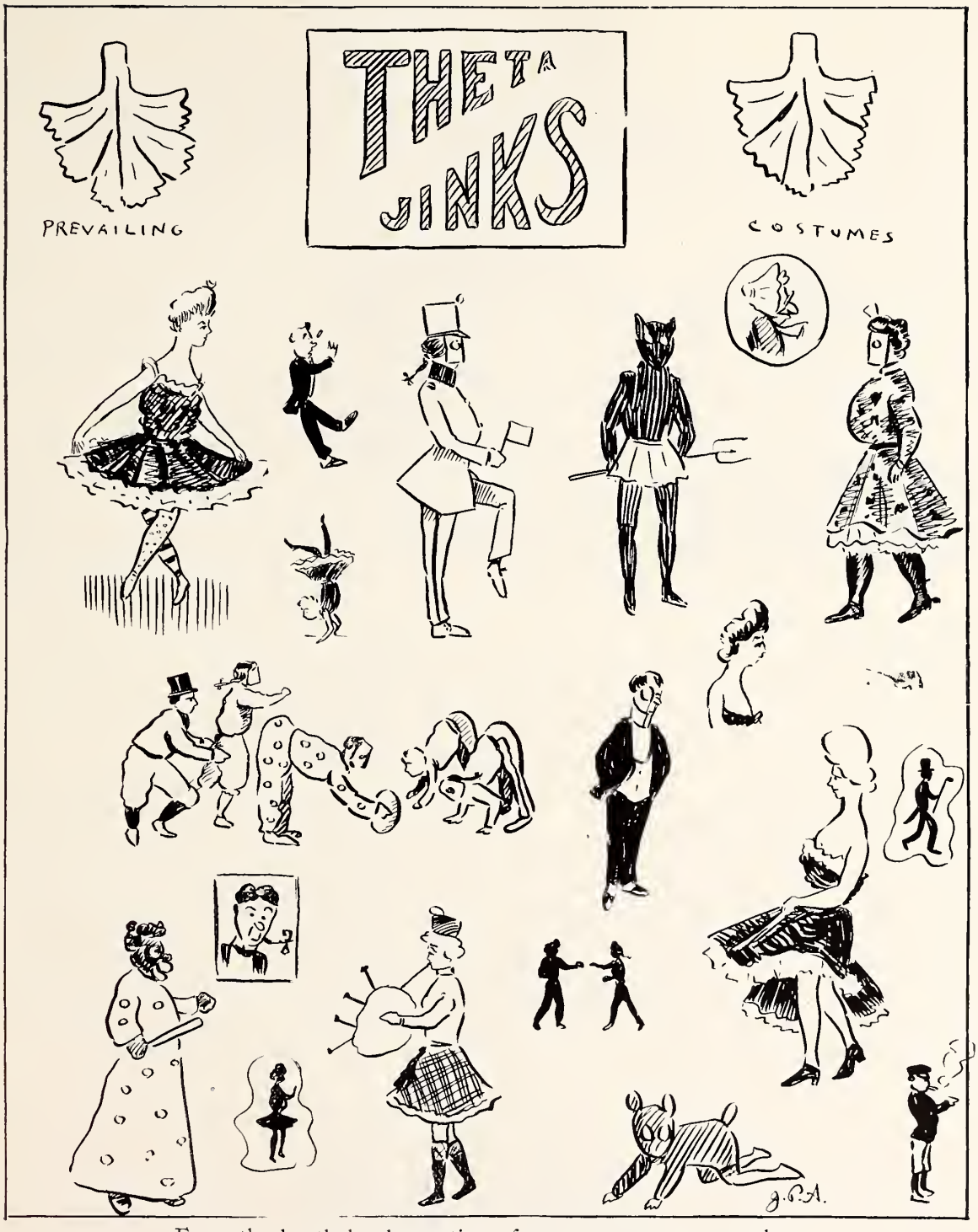
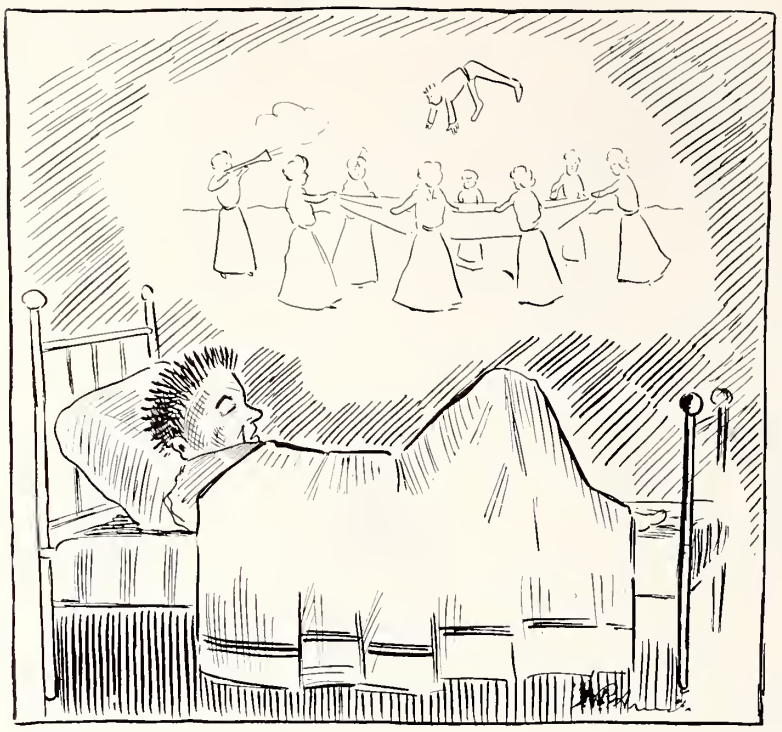


DIAGRAM OF THE PRINCIPAL PATHS TRAVERSED BY MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY



From the knothole observation of our mystery correspondent.



THE FATE OF A SENSATIONALIST

After one of the members of the Student Record staff had denounced the sororities, there immediately arose a feeling of bitterness in those circles, and dire threats were made against the offender. Indeed, they were so violent that the slumbers of the offender were beset with the most fearful nightmares. Here we have attempted to make a pen description of one of them as the victim gave it to us.

VERY CHANGEABLE

Why was it that the '07 class refused to combine with the '08 class last year in publishing the Artemisia, and yet was extremely willing last semester?

TOUCHED THE WRONG ONE

Caliente Ryan is an original fellow, and sometimes does some startling things. During one evening, when considerable celebrating was going on, he suddenly became aware that he was rather thirsty. Such a state of affairs could naturally lead to but one conclusion, and Caliente was soon seated with a number of friends in the rear booth of a thirst dispensary. The waiter, being somewhat slow in attending upon them, the restless lad from the desert plains arose with the full intention of ringing for the delinquent waiter in a manner that would bring him to his senses. Accordingly he thrust a button with all the power that was possessed by his cowboy frame, and immediately the place was thrown in utter darkness. Caliente had unknowingly touched the electric light button. The rest of the story must be told from the police court record, the same which is not obtainable.

I HAVE recently patented my hot air dispenser and my object is to give everybody the benefit of it I will be glad to furnish samples to anybody calling upon me W. D. ALEXANDER.

PROF. FRANDSEN

announces that the next time he

DISCOVERS

that students have been

MISSING

from their classes and that other students

S LINK

away from the class-room when he is not present, he will recommend such students for suspension.

THE SAME OLD STORY

Dear Mr. Editor:

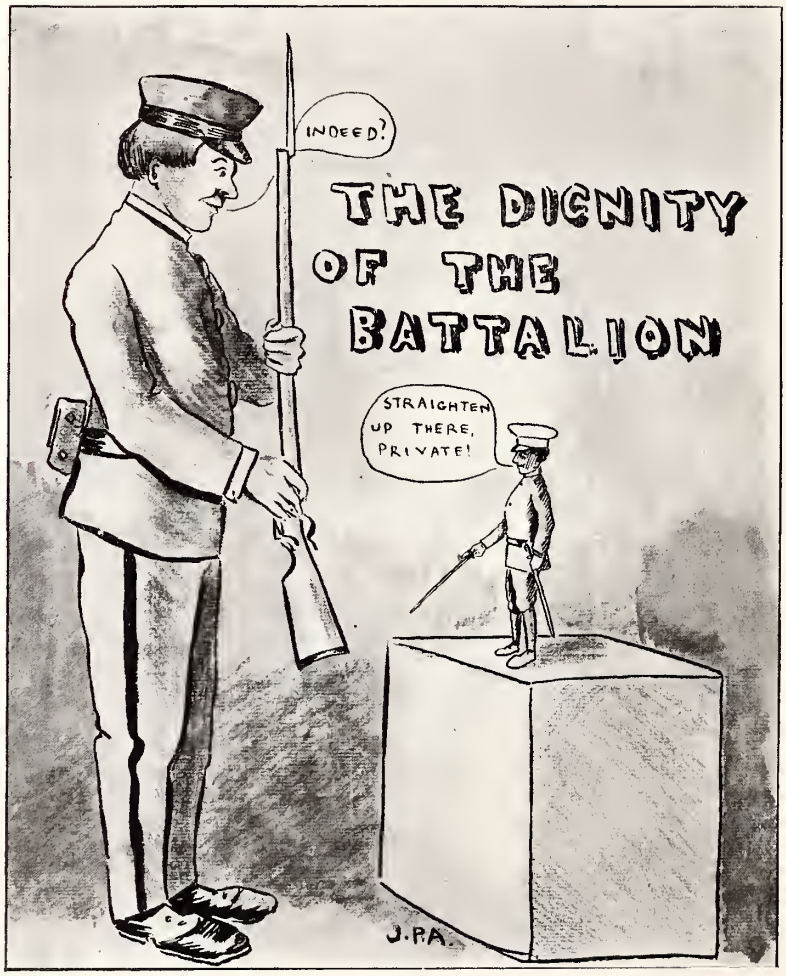
I hear it rumored that you intend to put a josh on me in your book, and so I wrote to see if I could not come to an understanding with you. I don't see what you could have found questionable in my actions to merit mention in the josh department, but as I fear that this remonstrance will do no good, let me ask what can I do for you in order that you will keep mum.

Kind Friend:

The editor has given your note careful and thoughtful consideration, and has, with the Josh Editor, decided upon a course for you to follow in order that an amicable settlement may be arrived at. Although we feel that you have merited advertising, we will, however, for a consideration of the small amount of ten dollars suppress any mention of you in the Josh Department. As we had intended to give you a large amount of space, you will at once see the reasonableness of our offer. Trusting that you will forward the check to us with your reply, I desire to be

Yours truly,

THE EDITOR.



A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING

It was a stormy night and Westy, robbed of the chance of walking the streets of the town with his lady love and pouring honeyed words into her ear, grew desperate and decided to lease the telephone for the purpose of consoling his lonesome mind. "How is Dovey?" he started in. "Say, Kid, I want to tell you something." What was Westy's discomfiture when from the other end came back a loud and startled, "Sir!" "Now, May, dearie, quit your fooling—you know me." "Oh! How sudden," came from the apparently trifling maiden. "You know that I have been waiting for this chance," continued the boy. "Oh! to think of it," said the lady, "after so many years of waiting." Westy here showed signs that a realization of the truth was coming over him. "Oh, excuse me, madam," he began. "I—I—thought. Oh! there must have been some mistake." "You intend to go back on what you just said, do you?" jealously shrieked the lady. "Well, don't you ever dare to come over here to call upon any of the girls as long as I am matron here, and please bear that in mind, sir." And here the receiver was hung up with a thump, and at the other end the men worked hard over Westy before he regained consciousness. Thus we see that those who refuse chances thrust upon them may not feel surprised if in the long run all hope for a winning forsakes them.

UNKNOWINGLY DOES A WORK OF CHARITY

The Y. W. C. A. has recently come in prominence as an organization that does a world of good outside of its regular business. The association keeps a very cosy and comfortable meeting room in Stewart Hall. The door to this room is never locked.

It so happened last winter that four young men had been out celebrating. Upon their return to Lincoln Hall at a very unusual hour they were refused admittance by the hard-hearted master. In their plight they thought of the warm little association room. Thither they wended their weary way and slept through the night in comfort among the couches and pillows of the room. In the morning they stole out with many a feeling of gratitude for the association that had thus unknowingly provided for them in their need.

It was a few days after the examinations. The class in French had just had their papers returned, and found them corrected with this plan: H for honor, C for creditable, P for passed and so on. Today honors prevailed, and accordingly madamoiselle leaned smilingly upon her desk and said to her promising class: "My pupils," she cried, joyfully, "ah, how you have pleased me! Such encouragement! Quei plaisir! I feel you are all on the road to H."

HOW HE KNEW

Mining Student: "Professor, which is the heaviest, gold or lead?"
Professor: "Gold, of course; it's much harder to pick up."



WHEN ELOQUENCE REIGNS SUPREME

DINING ROOM CLEANLINESS

Tessie: "Girls, you must always sweep behind the doors."

Girls: "Yes'm, we always do; it's the easiest way of getting rid of the dirt."

YOU'VE NOTICED THEM

The modest maiden on a rainy day,
While walking in the damp and muddy street,
May raise the skirt; the proper height, they say,
Is just a little bit above two feet.

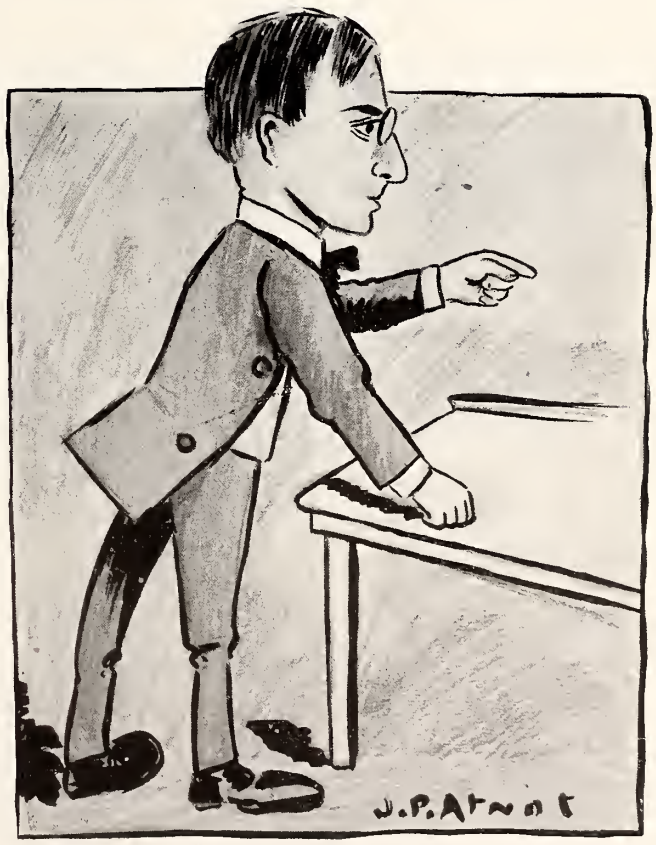

METHODS OF AN ARTEMISIA ARTIST
LOOKING OUT FOR HUNCHES
BETTER MAKE IT $5 MORE
FORGET ALL ABOUT ME
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KEEP MUM
THE HUSH MONEY HELPS SOME
GETTING READY TO WORK 2 A.M
ASSUMING THE INNOCENT LOOK, WHEN ABROAD
A REQUEST FOR 100 CARTOONS FROM THE JOSHEDITOR

POPULAR SONGS BY POPULAR PERSONS

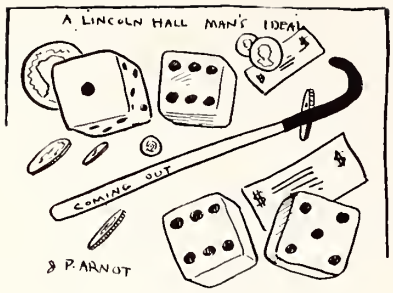
Following is a list of the most popular songs of the season, and also the people who have made them popular:

"Make a Fuss Over Me".....Cholly Coll.
"Dat Ain't Nothin' But Talk".....Rastus Valentine.
"The Hot Air Man".....Joe Scott.
"I Want's to Be the Leading Lady".....Cecilia Houlahan.
"Rambling, Gambling Sam".....Thomas O'Brien.
"Billy Got the One I Wanted".....Punkin Hussman.
"Every Day'll Be Sunday, Bye and Bye".....Red Bonnifield.
"Saying Good Night by the Hour".....Dad Freeman.
"The Noise of a Bubble".....Prof. Brown.
"The Arkansas Traveler".....Prexy.

The Frenchman loves his native wine,
The German loves his beer,
The Englishman loves his 'alf and 'alf
Because it brings good cheer.
The Irishman loves his whisky straight
Because it gives him dizziness.
The "college man" has no choice at all,
So he drinks the whole blamed business.



Louis Goldstein, the Demosthenes of the 20th century, makes arguing such a point that "e'en though vanquished he can argue still." The one fault with him, however, is that he violates the rule of great orators in their use of simple words. He has a habit of building up phrases as he talks, and which cannot be properly understood by the common throng leave alone appreciated. It is interesting, nevertheless, to watch him get into action.



Some of the Reno papers, in regard to University news, have the habit of letting their type stand over and be used again and again. In other words, an article, say on assembly, would be exactly alike all through the year; likewise athletics, debating and social events always have the same writeups. We do not think that it is the right way to treat the latter subjects, but as a method of telling what happens in general assembly, no brighter or more labor-saving method could be employed.

Mrs. Hinch (singing): "Oh, waltz me around again, Willie."
Perini: "All right, Mrs. Hinch, in just a minute."
Mrs. Hinch: "Who's talking to you, you dirty blaggart; you scum of humanity, I wouldn't be seen within twenty steps of you!"

Kennedy has been bidding in stock to some extent of late. MacNamara seems to be preferred.

Valentine: "Why do you try to please Dick so much, Carpenter?"
Carpenter: "I'm feeding the old rooster to catch his chicken."

"Who are you," asked Satan, as the newcomer was ushered into his presence.
"I dwelt during life in a habitation known as Lincoln Hall."
"Ah, I've heard of that place before," said his Satanic majesty, as he took a bite out of a brimstone plug. "Demons heat up the temperature of the fire about six million degrees."
"Do your worst," said the victim with contempt. It has been so long since I have been warm that I will welcome the fire with delight," and here he rubbed his hands in comfort as he approached the furnace.

New Student: (in terror): "What's that noise; is somebody getting murdered?"
Soph: "Calm yourself. That's only Brown giving the janitor instructions."

Why is a lecture like a train?
Give it up.
The sleepers are always in the rear.

Miss Keith: "That Tomcat meows exactly like you talk."
Gallagher: "Yes, and the other cat resists his wooing like you resist mine."

The relation that the Junior class holds to the Artemisia staff is but another example of the cat, the monkey and the hot chestnuts.





OUTWITTED

The '07s, an ever over-confident bunch, were somewhat ruffled last September when they discovered that the '08s had had the presumption to undertake the publishing of the Artemisia, thus relieving them of the responsibility. By degrees they became infuriated and made many threats as to how they would dispose of the presumptuous ones. Then a brilliant idea struck them. They decided to go and tell their grievance into the sympathetic ear of the prex. The prex suggested that they combine with the '08s, and the '07s wisely decided to take what they could get. The Juniors, however, were not so willing and therefore had to be commanded by the prex to do the obnoxious thing. At this the '07s chuckled with glee. "Now" said they "the '08s will do all the work and we being in combination will get a greater part of the credit." But it so happened that the '08s had a business manager who was somewhat of a genius. He saw what was passing in the minds of the jubilant bunch. He let them perish by their own scheme, and as a last death blow to their hopes of getting a rep he had their pictures printed in the book. That was enough.

Curran, one of our shining Seniors, better known as Mr. Kaun, says he is going to be a miner but we at this time dare assert that within a very short time he will be the end man in some minstrel aggregation.

"Boyle thinks he's the whole cheese."
"Maybe it's because everybody cuts him."

Dick. "What do you mean by smoking in here?"
Crappo. "It's better to smoke here than hereafter."

Prex. "I should like to get another proof of this speech. Whom shall I ask?"
Printer. O, go to the devil."

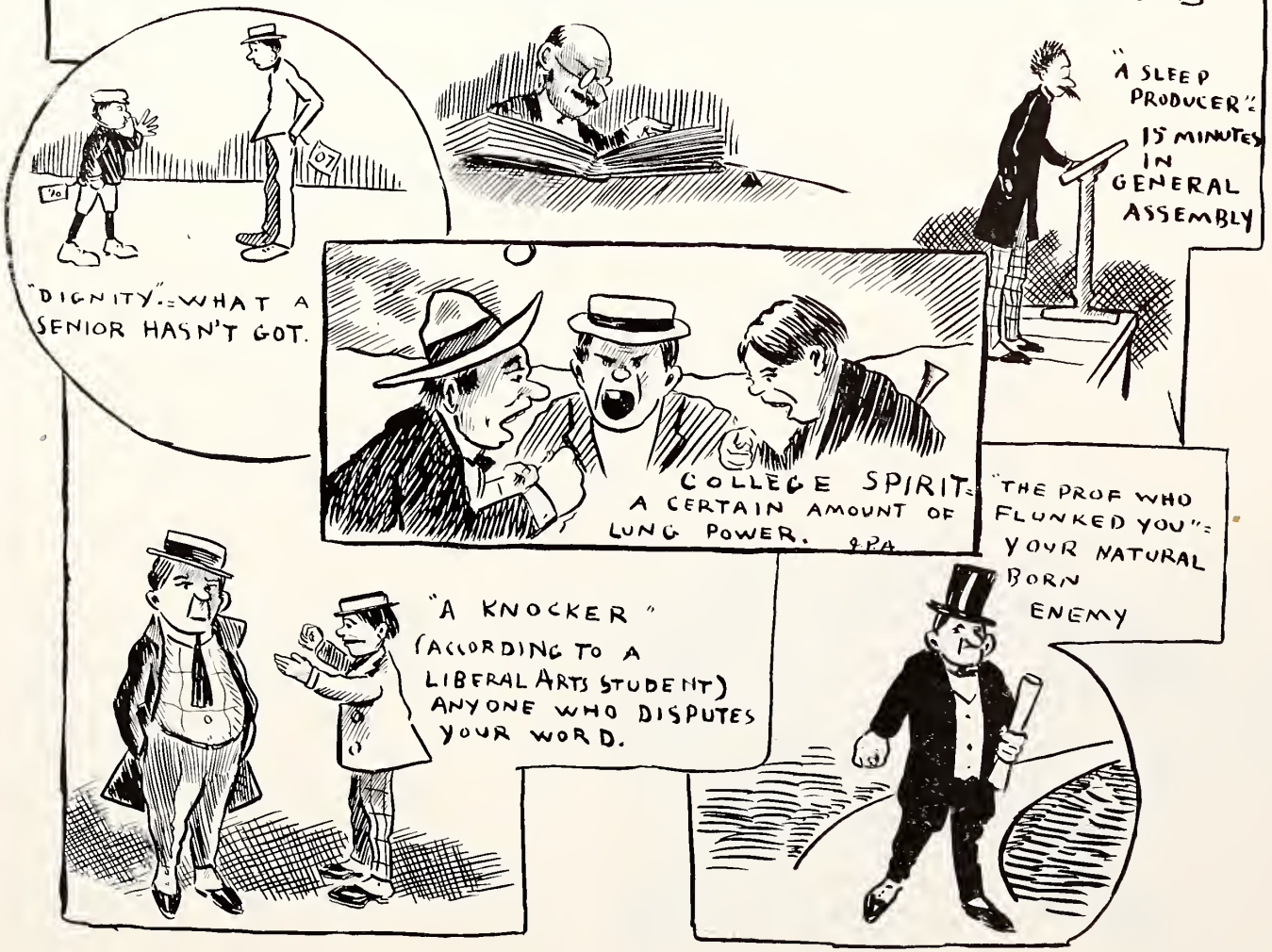
"Bonnifield is pretty hot."
"Fired?"
"Nope, roasted by the faculty."

"Going to the show tonight—Comic opera with a bully chorus?"
"I'm broke—guess I'll go into the Art School and look at the statues."

"Those verses deserve to shine," said editor Ross as he threw a bunch of manuscript into the fire.

"Didn't you feel like killing the waiter when he stood you up for a tip?"
"Yes, I felt like giving him no quarter."

AS THEY WOULD BE DEFINED HERE

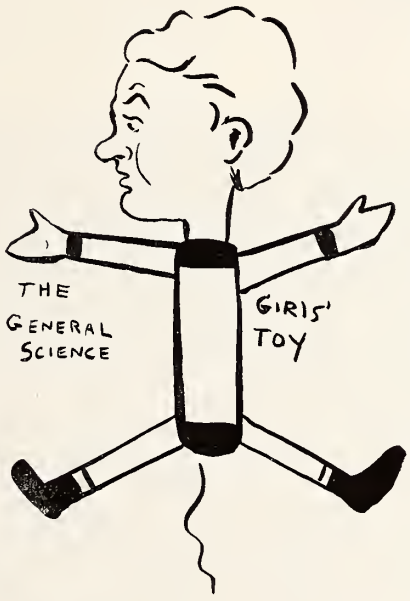


Isy had gone shopping at a rather late hour. After going the rounds and flirting with the clerks for what she considered a sufficient time, it entered her head that she should return home before she was locked out. But the way was long and the night was dark, and before she had gone far she decided to retreat.

It was about this time that Coffin, better known as Eddie, studying in Lincoln Hall, was summoned to the phone. It was a plaintive appeal from Isy to come to town and keep off the "spooks." Eddie went.

SENIOR FAILINGS:

Stewart—Blondes.
Sawyer—Star Plug.
Powers—Oratory.
Curran—Vocalist.
Weddle—A sad, sweet smile.
Davidovich—Roast beef.
Goldstein—A pessimistic nature.
Kennedy—Linear measurements.
Leavitt—Red hair.
Weathers—Girls.
Peterson—A gift of gab.
Boyle—A police court record.
Hart—Small people.
Scott—Basketball.



WHAT THE QUEENERS NEED:

Powers—An engagement ring.
Freeman—Soothing syrup.
Netherton—A bottle of milk.
Weddle—Nervine.
Porter—A baby buggy.
Leavitt—A pair of stilts.
Kennedy—Stock in Gold Hill.
Selby—An automobile.
Alexander—A Zulu maid.
Folsom—Someone to love.
Reinkin—Mary's lamb.

THE QUEENERS' TRUST

Startling disclosures have been made. Under the calm existence in our little habitation on the hill there has crept in a dark and corrupt trust. A monopoly that is composed of members who secretly connive to work harm and injury to their fellow beings. This corrupt aggregation is no other than the Queeners' Trust. For months has this ring of selfishness and greed operated and the poor, common student has suffered immeasureably on account of it. It has for a long time been an axiom that any young man in this University had the privilege to visit a certain Manzinita Hall, wherein dwelt the coeds, but today we have a condition where the rights of these men are ignored and the few favored members of the trust use the hall all to themselves, indulging in excesses and guarding the place from the intrusions of any of the young hopefuls. Any one approaching within the neighborhood of the Hall at any time in the day or night will see a member or more probably a number of members of the trust monopolizing the attention of the fair sex and show by their jealous eyes that they would resent any intrusion by a person who is not a member. This trust has but recently gained control and now is the time for the disappointed youths to rise in a body and stop the practice of the monopoly and by so doing set an example to the future generation that such institutions will not be tolerated.



The Seniors became aware one day that their bench was lost. Immediately there arose such a commotion as is seldom seen in such a wide-awake (?) aggregation. The loss of the bench was the whole talk of the intellectual ones and thousands of suggestions were given as to the probable cause of the loss. Searches were made and threats were given, but all in vain. The bench was gone. At last in despair the Seniors turned the case over to the Hunch Bureau. Immediately that august body took up the case and in a very few minutes discovered the seat resting in security in a place hardly out of sight of the main building. The Seniors, however, failed to compensate the Bureau for its services and accordingly the Bureau kept the bench and used it for fuel.

Weddle never queens on the campus. He says he sits on a rock.
Where does the lady sit?

* * * * *

A. L. St Clair is still in the Taylor business. Office hours 6:30-7:30 week days; 4:30 to 7:30 Sundays.

* * * * *

Miss Amy Parker has all the Power(s) that any ambitious young woman should have. She also has a dog named Fido.

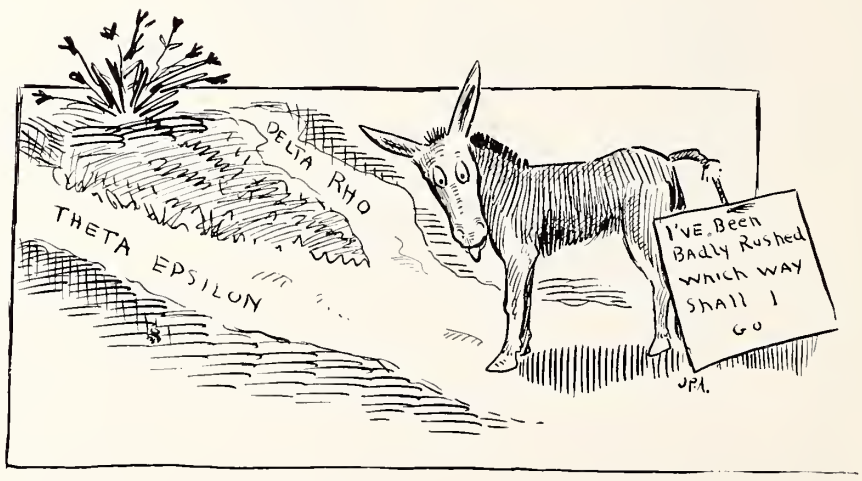
* * * * *

(Reed)ing is Freeman's hobby. He follows this recreation every spare minute.

* * * * *

Two birds of a feather
Wondered whether
To stay up late
Or homeward stray,
But they hadn't reckoned
That a beer sign beckoned
Near a tempting spot,
Just across the way.

But temptation did yield
And in they reeled
And began the wet goods to slay,
Till their heads spun round
And their cares all drowned;
And this thing happens most every day.

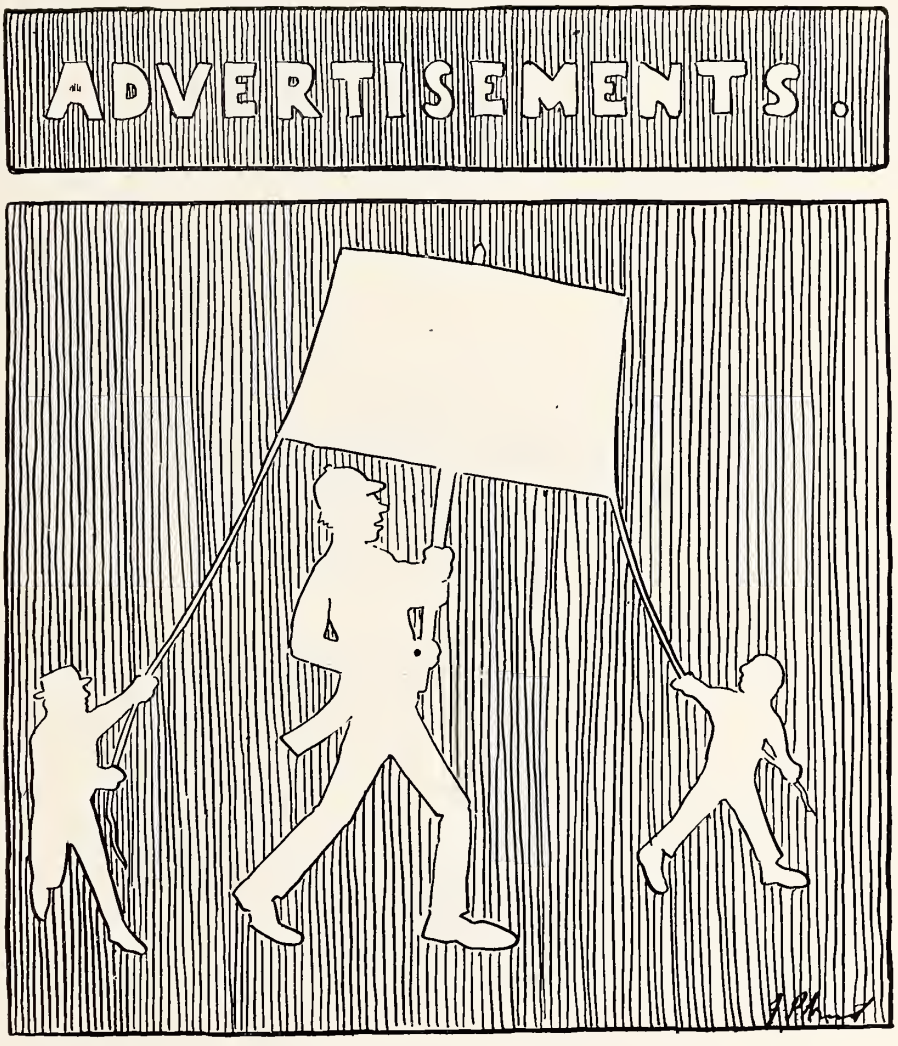




FINIS

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Bacon & Brainard.
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Breuner Co., John.
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Mott's Bazaar.
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Nesbitt & Bro.
Nevada Cycle Co.
Nevada Hardware Co.
Nevada Meat Co.
Nevada Real Estate, Mining & Devel'mt Co.
Nevada Press Co.
Nixon National Bank.
Nye & Ormsby County Bank.
Nye County Mercantile Co.
Overland Hotel.
Overland Realty Co.
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Pearson & Cafferata.
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Porteous Decorative Co.
Reese & Duncan.
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Reno Press Brick Co.
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Sollender Mercantile Co., W. B.
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State Bank and Trust Co.
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Sunderland, John.
Tahoe Tavern.
Thornton, R. A.
Tonopah Banking Co.
Troy Laundry.
U. S. Laundry.
Valley Realty Co.
Walsh, Ed.
Williams, Otto F.


ADVERTISEMENTS.

September 10.—Walter Weddle buys the crap dealer a pair of new shoes.

TRUNKS
SUIT CASES
HAND BAGS

MISSES' and CHILDREN'S
SCHOOL and DRESS
SHOES



SUNDERLAND

219 VIRGINIA STREET

RENO, NEVADA



LADIES' and MEN'S
SHOES FOR
ALL OCCASIONS

CLOTHING, HATS
and FURNISHINGS
FOR MEN

September 19.—Perini makes the football team (next day) seeks all over town for a hat to fit him, but in vain.

September 23.—Shorty George is seen talking to a coed.

...OF COURSE...

Racycles, Reading Standards and Nevada Wheels

ARE GOOD NONE BETTER



Renting, Repairing, Sporting Goods

NEVADA CYCLE & MFG. CO.

MERSHON & KNIGHT

21 W. SECOND STREET

Clothes do not Make the Man

NEITHER DOES A HOME, BUT A MAN LOOKS BETTER AND FEELS BETTER IF HE HAS BOTH. WE HAVE ON OUR LIST A GREAT VARIETY OF HOUSES FROM THE CABIN TO THE MANSION. ALSO VACANT LOTS, TRACTS SUITABLE FOR SUBDIVISION, RANCHES AND BUSINESS PROPERTY. ∴ ∴ ∴

FOR BARGAINS SEE US

Valley Realty Company

THE HUSTLERS

134 Commercial Row

RENO ∴ ∴ NEVADA

CLARENDON HOTEL BUILDING

The Riverside

NEVADA'S HANDSOMEST AND MOST MODERN HOTEL

Steam Heated Throughout. Elevator, Hot and Cold Water, Electric Lighted. The Place Where Commercial Travelers and Nearly All People Make Their Headquarters. ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

RENO, NEVADA

RENO LIVERY

C. T. SHORT, Manager

LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES

RUBBER-TIRED RIGS

CARRIAGES, HACKS AND BUSSES

Furnished at all Hours, Day or Night

FUNERAL EQUIPAGES

HOSPITAL AMBULANCE

And All Livery Orders Promptly and Carefully Attended to. Drivers Furnished if Required

221 SIERRA STREET

Phone No. 321

232 LAKE STREET

Phone No. 163

September 24.—Chester Hart fails to go down town for a ham and.

H. LETER...

CLOTHIER

EVERYTHING FOR THE WORKING MAN

Commercial Row

RENO ∴ ∴ NEVADA

Bank of Nevada

RENO, NEVADA

CAPITAL PAID IN.....$600,000.

G. F. TURRITTIN,.....President
P. L. FLANIGAN,.....Vice-President
H. LEWERS,.....Cash'er
G. A. MacPHERSON,.....Asst. Cashier

DIRECTORS:

P. L. FLANIGAN HENRY ANDERSON
G. F. TURRITTIN R. L. DOUGLAS
A. G. FLETCHER

Do a general banking business. Buy and sell exchange on all the principal cities of the world. Stocks and bonds bought and sold on commission. Interest paid on time deposits. Agents for the leading fire insurance companies. Safe deposit boxes for rent. Price from $2 to $12 per annum. We are agents for the largest and best insurance companies in the world.

OUR SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

pays 3½ per cent per annum on deposits. You can open an account with $1. We solicit your business.

LEWIS & CO.

REAL ESTATE

AGENTS

Carson City ∴ Nevada

LET US POST YOU WHERE TO LOOK FOR FINE LOIS IN THE CAPITAL CITY ∴ ∴ ∴

FASHION SALOON

DAN COUILLARD, Proprietor

BEST GRADE WINES,
LIQUORS AND CIGARS

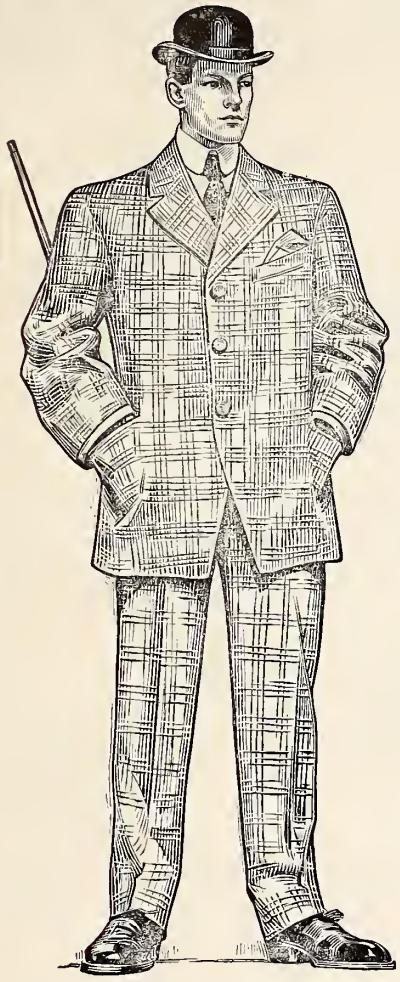
CARSON CITY ∴ NEVADA

WALTER MORTON

SPORTING GOODS
CIGARS AND TOBACCO

Second Street, RENO, NEVADA

October 5.—Arnot actually seen to draw only one cartoon.



BAKER & BAKER

A STORE FOR MEN

If it's new, we have it;
if it's old, others have it

If every garment is marked
B. & B., you know it is good

MASONIC TEMPLE

Office Hours, 9-11, 2-4, 7-8 Phone 290

DR. A. G. LUMSDEN
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

29 West Second Street RENO, NEV.

Office Hours
9 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 5 p. m. Phone Main 438

DR. R. P. CHANDLER
DENTIST

Washoe Co. Bank Building
Rooms 12, 13 and 14 RENO, NEV.

Phone Main 739

DR. J. C. HENNESSY
D. D. S.

Office
Over Farmers and Merchants Bank RENO, NEV.

F. A. BONHAM, U. of N. '01, Sec'y and Mgr

Bonham Realty & Trust Co.
(INCORPORATED)

Real Estate and Financial Agents

Loans, Investments, Rentals, Fire Accident Casualty and Plate Glass Insurance. Agents for high-class residence property and business investments

14 East Second Street RENO, NEV.

Your Business will receive our Careful Attention

H. W. F. LUHRS, Proprietor

WATERLOO RESORT

HOTEL AND SALOON

Large and Spacious Ballroom in Connection

All Roads Lead to Waterloo

CARSON VALLEY, - - - NEVADA

October 7.—Doc falls off the water wagon at Stanford and gets saturated.

October 8.—A prep puts Roeder in the bath tub.

Opportunity Awaits You in Nevada

Fortunes are made here every day. Real estate, mines, and prospects can be secured now at prices within the reach of every man with moderate means.

We organized here on the ground floor and have secured what we consider the cream of opportunities. Our knowledge of Nevada and its resources and the fact that we have specialists in each of our departments enables us to give you information difficult to secure from other sources. We have representatives in twenty-seven of the leading cities of the United States, give our personal attention to every department of this business and believe we can make money for you if you entrust us with your business. If you intend to buy a Nevada mine, prospect, farm or a home, write to us.

Nevada Real Estate, Mining & Developing Co.

W. B. THOMAS, MANAGER

Center Street Reno, Nevada

WRITE FOR OUR NEVADA PROSPECTUS

The First National Bank of Elko

OFFICERS

OSCAR J. SMITH	President
F. S. GEDNEY, BERT L. SMITH	Vice-Presidents
R. H. MALLETT	Cashier
J. C. DOUGHTY, C. F. WILLIAMS	Asst. Cashiers

CAPITAL, - - - $100,000.00

Transacts a General Banking Business. Correspondents All Over the World. Safety Deposit Boxes For Rent. We Respectfully Solicit Your Business

October 9.—Leavitt '07 joins the Crescent club.

October 12.—Anniversary of the day that Della failed to hold classes.

CAPITOL HOTEL

W. C. HANCOCK

BATTLE MOUNTAIN NEVADA

Go to

REESE & DUNCAN

THE **BIG DRUG STORE**

THOMAS BIGELOW BLDG., **RENO, NEVADA**

Nevada Assay Office

R. H. FRAZER, M. E.

All Work Checked

and Guaranteed

117 East Second Street

RENO, NEVADA

WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND FINE JEWELRY

FRANK GOLDEN

Jeweler

RENO NEVADA

RENO PRINTING COMPANY

21 East Second Street

RENO, NEVADA

Highest Grades of Commercial Printing

Work Delivered When Promised

Reno Printing Company

ALL KINDS OF FISHING TACKLE

AMMUNITION AND SPORTING GOODS

M. A. PARROTT

GUNSMITH

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS

RENO NEVADA

October 13.—O'Brien is given reward for finding hot water in the Hall.

October 14.—Leavitt has a startling adventure in Manzinita Hall and beholds many curious things.

The Wiley B. Allen Co.

NEW MASONIC BUILDING

The Leading Piano Dealers

Carry the...
KNABE
MASON & HAMLIN
CONOVER
HARDMAN
LUDWIG
PACKARD
and PRICE & TEEPLE
PIANOS

Also a full line of...
TALKING MACHINES
and, in fact, EVERYTHING in the MUSIC line

T. S. McKINLEY, Nevada Manager

PHONE 156 RENO, NEVADA

Troy Laundry Co.

PHONE 371

RENO, NEVADA

"WE DO IT"

The Best Laundry Work

SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS

A. H. MANNING, Pres. C. L. JAMES, Sec.
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NEVADA HARDWARE & SUPPLY CO.

HARDWARE

GAS FITTING, PLUMBING, ROOFING, GLASSWARE, PAINTS, OILS, IRON, STEEL, COAL, STOVES, RANGES, TINWARE, MILL, ELECTRIC AND MINING SUPPLIES ∴ ∴ ∴

BUILDING MATERIALS

RENO, ∴ ∴ NEVADA

Reno's Daylight Store

We positively have the largest line of Dry Goods and Ready Made wear in Reno. We have the Merchandise to prove it.

The

Palace Dry Goods House

211-213 VIRGINIA ST. Phone 769

October 15.—Mrs. Hinch swears only five times. Peace reigns in the Hall.

October 20.—Dick fails to be at the door when a Freshie comes in ten minutes late.

STUDENTS AND FACULTY TRY

COFFIN & GARCOMBE

FIRST CLASS GROCERIES
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

309 SIERRA STREET, RENO, NEVADA

HODGKINSON

DRUGGIST

Fine Line of Drugs, Chemicals
Toilet Articles, Cameras, Etc.

233 VIRGINIA STREET RENO, NEVADA

The Nixon National Bank

New Masonic Temple, Virginia St., Reno

Capital, $500,000

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GEO. S. NIXON, - - - - - - - - - *President*
GEO. F. TURRITTIN, - - - - - - - *Vice-President*
F. M. LEE, - - - - - - - - - - - *Cashier*
R. C. TURRITTIN, - - - - - - *Assistant Cashier*

DIRECTORS

GEO. S. NIXON		G. F. TURRITTIN
HENRY ANDERSON		H. O. BROUGHER
W. BROUGHER		JOHN S. COOK
W. W. WILLIAMS		GEO. WINGFIELD
P. L. FLANIGAN	F. M. LEE	A. G. FLETCHER

This Bank will receive deposits, buy and sell foreign drafts, make loans and do a general banking business. Interest at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent per annum will be paid on Time Certificates of Deposit and on Savings.

GEO. W. PERKINS J. GULLING

PHONE 231 MAIN

PERKINS & GULLING

FUNERAL DIRECTORS
AND EMBALMERS

242-244-246 Sierra Street RENO, NEVADA

October 21.—O'Brien builds a fire in Manzinita Hall.

October 22.—Westall tells the secret of making "Peroxide."

R. P. STENSON J. P. STENSON D. M. RYAN

Women's Furnishers

RYAN & STENSON

Men's Furnishers

IMPORTERS OF

Fine Dry Goods, Clothing and Shoes

BRANCH STORE AT VIRGINIA CITY *TONOPAH, NEVADA*

THE
Nye & Ormsby County Bank

RENO, TONOPAH, GOLDFIELD, CARSON AND MANHATTAN

Paid Up Capital, - - - - - $500,000
Surplus, - - - - - - $192,000

Interest paid on time deposits. Domestic and foreign exchange and letters of credit issued.

OFFICERS

Frank Golden, president; D. M. Ryan, vice-president; J. J. McQuillan, second vice-president; Arthur G. Raycraft, cashier; F. B. Spriggs, Reno, Geo. W. Cowing, Carson, A. T. Titus, Tonopah, W. T. Virgin, Goldfield, and R. B. Meder, Manhattan, assistant cashiers.

DIRECTORS

D. M. Ryan, M. L. McDonald, Jas. G. Sweeney, Thos. Kendall, J. J. McMillan, B. T. Edwards, F. G. Newlands, A. D. Nash, L. L. Patrick, Frank Golden and Neil McLean.

The First National Bank

WINNEMUCCA, NEVADA

Capital and Surplus - - - $140,000

OFFICERS

GEO. S. NIXON - - President
J. SIBBALD - - Vice-President
F. M. LEE - - - Vice-President
J. SHEEHAN - - - Cashier
C. L. TOBIN, - - Asst. Cashier

DIRECTORS

GEO. S. NIXON F. M. LEE
J. SIBBALD J. SHEEHAN
GEORGE WINGFIELD

This bank will receive deposits, buy and sell foreign drafts, make loans and do a general banking business.

Interest at the rate of 3½ per cent per annum will be paid on Time Certificates of Deposit.

Agent for all the principal Fire Insurance Companies doing business in Nevada. Stocks bought and sold on commission.

R. HERZ & BRO.

DIAMONDS - WATCHES - JEWELRY

OUR 25 YEARS' EXPERIENCE ENABLES US TO GIVE OUR PATRONS INTRINSIC VALUE FOR THEIR MONEY. CLASS PINS TO ORDER

VIRGINIA STREET *RENO, NEVADA*

October 25.—The Sorority Girls threaten to lynch the editor of the Student Record.

October 27.—Somebody gives a yell on the football field.

C. O. D.

Wood and Coal Yard

F. J. KAESER, Manager

RENO - - NEVADA

W. L. COX & CO.

Mining Stocks and Mines

BUY AND SELL ON ALL EXCHANGES

Correspondence Solicited. RENO, NEVADA

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209 CENTER ST. RENO, NEVADA

D. C. ALDRIDGE & CO.

BROKERS

ALL NEVADA STOCKS HANDLED ON COMMISSION

Correspondence Solicited
We Get Results

MEMBERS TONOPAH MINING STOCK EXCHANGE

Tonopah, Nevada

October 30.—Isabel Millar accepts a life job as correspondent for the Associated Press.

November 2.—Roeder drinks only three glasses of milk at lunch.

THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS STORE IN THE STATE

The Peoples' Store

200 Virginia Street, RENO, NEVADA

Otto T. Williams

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

ELKO, NEVADA

PHONE 1000

John LaRue Robinson, M.D.

THOMA-BIGELOW BUILDING
RENO, NEVADA

Office Phone, Main 678 Residence Phone, Main 815

David W. Rulison, D. D. S.
Fred J. Rulison, D. D. S.

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218 VIRGINIA STREET, RENO, NEVADA

RAY THORNTON, Manager

W. B. SOLLENDER MERCANTILE CO.

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Furniture, Carpets, House Furnishings
Wall Paper, Picture Mouldings
and Artistic Framing

TONOPAH - - - NEVADA

A. L. SMITH

Photographer

CARSON CITY, NEVADA

A. D. LEMAIRE & SONS
(INCORPORATED)

General Merchandise, Dry Goods, Hardware and Groceries

BATTLE MOUNTAIN, NEVADA

ELKO DRUG COMPANY

DEALERS IN

Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines
Toilet Articles, Perfumery
Liquors and Cigars

Orders by Mail Given Prompt Attention

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded from the Purest Drugs

Fine Line of Stationery
Allegretti Famous Chocolate Creams
Pure Stick Candy

WESTERN UNION } CODES
BEDFORD-McNEIL }

F. A. DIGNOWITY
R. E. WHITCOMB
G. R. PAYNE

WASHOE COUNTY BANK
DEPOSITORY

DIGNOWITY BROKERAGE COMPANY

BONDS, STOCKS, MINES

MASONIC TEMPLE PHONE 924 RENO, NEVADA

November 3.—Borden resigns position of yell leader. Everybody dons crape and goes into mourning.

November 4.—Ryan returns from queening at 1 a. m. from Verdi.

Conducted Upon a First Class European Plan.
Cafe and Bar in Connection.

Hot and Cold Water in Each Room.
Steam Heated, Electric Lighted.

Overland Hotel

CHAS. J. SADLEIR, PROPRIETOR

OPPOSITE UNION DEPOT — RENO, NEVADA

SERVICE PROMPT, NEAT
AND UP-TO-DATE

After Theatre and Wedding Parties
Our Special Catering

Palace Lunch Counter and Grill

AND

ARCADE DINING ROOM AND PRIVATE BOXES

GEO. E. SHERMAN AND ROY MITCHELL
PROPRIETORS

CORNER COMMERCIAL ROW AND
CENTER STREETS, RENO, NEVADA

TRY OUR Chocolate Creams, Bon Bons and Mixed Nuts, 3 lbs. for 50c. Also Hot Mexican Tamales and All Leading Brands of Cigars and Tobacco.

DAVEY & MAISH, CARSON CITY, NEVADA



A. NELSON

Importer and Jobber of

Cigars and Tobaccos

Smokers' Articles, Cutlery, Optical Goods, Etc.

A FULL AND COMPLETE LINE OF
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

FREE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE

VIRGINIA STREET — RENO, NEVADA
PHONE MAIN 771

November 5.—Shorty George looks at a young lady without blushing.

November 7.—Prof. Baker makes it miserable for the Keno men.

THE TONOPAH BANKING CORPORATION

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS FULLY PAID UP $312,500
DEPOSITS, $2,000,000

Strength, Courtesy, Prompt Service and Liberal, and Yet Conservative Management, Combine to Make This a Good Bank to Do Business With

OFFICERS

GEO. S. NIXON *President*
JOHN S. COOK *Vice-President*
EUGENE HOWELL *Cashier*
R. C. MOORE *Assistant Cashier*

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SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT

DR. W. W. GOODE

Dentist

CARSON CITY - - - - NEVADA

A. B. MANHEIM'S

Candy and Ice Cream

CUT FLOWERS

Reno, - - - - - Nevada

CARSON EXCHANGE HOTEL

F. G. O. DE JARLAIS, Proprietor

The Best Second Class Hotel in Nevada
RATES $1 to $1.50 PER DAY

Opposite Depot **Carson City, Nevada**

BANK SALOON
MEYER & SANGER, Proprietors

SHARP BEER
FINE LUNCH

Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars

CARSON CITY, NEVADA

T. R. CHEATHAM

COMPLETE LINE OF TOILET ARTICLES

Homeopathic Remedies

PRESCRIPTION WORK IS OUR SPECIALTY

MAIL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION

VIRGINIA STREET **RENO, NEVADA**

November 10.—St. Clair goes on the water wagon after the football banquet.

November 11.—Miss Lehigh engages a porter.

THE
State Bank and Trust Co.
OF CARSON CITY, NEVADA

Branches at Tonopah and Goldfield, Nevada

T. B. RICKEY - - - President
G. H. MEYERS - Vice-President
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LEADING GENTS' FURNISHER

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, etc.
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Commercial Row *Reno, Nevada*

November 12.—Edna Coil says the Battleborn Artemisia will be published.

November 13.—Stewart gets his hair cut and it afterwards refuses to grow.

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AGENTS FOR **GIANT POWDER COMPANY**

TONOPAH **GOLDFIELD** **MANHATTAN** **RHYOLITE**

November 15.—Parker fails to see his lady friend of the faculty between one class.

November 27.—"Cheese" Hart departs for Goldfield. Mrs. Hinch's eyes appear red from weeping.

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JOS. J. REID, General Manager

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ENGRAVERS

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Steel Die Engraved Stationery
Copper Plate Engraving and Printing

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

THIS ARTEMISIA WAS PRINTED AND BOUND IN OUR PLANT

November 28.—Prof. Johnson curses the coal trust.

November 30.—The commandant fails to call down a cadet for twisting his eyes in ranks.

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE

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Andy Hampel, *Manager*

The Andy Hampel Brokerage Company

HANDLE ALL KINDS OF NEVADA STOCKS AND SECURITIES

42 West Second St. Reno, Nevada

December 1.—Prof. Young makes the 100 in 10 seconds at a walk.

December 2.—Three young sorority ladies attend classes.

F. J. STEINMETZ

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Members Reno Stock and Bond Exchange

Connections on All Principal Exchanges

Our facilities for obtaining best prices for our clients are unexcelled

Write for Market Letter Published Weekly.
It is Free.

WRITE OR CALL ON US

December 9.—White succeeds in his search for a model.

December 5.—Boyle resigns editorship of Artemisia.



Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

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The Andy Hampel Brokerage Company

HANDLE ALL KINDS OF NEVADA STOCKS AND SECURITIES

42 West Second St. Reno, Nevada

December 1.—Prof. Young makes the 100 in 10 seconds at a walk.

December 8.—Weddle elects himself mayor of Lincoln Hall.

Reno Stock Brokerage Company

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Members Reno Stock and Bond Exchange

Connections on All Principal Exchanges

Our facilities for obtaining best prices for our clients are unexcelled

Write for Market Letter Published Weekly.
It is Free.

WRITE OR CALL ON US

December 9.—White succeeds in his search for a model.

December 10.—Goldstein (Liberal Arts) cracks a joke and two Senior mining students see the point.



RICHARD HARDWARE CO.

(INCORPORATED)

Tonopah, - - Nevada

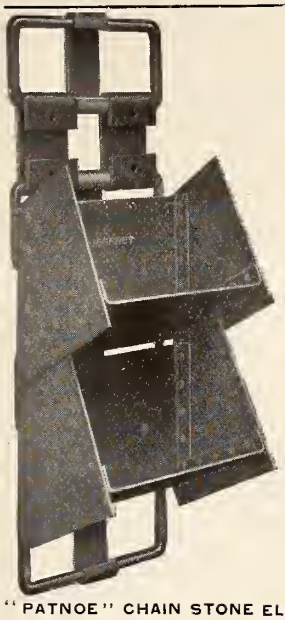
Mining Supplies
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PLUMBING AND SHEET METAL WORK

L. L. RICHARD, (U. of N. Mines, '01)
Manager.

December 11.—Bell and Bonnifield go to the Grand and have to wade out.

December 12.—M'Lord fails to appropriate three-fourths of the hour in history for asking fool questions.



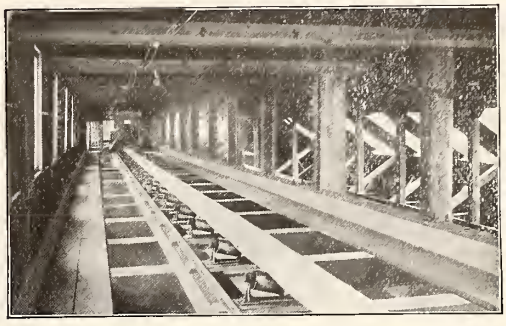
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135 VIRGINIA STREET RENO, NEVADA

Harriman House

CHAS. J. FRISCH, Proprietor

BAR AND LUNCH COUNTER

SPARKS, NEVADA

December 16.—O'Brien pays back a debt he owes.

January 25.—The legislators visit Lincoln Hall. Dick orders Borden to heat the radiators.

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204 Virginia Street, Reno, Nevada

...Fine Portraits...

Crayons
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Water Colors
Platinums

Panoramic Photographs for Mining
and other Publicity Purposes

February 14.—Seniors greatly excited over the disappearance of their bench.

February 19.—Bonnifield shows up for drill.

ED. J. WALSH

FINE GROCERIES
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Choice Selections of the Best
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For

BEST ICE CREAM,
CAKES AND CANDIES

Students go to

Palace Bakery

RENO, NEVADA

February 20.—Dick's "one horse shay" falls to pieces.

February 23.—Prof. Johnson is mistaken for a bell boy at his home.

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FULL LINE OF PAPETRIES AND WRITERS' ARTICLES

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Extreme Care Exercised in Compounding of Prescriptions

RENO, NEVADA SPARKS, NEVADA

February 25.—The "Queeners' Trust" is brought into court.

February 28.—Stewart treats the blackboot in the Louvre.

Furniture, Carpets, Draperies

LOWEST PRICES

"Breuner's" 131-133 VIRGINIA STREET, BETWEEN FIRST AND SECOND, RENO, NEVADA

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AND

"Sorosis"

Shoes—Worn the World Around

CLEATOR-DEXTER CO.

237 VIRGINIA STREET RENO, NEVADA

BUILD OF BRICK

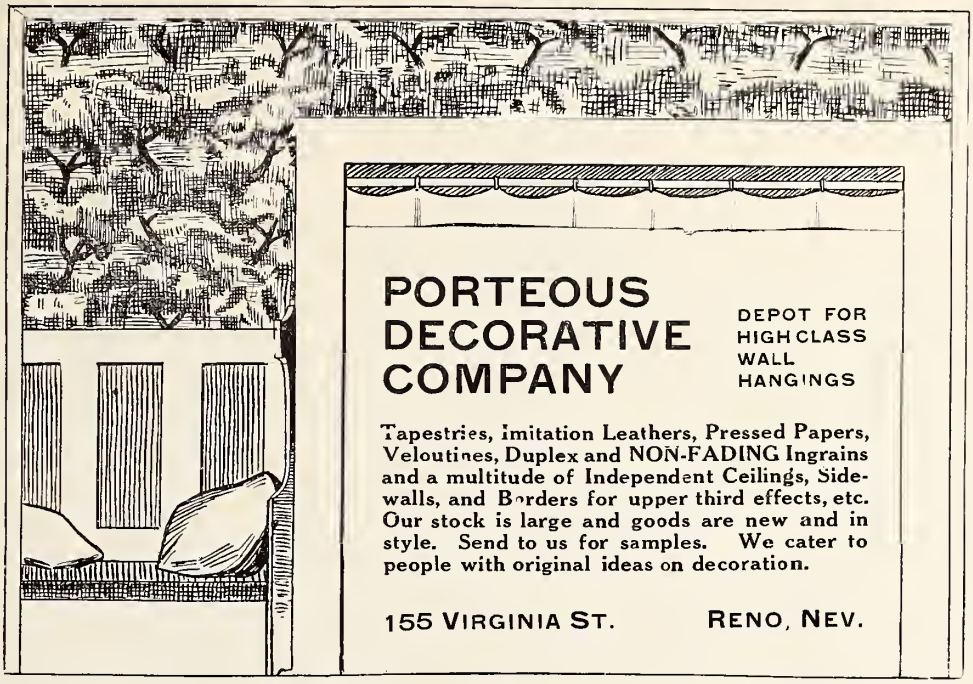
We have just closed the season's work and now have **2 1-2 MILLION BRICK** Ready for Market. If you think of building anything from a cottage to a business block write us or call at **41 E. 2nd Street.**

RENO PRESS BRICK CO. Reno, Nevada

February 29.—"Crappo" gets his 13th hunch from a fair picture.


THE CUTS
IN THIS BOOK
WERE MADE BY THE
ELECTRIC CITY ENGRAVING CO.
BUFFALO, N.Y.

March 5.—The chink forgets to skim the cream off the dining-hall milk.



PORTEOUS DECORATIVE COMPANY

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Refuse

TO ALLOW HIS WIFE TO USE GAS FOR COOKING DURING THE HOT SUMMER MONTHS. COSTS LESS THAN CIGARS

If You Ever Expect to Enjoy Life
Make an Effort to Get a Gas Stove Now

RENO POWER, LIGHT & WATER CO.

127 VIRGINIA STREET **RENO, NEVADA**

March 7.—The lights go out in Manzinita during a sojourn of the Queeners' Trust.

March 8.—Josh editor is offered $30 in "Hush money."

Nevada Meat Company

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PURE FOOD
GUARANTEED BY THE
U. S. GOVERNMENT

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SEE THAT THIS LABEL
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The Only Packing House in Nevada Under Government Inspection. Agents, Armour & Co., Chicago, Ill.

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RENO, NEVADA

March 8.—"Paw" Freeman Reeds beneath a tree in the moonlight.

March 8.—Mr. Borden is offered a position in a dime museum.



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Manufacturers and Dealers in the Best Roller Process Flour for Family and Bakers' Use

Cereal Products of All Kinds. All Kinds of Grain for Feed or Seed. Mill Stuffs and Bags

Reno, Nevada

March 15.—A dozen coeds change their courses, taking campus and skating rink.



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The Most Picturesque Mountain Lake in the World. Twenty-three miles long, thirteen miles wide. Elevation 6,240 feet.

Fifteen miles by rail from Truckee, Cal., on Southern Pacific Company's Ogden Route.

Stop-overs permitted at Truckee on Railroad and Pullman tickets from or to the East, to visit one of the scenic marvels of the world.

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THE IDEAL COUNTRY HOTEL OF THE PACIFIC COAST. ACCOMMODATES 300 GUESTS. STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

Open May 15th to October 15th.

Excellent Trout Fishing, Boating, Hunting, Driving, Mountain Climbing, Tennis, Bowling, etc. New $50,000 Casino just finished.

Side-trip rate, Truckee to Tahoe Tavern and return to Truckee only $3.00. Special rates to parties numbering 25 or more.

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TAHOE, CALIFORNIA

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STOCK BROKER

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Brougher Ave. TONOPAH, NEV.

March 16.—White appointed drawing professor.



March 17.—All the Normals register in drawing.